Collier's

MARCH 1, 1947

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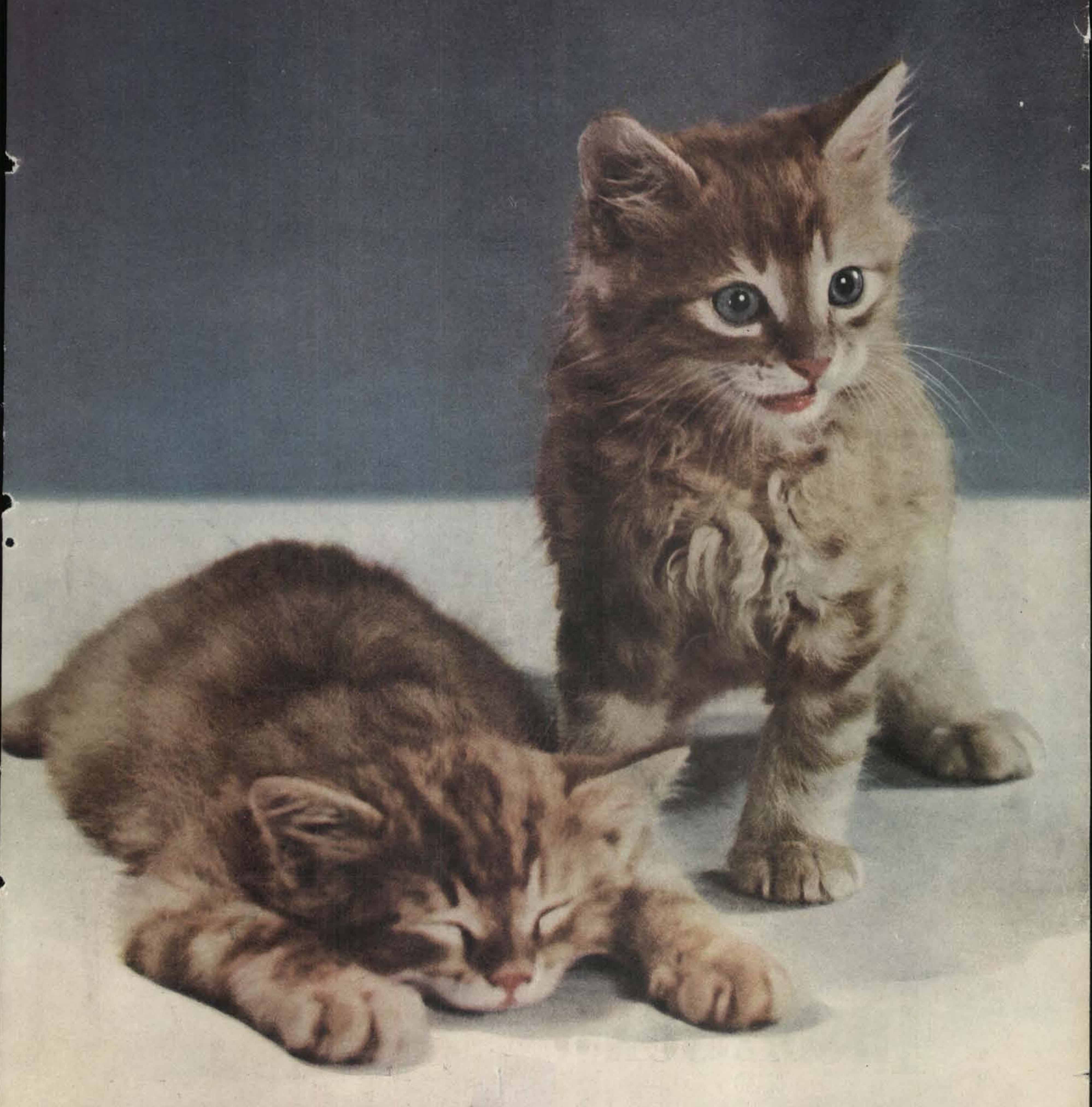

THE WORLD'S CRAZIEST SAILORS
BY TED SHANE

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BY RAFE G

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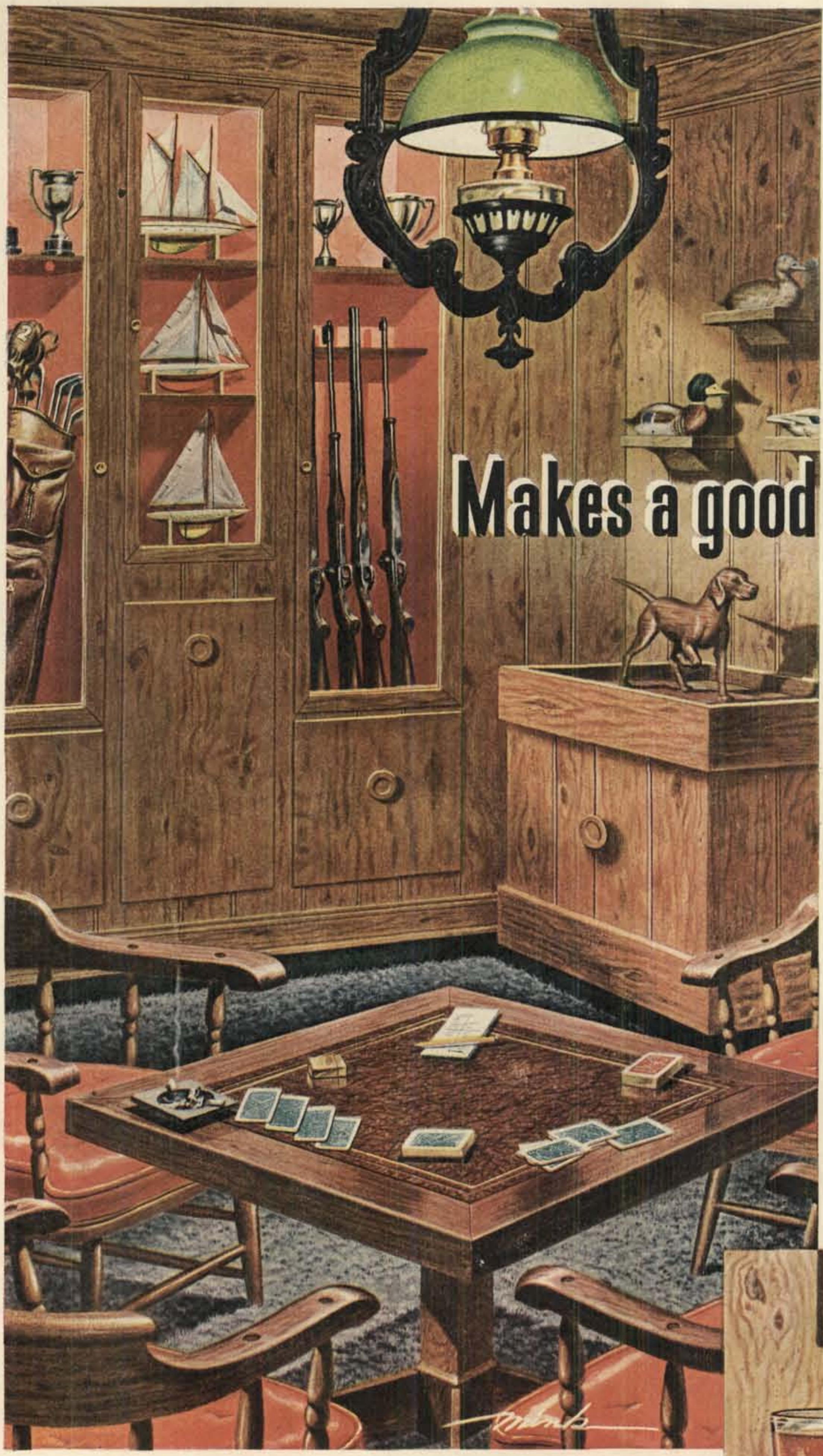


When your cards are terrific
With grand slams prolific,
And the losers are down in the dumps
Why not soften the blow
For your unfortunate foe
With "Thompson"—it really is trumps!

Allan Clark

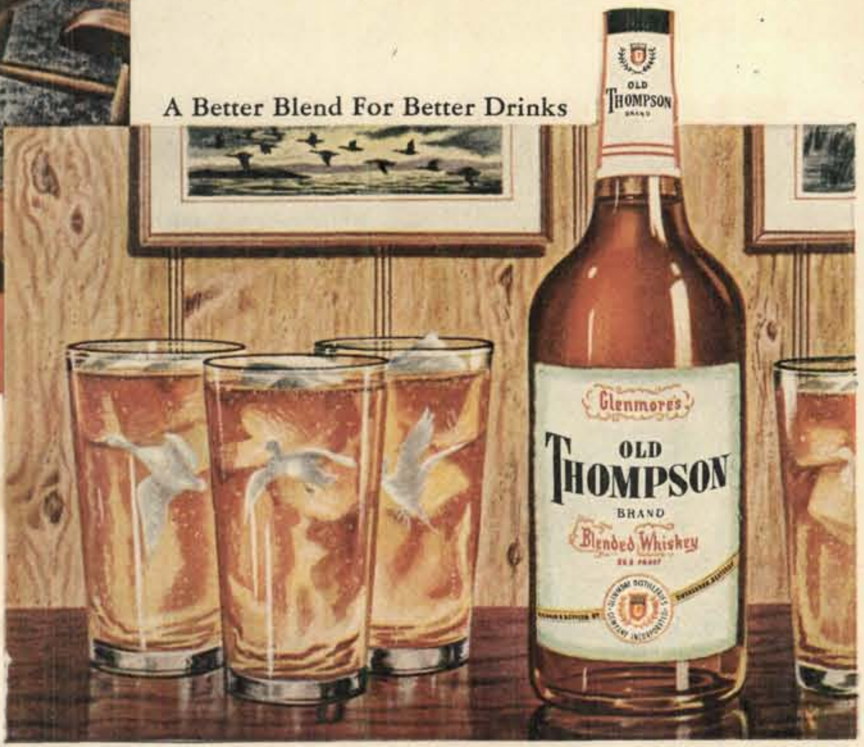
Makes a good evening even better

Old Thompson makes a better highball because it's blended in Kentucky by Glenmore. This one fact means a lot these days. It means that "Thompson" has the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky put there by an old-line family distillery whose pleasant job is to make the best whiskey, not necessarily the most.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof — 32½% Straight Whiskies, 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

A Better Blend For Better Drinks



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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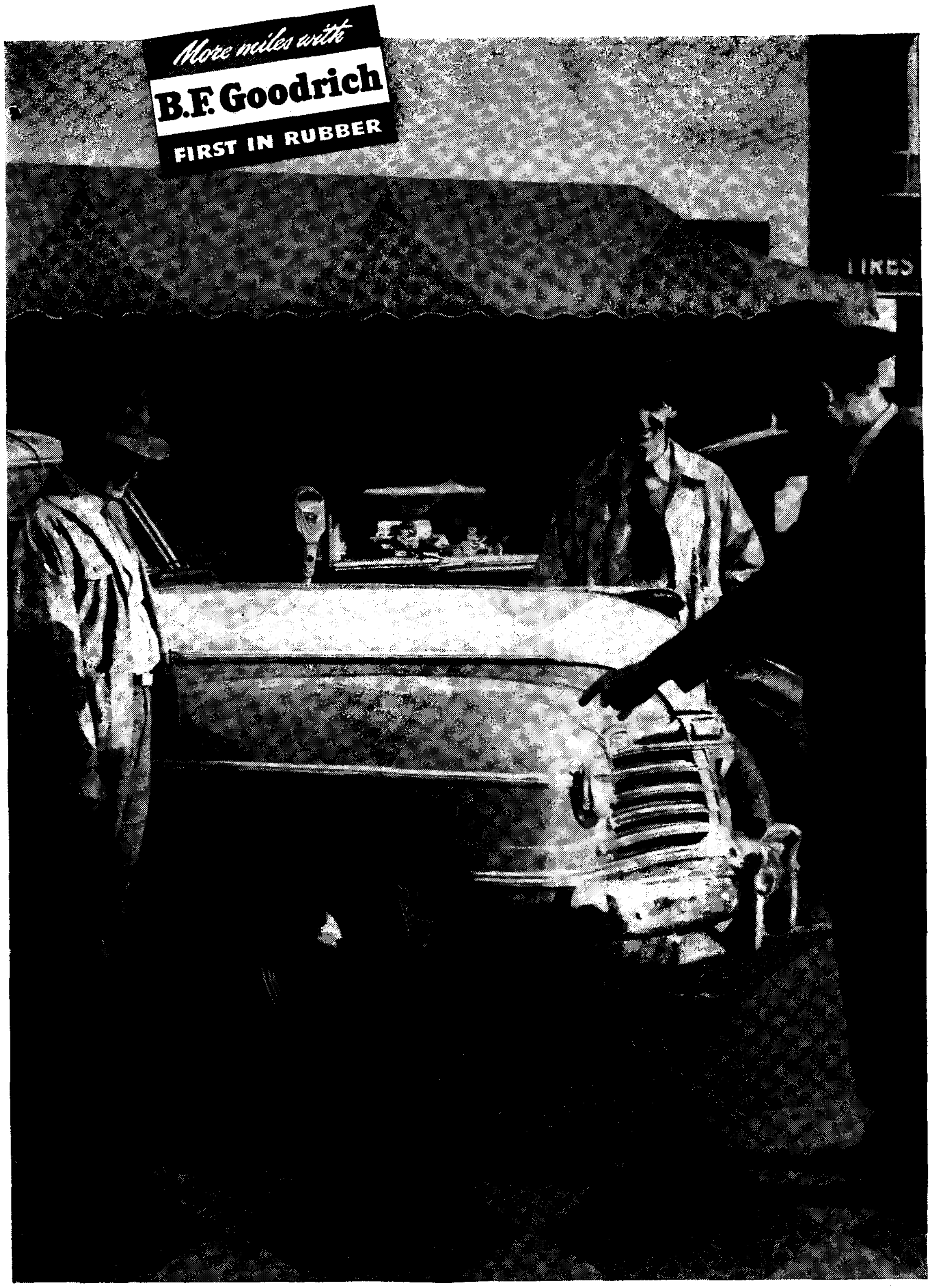
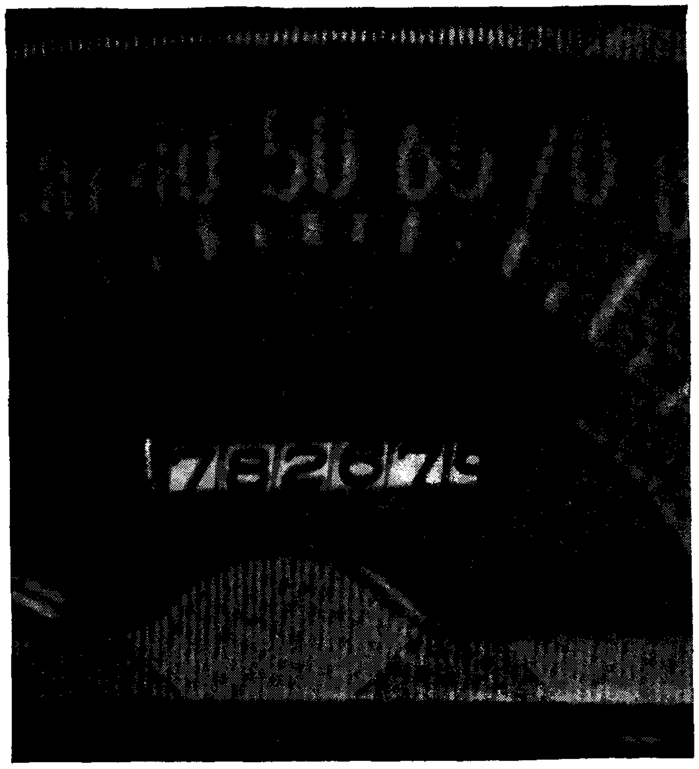
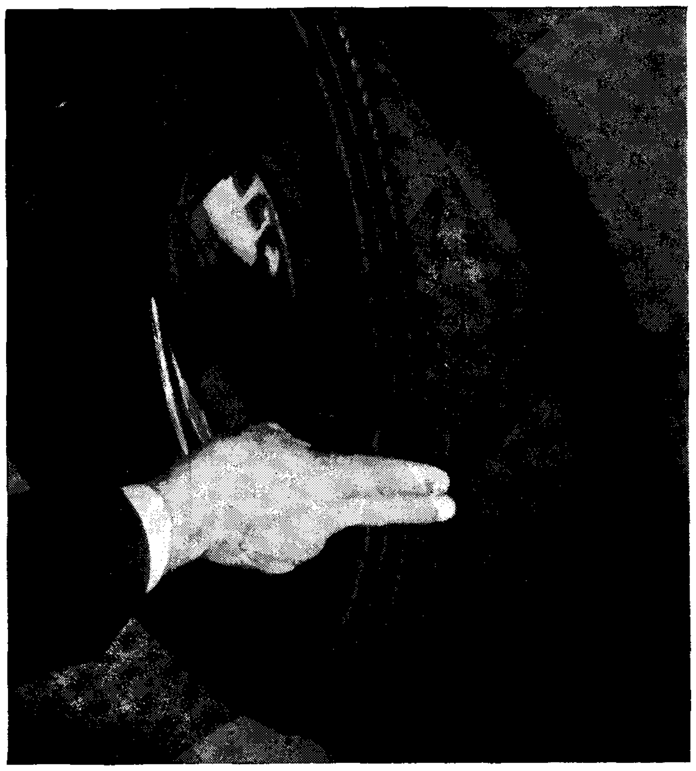
BLENDED *then* WED · IN · THE · WOOD IN OLD KENTUCKY







TYPICAL EXAMPLE: THE B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

THE B. F. GOODRICH tires on the cab shown above had already gone over forty thousand miles when these pictures were taken and were still in good shape to be recapped.

Reporting on these tires, L. R. Lane, Jr., of the Yellow Cab Company, Marion, Ohio, says:

"As you know, in taxi service, it is necessary to operate our cars on all types of streets and roads in all kinds of weather. In addition, we believe the tire has been subjected to an abnormal number of starts and stops.

"Based on our experience with the new B. F. Goodrich passenger car tire, we believe that it will outwear prewar tires even in adverse conditions.

"Speedometer reading at time tires were put on was 35,062. Photos were taken at 78,267. Mileage on tires is now 43,205, and as you see, they are about ready for recapping."

One reason you get more mileage out of a B. F. Goodrich tire is that it carries a broader, flatter tread—puts more rubber on the road, spreads wear over a greater area. Because B. F. Goodrich engineers found that this wider, longer-lasting tread requires extra strength in the sidewalls, B. F. Goodrich tires today are being made with a new, stronger body. It is this body-tread combination which makes possible a tire that *outwears prewar tires*.

Most people who need tires can now get the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns! Some sizes are still scarce, of course, but some dealers have a fair assortment right in stock. Talk to your B. F. Goodrich dealer. You may not have to wait at all. If you do, the chances are he'll find some way to keep you rolling until the new tires come in. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Who's your favorite brunette?

Ever meet a *hipped-up gunsel?* Ever own an *iron?* Ever been shadowed by a *shamus?* This is all part of the cops-and-robbers business with which Bob Hope is involved in "MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE." The funniest guy in America yearns to be a *private-eye*, especially after getting a private eye-ful of delicious Dottie Lamour. You'll probably miss some of the fun because you'll be laughing so hard at Bob and Dottie going from one rib-ticklish spot to another. That's why so many people have to see a Hope picture twice. And right at the very end of "My Favorite Brunette" . . . well, you go see it yourself. We don't want to spoil The Movie Gag Of The Year!

• • •

And speaking about pictures, there's "CALIFORNIA" for instance. It's as big a hit as pie-a-la-mode as this is being written and by the time you read it, "California" should be as popular as a cut in taxes.

Maybe you liked the new things we did with Technicolor, or because Barbara Stanwyck is at her best playing *that* kind of woman . . . with Ray Milland as her kind of man. Whatever it is, spectacle, drama, romance, or the period, "California" has it in extra large doses.

• • •

Suddenly we've hit the bottom of the page, with just enough space to mention "SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING," which you'll be hearing and seeing lots more about very soon. Paulette Goddard, who looks so much like a Varga girl in this picture that we had that artist portray her as one, has 24 hours to win her hubby back from that husband-hunting redhead, Arleen Whelan. As the fellow with such wonderful double-trouble, Fred MacMurray is terrific.

• • •

These three pictures, plus "DEAR RUTH," "WELCOME STRANGER," "PERILS OF PAULINE" and "VARIETY GIRL" are the big seven of '47 . . . the movies that are going to keep Paramount at the top of your popularity poll again.

Paramount Pictures

COLLIER'S

March 1, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

NO NOISE IS GOOD NOISE

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial Some News About Noise (Jan. 18th) you practically condone noise, stating that the normal person, judging from one series of tests, "can go on producing effectively in the middle of a terrific and prolonged din." It is true that the human frame can adjust to the most adverse conditions: e.g., the Hindu fakir who can sleep comfortably on a bed of spikes, but what kind of mattress do YOU sleep on?

GLEN COFFIELD, Carthage, Mo.

Glad you asked. We sleep on an editorial bed of pain—a mattress stuffed with old MSS., broken commas, sharp exclamation points and readers' gibes.

. . . Just having finished your editorial I have with no little satisfaction classed myself as a hush-hush nuisance. It is the unnecessary noise to which we hush-hush nuisances should like to hazard a weak protest. Far better would it have been if, discovering this tidbit of nonessential scientific information, you'd have kept your big mouth shut!

JUDSON B. JEROME, Houston, Tex.

ALBANIAN COURTESY

DEAR SIR: The Albanian story, The Host (Dec. 28th), is true to life, except for the ending. The individual who "owes blood," the Italian Lieutenant Galli in the case, is not shot down like a dog at the limit of his host's land. As exemplified in a beautiful elegy by the Greek poet Samardjides, what happens is this:

The host asks first: "Are you armed and ready to defend yourself? In that case be on your guard because I am going to fire on you *after* you have crossed the limit of my land."

In case the "blood-ower" is not armed, the host asks him to select a weapon from among his own. If he refuses to defend himself, the host lets him go free with the remark that he is a "woman," not a man.

C. A. CHEKREZI,
Former Commissioner of Albania
to the United States, Arlington, Va.

THE IGNOBLE PHEASANT

DEAR SIRS: In Boom, Boom on the Range (Jan. 4th) it was stated that "the plow" was the main cause for these birds becoming extinct. Here in Minnesota there are few farms so extensively tilled that there isn't some little area where the birds could nest in peace and did until the arrival of the pheasant. This bird crowds out all ground-nesting species, kills young chicks and turkey poults, is more of a pest in fields

(Continued on page 35)

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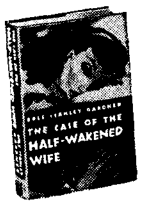
Gorgeous Eva Martell is offered the job. She is told that all she must do is occupy a swanky apartment and receive no visitors. She accepts—but she asks Perry Mason if it's legal. The famous lawyer-sleuth decides it is within the law—until Eva's employer is found IN the apartment *with a bullet through his head!*

2 THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE



IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht loaded with people who hate one another. Suddenly . . .

A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is wearing a nightgown and holding a gun—*from which one shot has just been fired!*

The lady stands before the court. Accused of *murder*. Perry Mason, now her lawyer, is the ONLY person in the world who believes her innocent. So what does the lady do? She FIRES him!

3 THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE

THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

JUST ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and Perry Mason is all tangled up with THREE! Blonde No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but shoes, a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black eye! No. 2, an ex-trapeze artist, is having mighty suspicious "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

How can No. 2 help Perry Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3? And how can he ever keep his mind on his work with so many blondes around?

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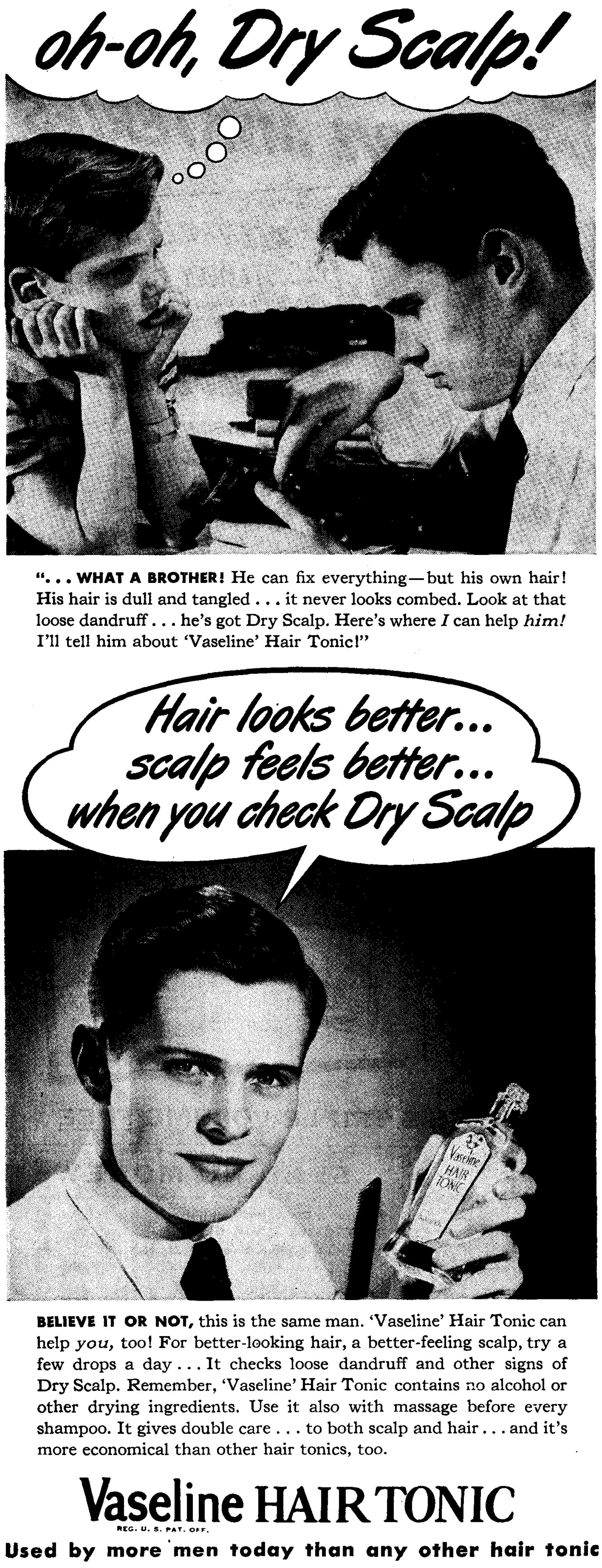
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"... WHAT A BROTHER! He can fix everything—but his own hair! His hair is dull and tangled . . . it never looks combed. Look at that loose dandruff . . . he's got Dry Scalp. Here's where *I* can help *him!* I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this is the same man. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can help *you,* too! For better-looking hair, a better-feeling scalp, try a few drops a day . . . It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

HANK KETCHAM

BY FRELING FOSTER

Every U.S. airplane crash is investigated on the spot by agents of the Civil Aeronautics Board to determine whether the accident resulted from some structural failure. Changes based on the findings of these 24 investigators have helped to reduce our air line fatality rate by half in the past year alone.

Although knowledge of atomic energy was chiefly theoretical until 1938, a stage play on the subject was produced in London in 1929. In this drama, Wings Over Europe, a man who discovered how to control this energy offers the secret to the British Cabinet. As they consider him a crank, he threatens to blow up the earth and is murdered. A group of scientists then announce that they too have the secret but will keep it to rule the world, if necessary, for the good of mankind.

Horses are so affected by seasickness that many thoroughbreds, after a rough sea voyage, have been unfit to race for as long as six months. To avoid this hazard, a plane was used recently to transport six race horses from Limerick, Ireland, to Los Angeles, the first cargo of its kind ever flown across the Atlantic.

Hollywood's complacency was jolted at the International Film Festival at Cannes, France, in 1946, to confer awards of merit for recent outstanding achievements. The jury consisted of one expert from each participating country officially appointed by his government. Of the 23 prizes awarded, one each went to Mexico, Poland and Sweden; two each to Czechoslovakia, Great Britain and the United States; six to France and eight to Russia. The American winners were Walt Disney's Make Mine Music and Ray Milland for his performance in The Lost Weekend.

Unlike most poisons used in murders, arsenic may be detected in a body many years after burial and even in its ashes long after cremation.

The ultimate height of children who are too tall or too short for their age may now be determined by a method devised by a woman physician in California. At six-month intervals, she compares the rate of physical growth with that of skeletal growth, the latter by measuring in X-ray photographs the changes which have taken place in the growing finger bones. From these facts, the destined height of the child may be calculated to within a quarter of an inch.

An unusual storage warehouse in New York City provides each patron with a portable room-size vault which is loaded and unloaded at his house and remains undisturbed while in storage as he possesses its only key. Made of heavy steel, the vault is impervious to moisture and fire.

Meshed is the holy city of Iran where all objects with any sacred significance are revered by the inhabitants and the 100,000 Moslem pilgrims who visit it annually. Yet for a generation, its sidewalks have been paved with old tombstones—from a reconverted cemetery—placed with their inscriptions upward.—*By Mary O. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

Until the 19th century, fashionable women of America protected their complexions from cold wind and hot sun by wearing masks, winter ones being made of velvet and summer ones of silk or linen. Unlike other masks, they were held in place either by the hand or, when both hands were needed as in riding, by a silver mouthpiece inserted between the teeth.

Two species of South American cow trees exude, when tapped, copious quantities of a "milk" so rich and palatable that it has been used as food for centuries.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

Ten thousand tiny candle flames have
lit the night and died for joy—but none so
brightly tranquil as that o'er which she sees
the face of love. Like it, her diamond,
too, will glow with special meaning.

Her engagement ring-stone must be chosen for
its magic, endless role. It need not be of
many carats, for color, clarity and cutting
are as important as actual weight. You will
be wise to seek the advice of a trusted jeweler

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

One-quarter Carat $110 to $225

One-half Carat $275 to $525

One Carat $665 to $1250

Two Carats from $2000

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in July, 1946. Add 20% for Federal Tax.

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goes engine power...
go driving costs
with this New Alemite Creation!

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2. Assures instant lubrication the year 'round. Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts... saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

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Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.

Frederick Siebel

THE WEEK'S WORK

WE TRUST you haven't picked up any additional neuroses from Frederick Siebel's symbolic-surrealist illustrations for The Dark Device, in its dying moments, on p. 62.

Unlike the surrealist who makes up his symbols as he goes, Mr. Siebel's came largely ready-made by the story. All he had to do was to collect the props—broken cups, poison bottles, stethoscopes and blondes—then sit down for 48 hours or so without sleep, figuring out how to put each scene together so the symbols clashed convincingly.

When Mr. Siebel explained the setup to his models, he thought he could detect a worried look about his sanity. Before long they were telling him *their* dreams with interpretations—cutting in considerably on the man-hours.

The cold facts about Mr. Siebel seem reassuringly normal. Raised on a hop farm in Czechoslovakia, he neglected Latin declensions to adorn school walls with unsurrealistic and unappreciated murals. He spent two years in the pre-Hitler Czech army (is a U.S. Army vet, too), did stage designing and chefing in Vienna, has been ski instructor and movie poster maker. Right now he's thirty-three, settled near Ossining in the Hudson Valley, with an artist wife and two children. He hopes the movies will buy The Dark Device so he can symbolically wind up in Hollywood on a rubble pile of gold. "You can tell that, like all abnormal people," he sums up, "I think I'm perfectly normal."

As for his portrait above, Mr. Siebel disowns it as a reflection of his psychic self. The symbols are strictly off the cuff. The leg belongs to a well-known but anonymous ice skater. The wilted flowers aren't morbid symbols but from a near-by vase. The stethoscope isn't for listening to water on the girl's knee or warps in his mind, but was a prop. "Can you detect the beauty of a taut female in the classic horse on my left? If you can, better see your brain doctor, brother!"

ROBERT GRIFFITH, of East Dorset, Vermont, has been bellhop, cook, seaman, prelim fighter and engineer. Nevertheless, the turning point of his life came the day when a story was returned to him with the comment: "Imitation of Richard English—without the English finesse."

Looking himself in the eye while his daughters Gretchen and Gwyneth screamed, "Daddy—what *you* did!" Mr. Griffith took stock.

"I saw that I was indeed a crude fellow," he said. "In twenty years I had bought but one suit. I had associated since childhood with tramps, prize fighters, burglars, engineers and other illiterates. I was a self-made mug.

"This realization," he continued, "brought new happiness. I had long since hocked my two fiddles; I bought a secondhand B-flat clarinet and learned to play by ear. I bought the complete works of James T. Farrell, threw away my bridgework and started smoking cigars."

Thus equipped, with lip to clarinet and a new determination, finesse of his own came to our hero, as witness his tenth Collier's story, The Red Satin Trunks (p. 52). We assume there will be crude imitators.

"I WAS awfully fed up with screwball characters when I wrote This Complicated Courtship," (p. 13) confides Mack J. Matthews. "But before I'd finished it, I came to the glum conviction that we all have to be mildly insane—or we'd go nuts."

The manner in which Mr. Matthews came to write his opus may be a case in point. "Frankly, my agent stood over me with a horsewhip," he says, "and later, with a horse as well. What could a man do but write? It was either that or take up horseback riding!"

Mr. Matthews is from the South. He fled north because of an allergy to cotton. He worked in a hotel in New York as night clerk, and insists that the ghost of Sarah Bernhardt walked there nightly.

After that, Mr. Matthews went to war for five years. He met Olga, an American girl in Austria, lost trace of her during the postwar confusion, and has been looking for her ever since. This Complicated Courtship is written about her.

This week's cover: Plus and Minus are from a litter of six yellow Persian kittens. Mama Cat is full Persian, Papa three-quarter. They were eight weeks old when Shiney Wright, of Hollywood, photographed them. Miss Dorothy Lusk, their owner, named them Plus and Minus because of their opposite natures. Minus is the ambitionless and sleepy type; Plus is never quiet till worn out. Miss Lusk is slightly nuts for animals; lives her hobby by operating a Los Angeles pet shop. . . .
TED SHANE

Ahead of the Headlines

Big changes are coming in Tomorrow's Cars. Everybody predicts it.

And if you'll take a drive in *today's* Nash "600," you'll *know* what's coming!

It's here now—that wonderful performance people are looking forward to! This big 1947 Nash turns in 25 to 30 miles on the gallon, at moderate highway speed!

Conditioned-air comfort? Nash has it *now*—a completely automatic system. Brings you *fresh*, dust-free, moisture-free air, while you drive through a blizzard in your shirt sleeves.

Sleeping car? You can have it *now* in a Nash! A back seat that becomes a double bed.

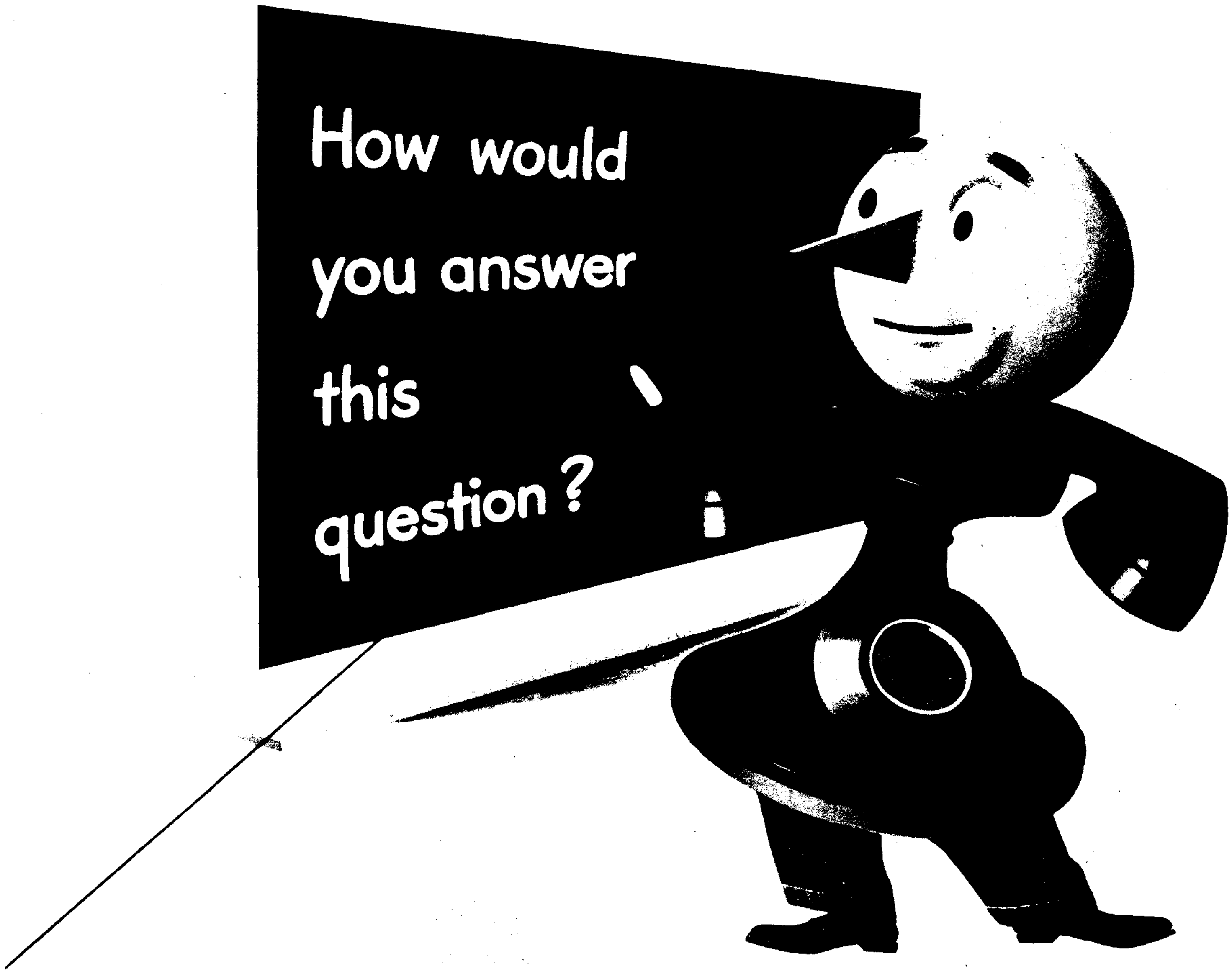
Smoother ride? Nash already *has* "the coming thing"—super-soft coil springs on all four wheels that turn every road into velvet. Easier steering? A quieter ride? They are *here now* in a new Nash, and the difference is amazing!

And tomorrow, too, the talk will be about unitized body-and-frame. But Nash has it *now*—a single welded unit that's girder-strong and safe, free of body rattles—and rid of hundreds of pounds of needless weight.

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in this country today. There's where you'll find the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador.

You'll be Ahead with **Nash**

NASH MOTORS DIVISION NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION


How would you answer this question?

How much does the telephone company earn?

We asked a number of people this question . . . "*How much would you say the telephone company makes (after all expenses and taxes) on the money invested in the business?*"

Twelve per cent said "6% or less."
Eleven per cent said "7% to 10%."
Twelve per cent said "15%, 20% or 25%."
Eight per cent said "30% or more."
Fifty-seven per cent had no opinion.

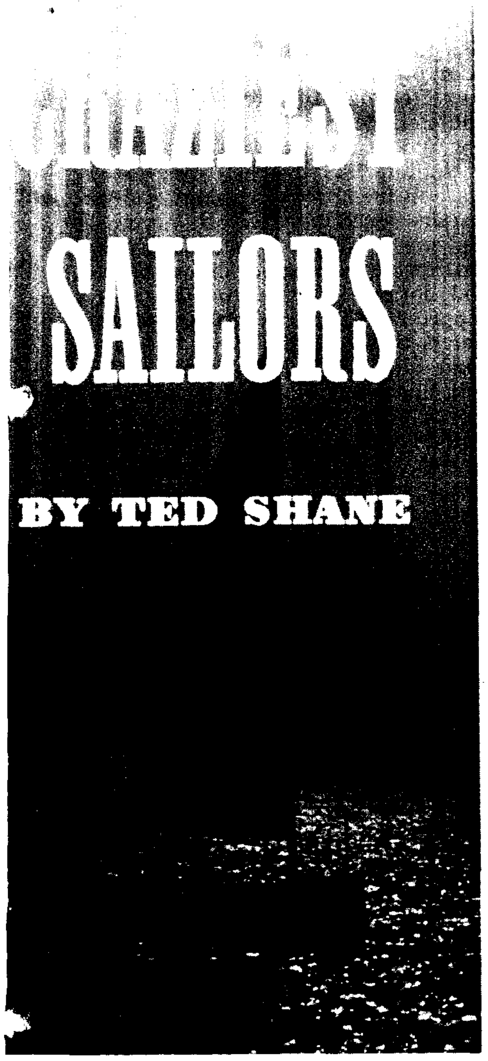
The actual figure is far less than many people think. Even with telephone calls at a record peak, Bell System earnings on the money invested in the business have averaged only a shade over 5½% for the last five years—including the war years. And that's not enough to insure good telephone service.

We thought you might like to know in case you have been wondering about telephone earnings.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CHILLIEST SAILORS

BY TED SHANE



If you want to race a jittery open tub in a blizzard, get dunked in the icy drink and make the Royal Order of the Loon, here's the ideal sport for you — Frostbite sailing

IT WAS a dull, blue-cold winter Sunday, with snow in the air and icicles hanging from the thermometer, and at the Larchmont (New York) Yacht Club on Long Island Sound anybody crazy enough to try could get a glimpse of America's looniest amateur sport: Frostbite dinghy sailing. Instead of the club being boarded up for the winter, while the members sailed around the Caribbean in their sporting frigates, it was as busy around the dock as putting-out day at Gloucester.

Everywhere tiny boats the size of a minute were being carried down and set in the icy waters of Larchmont Harbor. Slender duralumin masts were fitted into shiny centerboards; gleaming white sails unfurled. The cutting nor'east wind caught and billowed a sail. A cockleshell of a boat danced atop the whitecaps. The waves icily slapped the dock.

There was a cry, and before anyone could get to him, Arthur Knapp, expert yachtsman and Frostbite fiend, was straddling a widening gap of open water, one foot tentatively in his boat, the other securely on the dock. A brief battle between Knapp and a bath took place—and Knapp lost.

Amid gay laughter of the fellow

Sally Rhynas, who sails the appropriately named Sniffly, gets herself into warm woolens for a winter sail on the frigid waters of Long Island Sound

members, he grabbed for his breath and the dock; rescuing hands hauled him ashore and sped him to the nearby club lockers for a hot shower and change.

Before you could utter, "The man's insane—stop him!" he was back in his dinghy and off with the pack for the starting, self-initiated into the Royal Order of Mudhens.

It Could Have Been Colder

"Oh, that was nothing," said Knapp later. "I also belong to the Royal Order of the Loons, whose distinguished members have upset in deep water out on the course. Was it cold? Not very—about 50 degrees—the water in December is still warm from the summer. I'm glad it wasn't April, when it's about 34 degrees!"

Frostbite dinghy, or "dink" sailing, is a comparatively new sport. Just before Christmas, 1931, William H. (Bill) Taylor, now an editor of Yachting, and H. Martyn (Slim) Baker were sitting around a fire at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club arguing boats with Gordon Curry and Charles Henderson. The question was: "Could a Dyer dhow beat an English pram?" and to settle the difference, Taylor and Baker decided to race on New Year's Day.

New Year's Day, 1932, did not dawn sunny and mild. At noon it was raining in squalls; as the afternoon progressed it took turns sleeting and snowing. But not only Taylor and Baker turned up—there were a few added starters.

Nothing like this had ever taken place in the history of yachting. The starters kissed their nearest and dearest tearful farewells, and the tiny nondescript craft—dinghies, dhows, prams and dories—took off for the frost-capped racing course in the unsettled waters of Manhasset Bay. With the wind blowing like the hammers of hell, and boats filling with slush and frozen brine, the little things battled round and round the triangular course. "No, nobody upset, got pneumonia or chilblains," reports the surviving Mr. Taylor. "I can't remember who won but I do remember our noses and fingers iced up but didn't snap off."

Mr. Taylor, being yachting correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune at the time, dutifully filed a

(Continued on page 33)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Arthur Knapp, loyal member of the Royal Order of Mudhens and the Royal Order of the Loons, regularly sails his boat (named Agony) in Frostbite regattas

IC
31
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18
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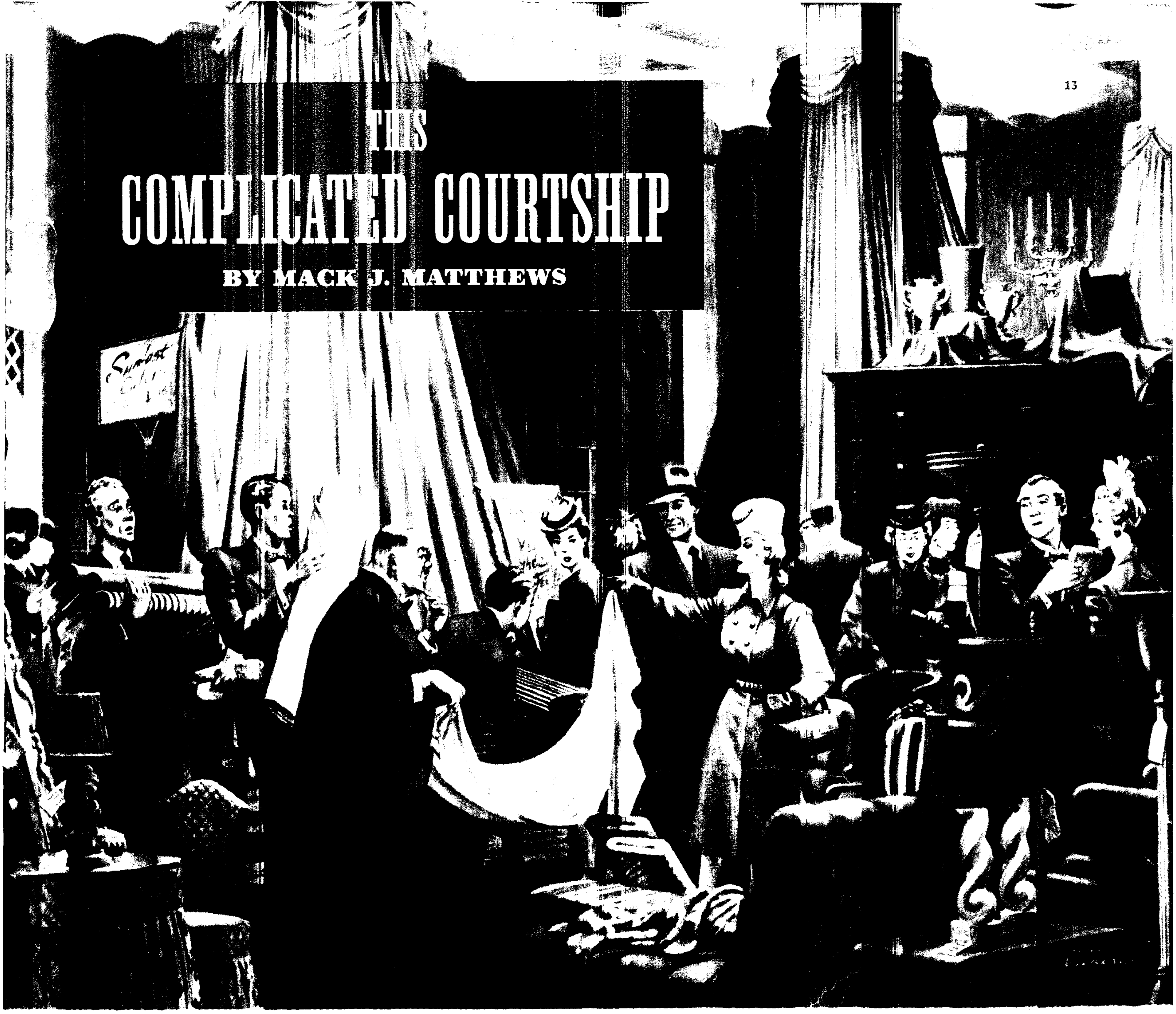
81
17

The boats of the Larchmont Yacht Club mass at the starting line for a Sunday afternoon race. Twenty-five Frostbite dinghies were entered in this race

THIS COMPLICATED COURTSHIP

BY MACK J. MATTHEWS



Joe saw merchants wither before Sari's scorn of cheap materials, heard her discuss prices and quality with expert confidence. He was surprised and a bit scared

A perfect woman would not necessarily make a perfect wife. Anyway, not for Joe

BACK in the days when people were first beginning to look at the atomic situation with alarm and doubt, Joe Cary met Sari Lisl. And he found himself regarding her with an almost identical uncertainty. The fact that there was something of love in his regarding confused the issue even further.

You couldn't blame Joe for his emotions, not after you'd seen Sari. She was small, lovely, and elusively gorgeous. "Elusively gorgeous" was Joe's phrase for her. It was the only description he could find for that quality about her which so disturbed the male in general. Everything about her, he felt, was so right for her in particular.

Man feels a little more secure when he can look at the woman he loves with a touch of objectivity, even of criticism. At love he looks askance, because it is troubling and intangible, and simply not safe. If, in the privacy of his own mind, he can put the thing on a logical basis, he feels better, because he comes to the conclusion that it is his superior intellect that has led him to make this choice of the lady of his heart.

He will say reasonably, "It's her eyes did this thing to me. The nose, I grant, is more than passable but one must face the fact that it is not a nose that a man would lie awake dreaming about at night. The lips? The hair? Well, both are perfect in their way, but nothing you couldn't find any old day in Dietrich or Hedy Lamarr. But her eyes are probably finer than any other woman's. It's the eyes that really matter, anyway."

If he can go further and say—always assuming that this is to be said in the deepest privacy of his own mind—that her ankles are not quite all that could be desired, then indeed is the male in his glory. It makes the woman seem somehow more attainable. Having thus considered his lady, assigned to her eyes the unfair magic that brought him to this pass, and having settled upon her ankles as her Achilles' heel, he can be confident that he has himself well in hand. He can then afford to go right on making a complete idiot of himself because of her eyes, while the ankles remain a source of private comfort to him.

But Joe Cary never could blame his feelings merely on Sari's eyes. Not that they weren't very special—an almost golden brown flecked with a lighter, brighter gold. Sooner or later her hair was certain to be described as honey colored, so he came out bluntly and called it honey colored, and felt a little better. Her ankles? Joe sighed. There was definitely no fault to be found with those ankles. She was, then, elusively gorgeous.

There was, of course, the matter of her personality to be considered. For so small a person, Sari Lisl was practically overendowed in that respect. Joe felt that this might possibly be her only fault, her redeeming blemish. Only, far from soothing him, this idea only disturbed *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

Sagebrushers grubbed out a living, fighting for every year of existence. Now they want the break which they've awaited

MILLION-ACRE BOOM

BY RAFE GIBBS

When Mrs. David Gallagher testified before a Senate committee in 1928, she predicted a stampede to the land when water was assured. It has already started. Here Mrs. Gallagher and her husband grade apples raised on their farm

A DUSTY, Seattle-bound bus slowed to a stop on the graveled main street of Moses Lake, Washington. A middle-aged man, wearing a conservative gray business suit, got off. He looked over the town in the heart of the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project—today's boomingest million acres. That wasn't difficult. Moses Lake—old Moses Lake—is a couple of blocks one way, and a couple of blocks another.

But the man was enthralled by what he saw. He saw $500,000 in new buildings going up. The new business enterprises included two theaters, farm-implement establishments, concrete block and pipe factories, and various retail establishments.

The gazer reached a decision quickly. He walked over to a partly completed business building, asked the man in charge: "Any vacancies?"

"One for a small store or a big office."

"I'll take it. Want to start a business. Pay you a year's rent in advance."

"What kind of a business are you aiming to start?"

"Don't know, but I want to get in on the ground floor with some kind of a business."

The transaction was completed, the man in the conservative gray business suit got on the bus and continued on his way to Seattle.

That is life today in this boom section of the Far West.

As Frank Bell, former secretary to ex-Senator C. C. Dill and a long-time resident of the Columbia Basin, remarked: "This country reminds me of a dog I used to have. He chased the train every day, and my mother, watching him once, said, 'I wonder what the dog will do if he ever catches the train.' Well, the Columbia Basin has finally caught the train."

For almost a half century, residents of this vast stretch of 1,250,000 semiarid acres, cradled in the arm of the Columbia River, have been trying to get aboard the Irrigation Limited. Now, with Grand Coulee Dam completed and canal construction—delayed by the war—actually under way, the Irrigation Limited has the green light, and thousands are scrambling for seats.

Officials of the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior caution: "Watch your step—give us a chance to get water on the land."

But the people of the West have been traditionally impatient. They're rarin' to go.

Took His Profit Too Soon

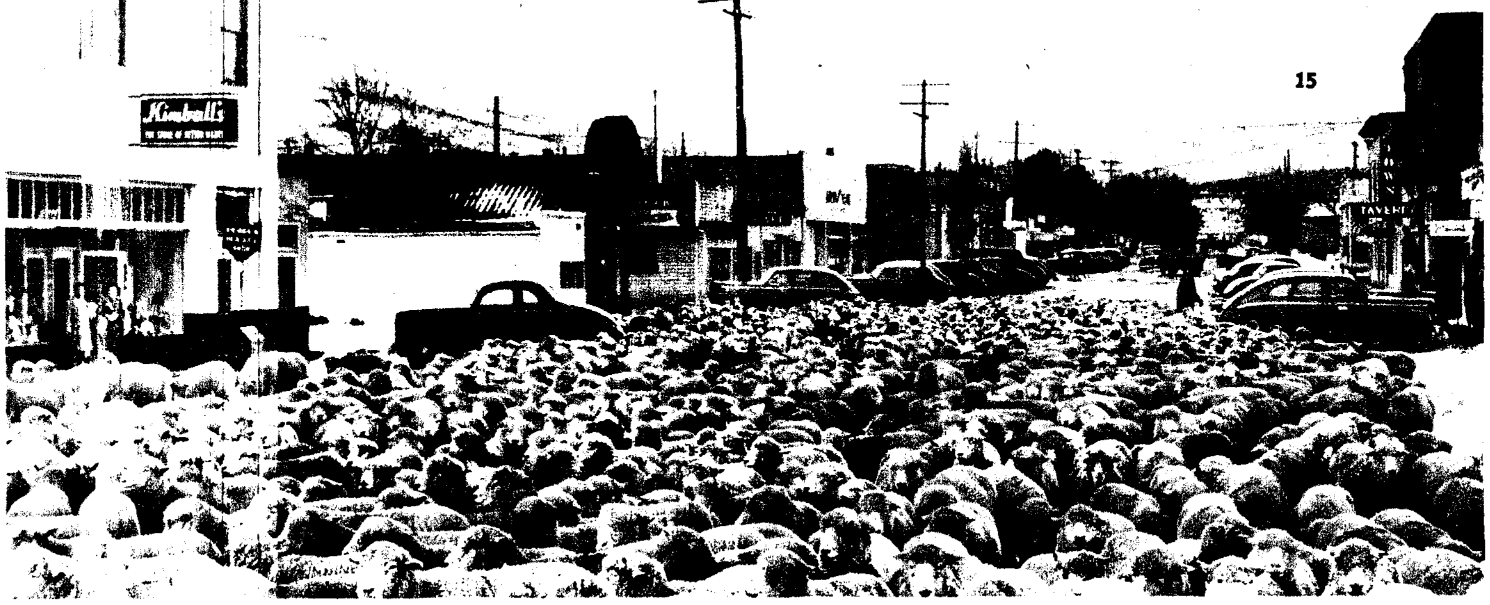
One man paid $85 for a business lot in Moses Lake two years ago, and recently sold it for $4,500. He was pretty happy about the deal for a month, but now he is bemoaning the fact that he was too hasty. He could get $6,000 for the lot today.

C. J. Gray, secretary of the Moses Lake Chamber of Commerce (which now receives as many business queries as the average city of 100,000), pointed to a little white house in the main part of town.

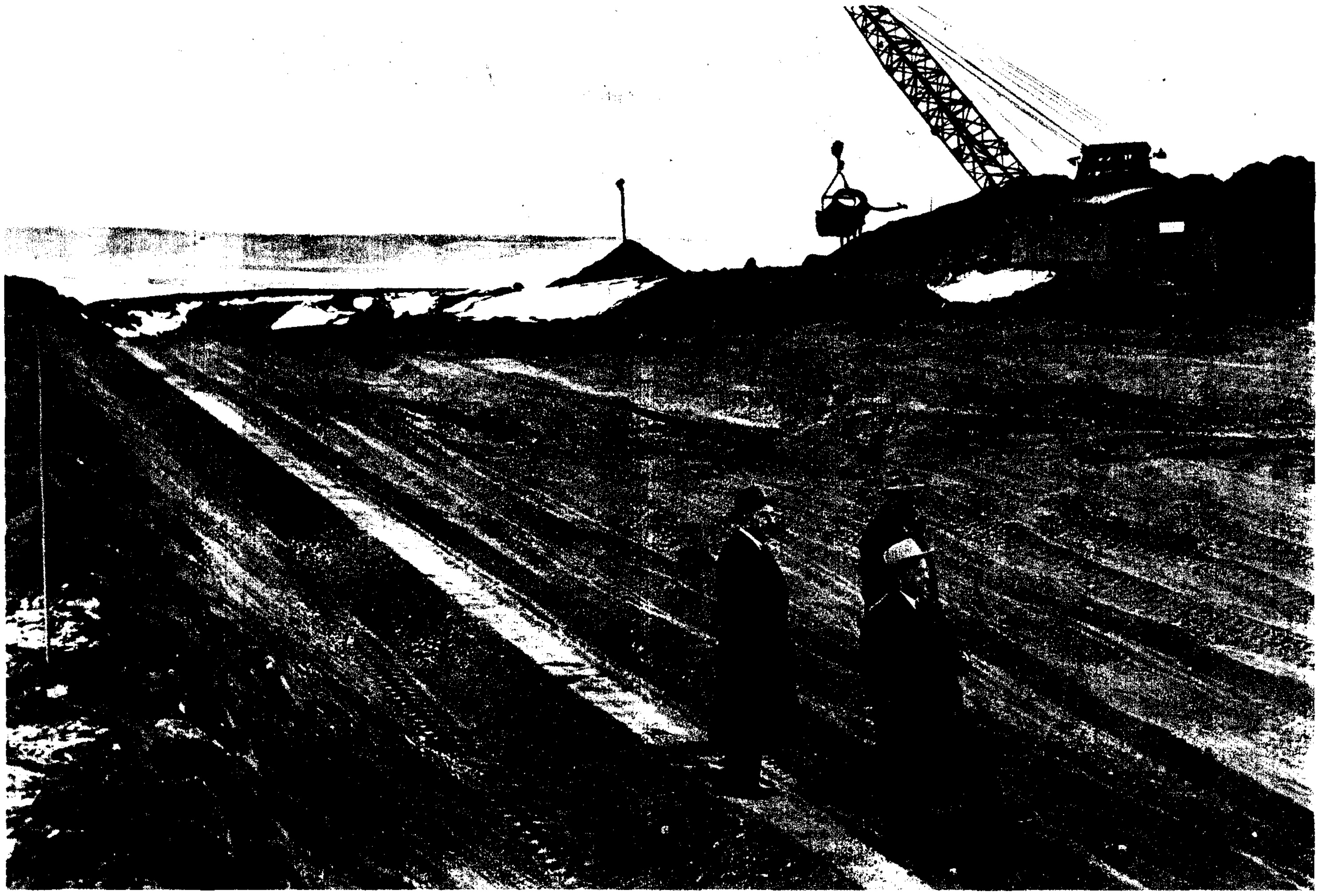
"That was my home for many years," he said sadly. "But I can't afford to live there now. A fellow offered me $3,500 for the lot alone. He wants to erect a business building on it. Said he didn't want the house, and agreed to move it out to my farm for me. The moving job will cost him another $1,000. I can't live on a $4,500 lot, but I can live on the farm."

Big-time operators as well as small

Impatient pioneers, spurred by the promise of irrigation in the Columbia River Basin, are buying up anything and everything within sight, and no questions asked. Residents of Washington State think it's about time



The town of Ephrata (above) has 3,000 inhabitants, not counting sheep. It expects to hit 75,000. Below: Two men who plumped for the project as early as 1918, see work start on canal. They are William Clapp (left), attorney, and Rufus Woods (front), publisher



J. P. Simpson publishes a weekly paper with readers all over the U.S.

businessmen are sold on the possibilities of the Columbia Basin. The Milwaukee Road, for instance, recently purchased 72 acres on the edge of Moses Lake. It plans to build a freight yard, icing plant and several railway spurs to the coming huge industrial plants.

All this in Moses Lake, where old Chief Moses once brought his tribe for skookumchuck feasts! The biggest businesses in the town used to include a couple of service stations and the little restaurant where cross-country busses stopped at mealtime. For years the population hovered around 350, but overnight it has swelled to 1,500 and is still growing.

Or drive north, as we did, to Coulee City. A year ago it had a population of 600, and thought that was something—until now. Today it has more than doubled its population and is going strong. And what headaches the town fathers are having!

They are trying to beg or borrow carpenters. "Yes, sir," said one native, "we need carpenters to build houses for other carpenters to live in while building houses for other carpenters. Matter of fact, we need lots of carpenters."

Sometime ago the kids in Coulee City were tickled vermilion when their dream came true and the schoolhouse burned down. The school board promptly arranged for bus transportation to Hartline, 11 miles away.

"Now," lamented a youngster, flipping a marble, "they're going to build a new school—a whopper. This town is growing too doggone fast."

We stopped for gas at Quincy, a little town of one-story buildings that could be shoved together into one city block with space to spare for a ball park. In the service station we noticed an architect's drawing of a beautiful, modern, three-story building that would cost at least $350,000 to construct.

"What's that building?" we asked the lanky young attendant.

"Oh, that's just the new hotel they're going to build here. Fill 'er up?"

Or take the town of Ephrata, seat of Grant County and present center of Bureau of Reclamation activities. For years Ephrata, with a population of 1,000, was considered a "big town" in the basin.

Prophecies of Population

Today the population of Ephrata is 3,000 and anyone will tell you that it will go to 15,000 (a new sewer system was recently completed to take care of that many people). Some local prognosticators will hazard a guess of an eventual increase in population to "50,000—oh, make it 75,000."

Some weekly newspapers in the area, which struggled along for years to grind out an existence from ancient presses, have doubled their circulation, due in large measure to the nation-wide interest in the Columbia Basin. Subscription lists read like those of national magazines. New subscribers have addresses in New York, Michigan, Texas. They include doctors, merchants, lawyers, who want to find new locations.

While in Ephrata, we called on J. P. Simpson, politician and publisher of the weekly Grant County Journal.

"Things are certainly booming in the basin," we commented.

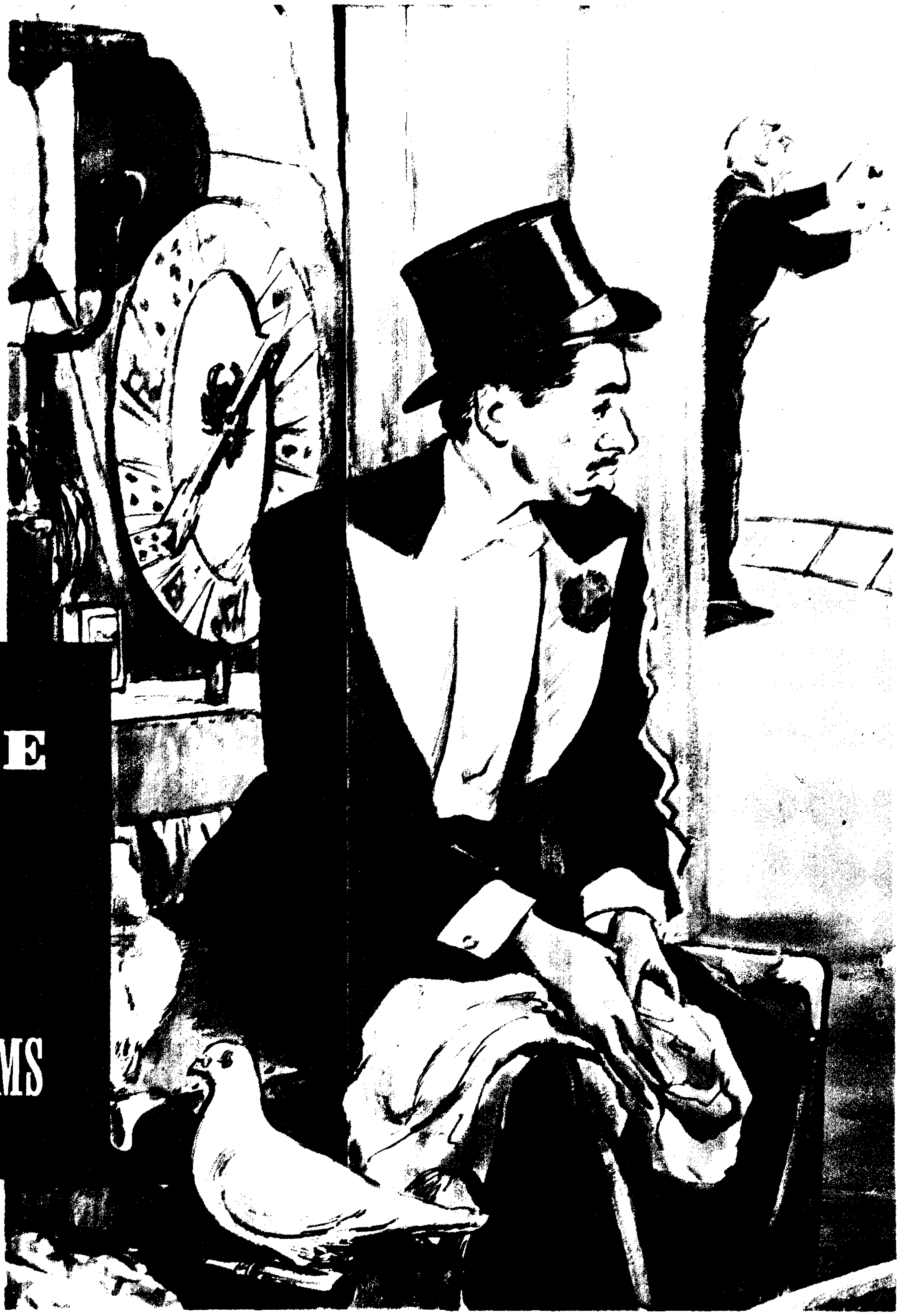
"Booming!" snorted Simpson, tossing more galley proofs on the straw-stack mass of papers covering his roll-top desk. "They're atomic-bombing. Just step outside with me."

When we stood in front of the one-story, faded, frame newspaper plant Simpson waved his cigar at a vacant lot across the street. "They want $12,000 for that one," he said.

The cigar waved again.

(Continued on page 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING



THE PRINCE OF MYSTERY

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

That Houdini! Okay, he could escape from a trunk. But The Great Prospero escaped from a flowerpot. Okay, it was close. Still, he made it

THE GREAT PROSPERO, Prince of Mystery, regarded his audience desperately, acutely aware that he was not deceiving anyone.

The celebrated members of the Eighty-seventh Annual Convention of Magicians and Prestidigitators had commenced surreptitiously to shuffle their feet and cough behind their hands. The Great Prospero would gladly have given five years of his life if he could have mystified this particular audience just once, but already he knew that he had failed again. Again he would have to wait until next year.

Doggedly Prospero finished the trick. He had worked feverishly on its conception; he had rehearsed its performance through tedious hours before the mirror in his bedroom. Now he flicked away a silk scarf with a flourish he had never managed to get quite right, and exhibited an empty box which a moment before had contained a pair of gray pigeons. There was applause—an indulgent sort of applause which suggested not only that the applauders were unastonished to find the pigeons gone, but that they were aware precisely what had become of them.

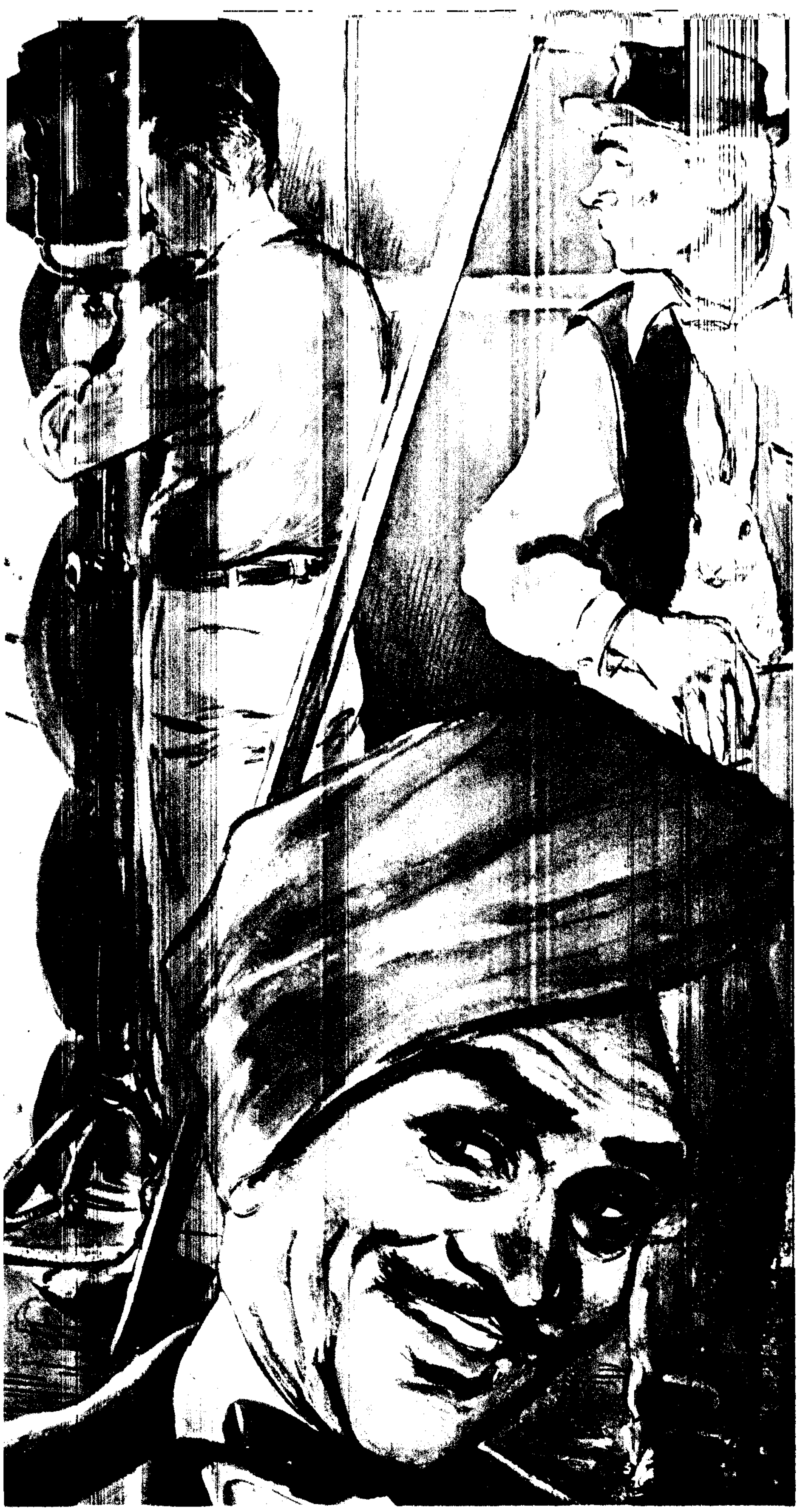
The Prince of Mystery withdrew hastily to the wings. His colleagues did not recall him. He sat down miserably on the edge of a property trunk and watched Zambini begin his performance. Zambini made The Great Prospero think of his own father, because Zambini had once been his father's assistant. Thinking of his father, he became heavy with shame. For the eighth consecutive year he had brought only ignominy to his father's great name—the name which was the only reason his presence was suffered at all in this distinguished convention. There existed between him and the others, a condition of mutual embarrassment.

His father had been simply Prospero. There had been no need for him to be billed as The Great, The Magnificent or The Prince of Mystery; and no invented title could have done his skill justice. Prospero had worked in white kid gloves, a refinement which was recognized by his professional rivals as a feat similar to the performance of a piano concerto with clenched fists. Prospero's gloves were a symbol, a taunt and a challenge. And no eye had ever tutored itself to keep pace with the flashing white gloves of Prospero. He had been, in short, the greatest magician who had ever lived.

THINKING of his father was always acutely depressing to The Great Prospero, for the unpleasant truth was that The Great Prospero, although he would rather have been a fine magician than eat or drink, had never quite got the hang of it.

His father had left him nothing—neither the gift of his genius nor gifts of a more material nature—for the ship which had been carrying Prospero home from his farewell tour of the European continent some two decades earlier had foundered in a storm and gone to the bottom before help could reach her. With her had gone twenty trunks of ingeniously devised and irreplaceable equipment, and with her had gone Prospero's fortune: the securities he would never let out of his sight. But how incalculably more valuable had been the priceless secrets which had resided in the head of Prospero, the magician!

The Great Prospero, who had been a schoolboy named Harry at the time of the tragedy, had not wept for long. He had never become well acquainted with his father, so much was that great man pressed to move about the world, and the little he had known was not one man, but two. The first was the graceful figure behind the footlights, the sublime worker of miracles in white gloves, the man who had caused young Harry to wish above all things to be like him. The second was a man who had frightened the pubescent Prince of Mystery out of his wits. He had conducted his



The Great Prospero sat down on the edge of a property trunk and watched Zambini begin his performance. When he thought of his own act, he winced convulsively

fitful home life with the effortless despotism of a consummate tyrant.

When Harry was nine years old, his father had given him a pack of cards.

"Remember your name is Prospero," he had boomed at the alarmed child. "The name implies perfection. If you want to be a magician, be the best magician in the world—after myself, of course—or do something else! Take these cards and practice with them. When you are able to make them disappear one at a time out of doors in the midday sun while stripped to the waist, come to see me again and we'll get on to something difficult."

The experiment was still in progress. . . .

Sitting on the edge of the property trunk, recalling his father's injunction, The Prince of Mystery thought of his recent performance with the pigeons, and winced convulsively. Next year, he promised himself sternly, he would work harder, he would goad his ingenuity to a loftier creation, he would follow his father down the paths of glory. Harry made these urgent promises almost audibly, as though he were addressing someone else. But in a deeper, less articulate part of him he knew that he would never be like his father, not even in a shadowy way. There was no magic in him. He had called himself The Great, The Prince of Mystery, hoping to attain the stature of his father, but it hadn't done any good. Once he had even tried growing a little pointed goatee such as his father had worn so cavalierly, but it had grown in limp and scraggly, giving him a faintly comical appearance, and in the end he had shaved it off.

Zambini finished his performance and stepped for a moment into the wings. The swelling applause of the assembled magicians called him back again. After four ovations he smiled graciously and waved his hand to show that he could not be persuaded to perform further; then he walked off the stage and tripped over The Great Prospero.

ZAMBINI was a tall, imposing man with a crest of white hair which he wore in studied disarray. Trained as Prospero's assistant in his youth, he was now one of the most celebrated magicians in the nation—in spite of the fact that the master had once publicly referred to his pupil as "an adequate trickster."

He frowned at The Great Prospero. "Ah, Harry," he said, and he patted the younger man on the shoulder in a paternal fashion. "Your illusion with the pigeons." Zambini never called anything a trick. "You did it very nicely, Harry. I remember when your father threw it out of the act in 1916."

"He did?" said Harry, who had until this moment been under the impression that the trick was, for better or worse, his own creation.

"Thurston used it for a time, too, I believe—as a filler," continued Zambini, scratching his handsome aquiline nose thoughtfully. "Of course, he used birds of paradise instead of pigeons, to dress the thing up a bit. If I were you, Harry, I'd raise the false bottom on your box about two inches on the downstage side. It wouldn't be quite so—ah—so noticeable that way. I think the thing should make a *very* nice little illusion for children's parties."

"Thank you," said Harry.

"No, no, not at all, Harry." Zambini threw back his cape so that the scarlet satin lining shimmered richly. "And how did you like my little effort?" he asked.

The truth was that Harry had been so overcome with dejection over his own misadventure that he had given Zambini's performance inadequate attention. However, he felt perfectly safe in saying, "I thought it was very good indeed."

Zambini nodded his head agreeably. "It's not bad, is it?" he said. "I suppose Mephisto and some of the other boys will be badgering me all evening to sell it to them, but I've decided to hang onto it, at least for this season. I'll break it in at the Music Hall next week."

"That's a good idea," Harry said.

"Well, it's been nice seeing you again, my dear boy," said Zambini, who had just noticed a magician named Mephisto come backstage and stray, with apparent aimlessness, in the direction of his equipment. "I must pack up now. It has always seemed heartless to me, Harry, to put temptation in the way of people less fortunate than oneself. I'll see you at dinner."

Zambini moved away, his handsome head tilted slightly back, his satin-lined cape flowing gracefully from his shoulders.

Watching him go, Harry decided that he would not attend the dinner. He had already paid five dollars in advance for it, a not inconsiderable extravagance for him, but he could not face it. His encounter with Zambini had ruined his appetite. He knew that the main course at dinner would be *Filet Mignon à la Prospero,* as it always was in honor of that great name, and he knew, too, that he should be proud. But the idea of sitting down to eat a *Filet Mignon à la Prospero* was too painful just at present. He gathered up his box with the false bottom that showed and his pigeons, and stepped quietly outside into the night air, which had already begun to grow cold.

During the months that followed there was more than one occasion on which Harry, sitting on the edge of the brass bed in his furnished room, regarded his pigeons pensively and wondered whether his box trick might not be equally compelling were he to cause to disappear only one pigeon instead of three. But in the end, after extended inner struggle, the pigeons were always permitted to survive. The Great Prospero also survived, although with less readiness than the birds, since a man's requirements for survival are unfortunately greater than a pigeon's. Even so, he lived. He called daily at the offices of Tuttle & Flanagan, Inc., theatrical agents, and his diligence was rewarded with occasional engagements. These were not particularly splendid engagements from a professional standpoint, in that the membership of a rural fraternal organization or the celebrants at a nursery school birthday party were unlikely to be in a position to advance The Great Prospero's career. However, they paid him a sum of money sufficient to keep body and soul together.

On those evenings when he was at liberty, Harry tortured his wits to conceive a mighty illusion which he could perform at the Eighty-eighth Annual Convention of Magicians and Prestidigitators, and which would re-establish in the eyes of his fellows, the distinction that had always been associated with his famous name—a name to which he had brought only shame.

TO SPUR his imagination, he sometimes looked at his father's scrapbooks, weighty volumes of press clippings from every capital in the world, and the only mementos of Prospero Senior which Harry possessed. This pursuit was a mixed delight, however, for, while all of Prospero's greatest tricks were described and eulogized again and again in the press clippings, there was, of course, no explanation of them. And without an explanation Harry was no better off than any bug-eyed balcony patron or theatrical reviewer.

Sometimes Harry tried to go backward through a trick, starting at its denouement, in order to arrive at its underlying secret by a process of elimination. But he wasn't the first to attempt this method; half the magicians in the world had sought Prospero's Rosetta stone by one means or another, and Harry met with their success. It was as though Prospero had worked from a different set of standards, a different set of natural principles from those of any other magician; the laws of physics had seemed to behave differently at the command of his gloved fingers. Even the finest craftsmen, such as Zambini and Mephisto, had managed to contrive only tolerable imitations of a few of Prospero's tricks.

There were dozens of other tricks, imitations of which had never so much as been attempted in public. There was, for example, the Egg Trick. In reading over his father's reviews, Harry found that the Egg Trick was always praised most extravagantly of all. Even the great magician's obituaries spoke of the Egg Trick. Its fame was deserved, for the

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

BUT *THERE'LL ALWAYS* *BE AN* ENGLAND

Nearly two years after V-E Day, British shoppers stand for hours in queues, hoping to get their share of the few things they are permitted to purchase

Leaking, bomb-jarred houses add to the aggravations of thousands of Londoners, with little relief in sight because repair materials are still critically short

WE WERE sitting in our overcoats in the chilly Board of Trade Building in London, listening to Sir Stafford ("Strength through Misery") Cripps, Britain's trade boss, telling a press conference that in 1947 there would be one quarter of a cotton sheet for each person in Britain. This was progress: There have been none for seven years.

I was smiling to myself at a private joke when a friend leaned across:

"What the hell," he asked, "can you find to laugh at?"

In the local store, the clerk said:

"So you're back from America."

"Yes," I said.

"Did you have to come back?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I just wanted to come back."

"You must be crazy," he said.

In the local garage where a couple of ex-soldiers earn a living keeping ten-year-old cars running, one was cursing.

"If I had any sense," he shouted, "I'd get out of this bloody country. All the wise guys are 'opping it—getting themselves a one-way ticket to the bloody colonies and giving us a soldier's farewell."

His particular trouble that day was that the garage door, long rotten, had finally come adrift. He was filling a form, applying for a permit to employ a carpenter to put it back.

In the bus coming down the Strand there was a line thirty yards long at every stop. It was raining more than usual, so the people pushed more than usual. The conductor, running up and down stairs, trying to collect the fares of seventy people and hold the pushing mob off at the same time, raised his eyes to heaven and muttered bitterly:

"Just one round of bloody pleasure."

In a Cardiff pub, drinking watered beer out of unwashed glasses, the crowd was arguing about Bevin's foreign policy.

"He's trying to provoke a war with Russia," said a voice.

"Don't be silly, chum," said someone else, "even Ernie Bevin knows we couldn't fight a cat."

In the London office of one of our biggest newspapers I'd just finished a story showing that even our present grimly austere standard of living was only being maintained on credit—in fact, by drawing heavily on the American loan. The night editor read it, looked up and said:

"In a couple of years' time things will be so much worse people will look back on 1946 as that wonderful year of plenty."

Those are the voices of postwar Britain. Disillusioned, fed up and underfed, cold and crowded.

It is all so different from the London I had left several years ago to work in New York. It isn't the blitzed buildings—those are honorable scars—it's the drab shabbiness which is shocking. All London, including Mayfair, looks like a once-good neighborhood which is slipping down the seedy path to slumdom. It isn't simply that the people are shabbily dressed; the women were never glamorous and the men regarded a too carefully dressed man with instinctive dislike.

It is the absence of the old disinterested courtesy, the absence of the old refusal to compromise on matters of principle, the readiness to take advantages which before the war would have been universally regarded as undignified, if not contemptible. Coming back after being so long away, it strikes me with much greater force than those who have lived with and through the gradual change. But even so, nearly all Englishmen recognize that there has been a change for the worse in our national behavior and try to explain how it came about.

G.I. Brides Are Envied

It is part of the price of war. And the result is that half the girls in England envy the G.I. brides, and half a million of our young men are trying to leave the country to live in Australia, South Africa, Canada, and the United States. "There's no future here," they say, or "I just can't stand any more of it."

"It" has gone on too long. Remember, it began in September, 1939, and since then it's been bombs, death, queues, rations, regimentation, permits, forms, hard work, staggering taxes and a desperate shortage of homes. And no reward. For all that stupendous effort during six years of war, peace has brought only two benefits—no bombs and no blackout.

"Even now," said a woman friend recently, "I go to bed each night and feel it's simply wonderful because I know there'll be no air-raid sirens."

But as the months pass, even the memories of terrifying days and nights grow dim. People hunger for the pleasures and security they associate with peace.

They see no prospect of getting them. Hope has been too long deferred, and that, I believe, is the root of the discontent which finds its expression in a truculent irritability so alien to those who knew these people before the war. A Cabinet minister to whom I was talking about postwar demoralization said: "You can't have rigid rationing in peacetime without a black market. More than that, I'd say you can't keep self-respect and rationing together indefinitely, and rationing is going to be with us for many years."

It's impossible to be optimistic and difficult to be hopeful about the country's immediate prospects. And almost every Englishman knows that the country is financially deep in the red—he has it dinned into him by the government and the press. In cold figures, here's the picture:

BY HAROLD HUTCHINSON

Britain's position as a world power was never more precarious; her people's morale was never lower. Here's what they must face in the lean years ahead

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EUROPEAN

RATION
RATION
RATION

Household management is a trying job for this British housewife, who has a family of sixteen to feed and must juggle 312 ration points to best advantage

Coal miners, mainstays of British industry, won't stay in the mines when safer factory jobs are available. The result is a dangerous industrial unbalance

Before the war, Britain was able to maintain a standard of living slightly higher than that of most other European countries because British investments overseas produced about a billion dollars a year in dividends. We've spent those overseas investments to help pay for the war. We've done more than that: We have run up some staggering debts, not only in America but throughout the empire and Europe.

The World's Leading Debtor

From being the world's greatest creditor nation we have become its greatest debtor. We can only pay off with the things we make.

We can only pay for the things we *must* have—food and raw materials—and the things we like—tobacco and movies—with the goods we sell. The target the government decided on as the minimum is 175 per cent of the prewar exports. We've shown that, if we do it, we shall be able to have a standard of living equal to that we had in 1938, when one third of the nation was very underprivileged indeed. If we want a better life than we had before the war—and one third of us certainly do (the rest would regard a prewar level of existence as an earthly paradise)—we shall have to make and export still more.

We have now reached 117 per cent of the prewar export figure. It's been done by denying the British people the things they make and need. Sheets and curtains, carpets and tweeds, shoes and shopping baskets, automobiles and bicycles, all pour out of our mills and factories—and out of our country. They go abroad to pay our debts and to buy our basic food. This has been done in a sellers' market. We've still a long and by far the most difficult part of the journey to go before we reach our goal.

That four billion dollars' credit that America granted us last year will be used up in another three years. Then we shall be up against it, for we do not sell you nearly as much as we must buy from you. Then we shall not only have to pay our way entirely, but start paying you back as well. If we can't pay our way we shall have to do without many of the things we now get.

That means there will be neither food nor work for one quarter of the 46,000,000 people in Britain. That will mean a lowering of the standard of life for everyone.

Our experts tell us that if there is a slump in America, there will be no hope for that world-trade boom on which Britain's existence as a great power depends. And that, rather than ideology, is one of the basic reasons for the internal Labor party opposition to Bevin's policy, which his critics believe is binding Britain to the American band wagon and leaving her defenseless if the band wagon should break down.

But the average man is mostly concerned with his wages, his rations, the beer supply, his prospects of a house, and his chance of winning some easy money on the dogs or in the football pools. It's sadly symbolic of modern England that the most prosperous industry in the country is greyhound racing, and that the most highly paid man in Britain isn't a movie mogul, or a captain of industry, but the boss of a group of greyhound race tracks.

The average adult Englishman today earns $21 a week, and his average working week is 45 hours. That is almost double what he earned before the war. His $21 means more in England than it would in the United States because most food is subsidized and sold at prewar prices. Rents, which were generally much lower than in America, are controlled at about prewar level. And there's nothing to buy except cigarettes, which cost fifty cents for twenty, most of which is tax. There isn't even beer.

Little Beef and Weak Beer

In England, home of good beef and strong beer, there is precious little beef and the beer is watered. And even after they've watered it to make it go around, the pubs don't get enough so they close for two or three days a week. Since there's nothing else to spend money on, more and more people gamble on dogs and football.

The Englishman earns too little to take saving seriously. No matter how hard he tried, no working man could consider buying an automobile or a washing machine or a refrigerator, assuming he could find one, at anything like prevailing prices. A cheap and tiny car in England costs over a thousand dollars, and, on top of that, a government determined that most cars shall be exported imposes a purchase tax of one third the cost of the car. In other words a cheap car costs nearly the equivalent of two years' wages. A good English car giving a performance equivalent to that of an American car costs between three and four thousand dollars. On $21 a week you go by bus, or by bicycle.

Take the *highly* paid Englishman—highly paid in England, that is. If he earns $120 a week and has a wife and two children, the state will deduct $38 in income tax. If he has a car, he will pay an annual tax of fifty to a hundred dollars. He will be allowed between eight and sixteen gallons of gasoline a month, costing 50 cents a gallon, most of which, of course, is tax.

If he wants—and is lucky enough to find—a modest suburban house, with no cellar, no central heating and no insulation, it will cost him around $12,000, or three times what it cost in 1938. If he feels he *must* buy something, he can look through the advertisements of secondhand goods, like

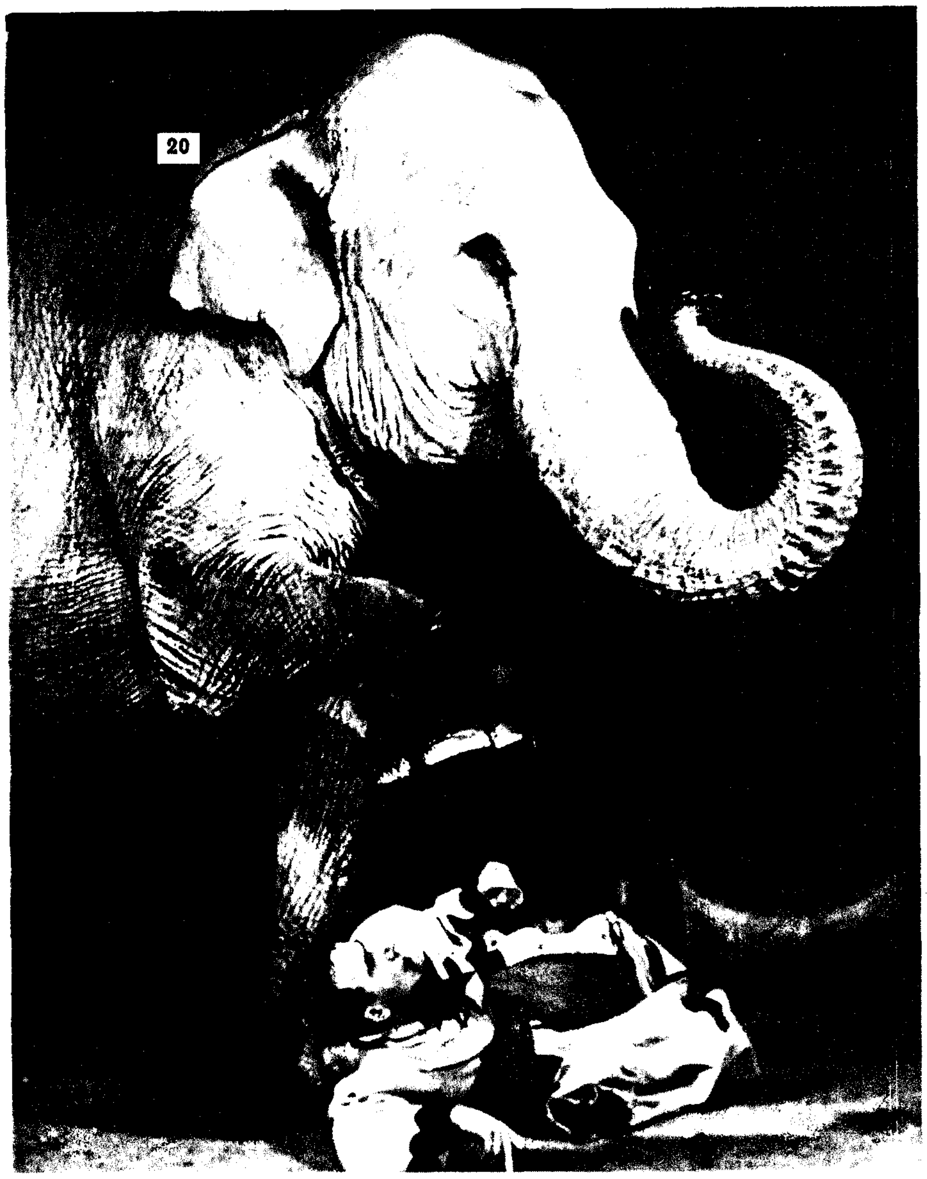
(Continued on page 51)

THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

BY

MAURICE ZOLOTOW

A successful song writer and night-club operator, Billy Rose also emerged as a show producer on a huge scale. His immense production of Jumbo is still the talk of Broadway



VANDAMM

Above, Jimmy Durante risked his life daily in this scene with Jumbo the elephant in Billy Rose's spectacle of the same name. Below, Cosy Cole beats out with the drums on the Habanera theme of Carmen Jones, Negro version of the French opera, which drew rave notices from dramatic critics

KURT GUNTHER

III

BILLY ROSE is the last of the old-time showmen. A showman is not just a person who puts on shows. He is a rampant adventurer, a buccaneer, a freebooter, who instinctively knows the art of adroit ballyhoo, who spends money wildly. And Rose, although he has the reputation on Broadway of being stingy and hugging every dollar until Martha Washington begs him to have mercy on her husband, is careless with money when he embarks on a new project.

"Sure," Ed Sullivan, the columnist, once said, "Billy Rose is a slow guy with a dollar—but do you know anybody faster with a hundred thousand?"

Besides developing the modern night club, Rose gave to Broadway two of its all-time unforgettable shows: the magnificent Jumbo, a musical-comedy circus, and Carmen Jones, the all-Negro version of Bizet's cantata about a cigarette girl of low morals.

But the high point of Rose's career as a showman was, of course, the Aquacade, which earned for him as much as $100,000 a week during the run of the New York World's Fair!

Rose has Barnum's flair for the queer, the exotic, the "strange and wonderful," as well as the Connecticut Yankee's skill at gulling the public.

He has Ziegfeld's appreciation for a good-looking wench with a 36 bosom and a 26 waist, and he has Ziegfeld's delicacy in costuming and scenery and Ziegfeld's sense of production values.

In the summer of 1929, Fannie Brice introduced her husband to showman Jed Harris. Harris, a man as young as Rose, was the wonder boy of Broadway. He awed and fascinated Rose. The finest talents in the theater clustered beneath the Jed Harris banner. His productions were not only artistically perfect but were all fabulously successful at the box office.

A Pose of Hero-Worship

Billy Rose decided to pattern himself after Jed Harris, and he followed him about with a worshipful attitude that amused everyone. Rose now cultivated a dreamy, wistful, aesthetic gaze. He bought a burberry topcoat and wore it casually, with the collar turned up. He popped a battered snap-brim hat carelessly on his head.

Harris was flattered by the attentions of his wide-eyed disciple. He lectured Rose on the history and art of the theater, on the mysteries of directing a play and achieving ensemble perfection.

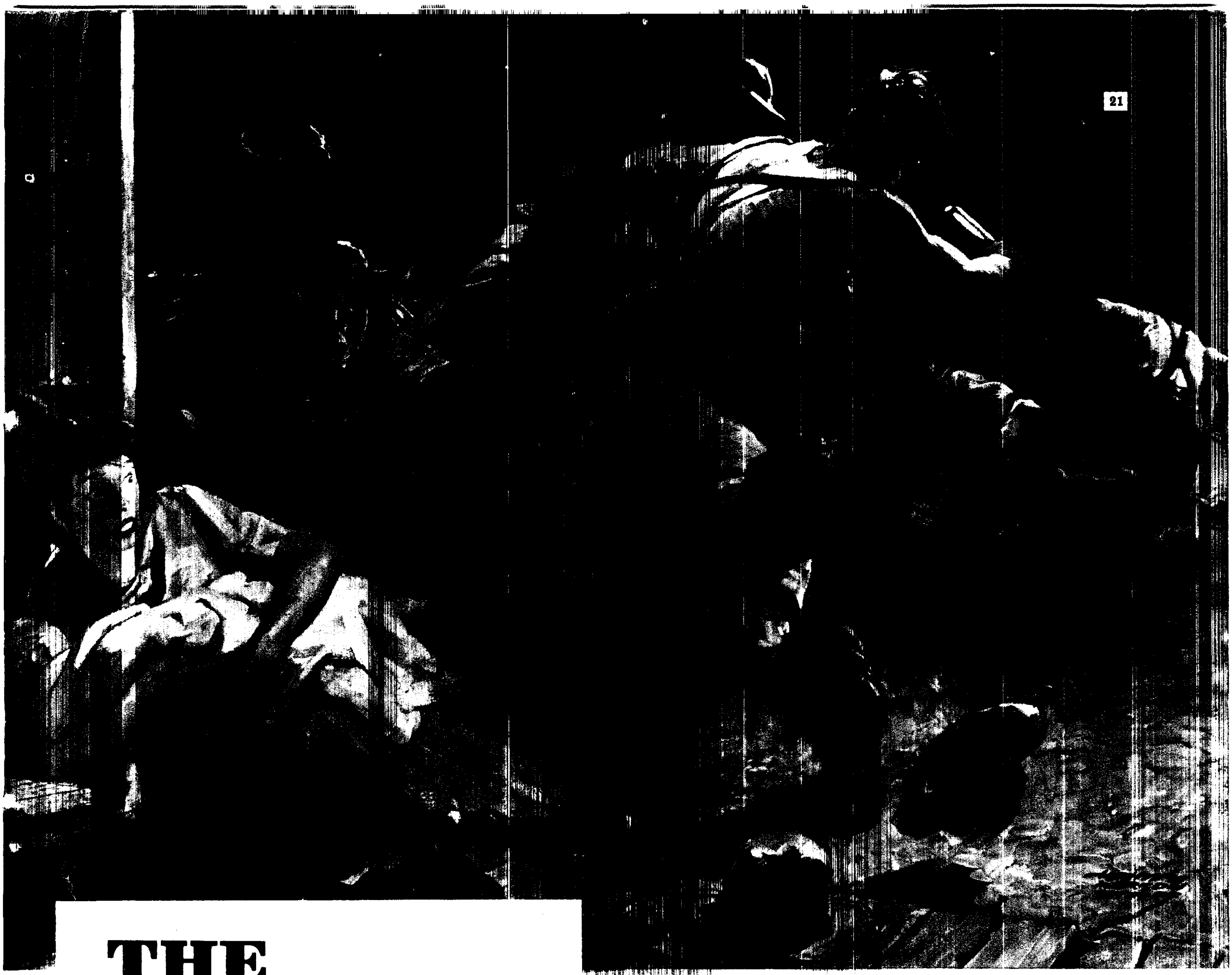
Rose had made up his mind to be a genius, to be a great impresario, and nothing was going to stop him. He went to the Public Library, after being stimulated by Jed's discourses, and steeped himself in the classical plays. Rose probably figured you could become a genius as systematically as you could become a shorthand champion.

As Rose and Harris were sitting around, twiddling their brains one afternoon, Harris looked upward and murmured, "Billy, why don't you produce a musical revue and star Fannie Brice in it?"

Jed Harris had never produced, staged or been anywhere near a musical production, but he was quite convinced that it was an elementary phase of show business.

And so, fresh from his researches into Stanislavsky, Meyerhold and the prefaces of Shaw, Billy Rose rented an

(Continued on page 54)



Chelsy watched as Mannie swung the bottle trying for Lee Roy's temple. It was a mistake, for Jethro and Zed came in on Mannie from behind

THE BROTHERS

A compelling story of human conflict, written by one of this country's most exciting new writers

BY ROBERT GIBBONS

THE Journeymans and the Goldens worked adjoining farms, and the earth was the same earth on the east and the west sides of the line fence; but through the lips of certain Goldens, the Lord God Jehovah spoke in unknown tongues, while in the hearts of the Journeymans, a gentler Jesus worked in a quieter way. This difference, never one that presaged the peace of God which passeth all understanding, grew no less when Chelsy Golden up and married Mannie Journeyman. There was bound to come a time when angry words would not channel away enough of bitterness, intolerance and fanaticism.

"There's bound to come a time," Mannie Journeyman said to himself. In his mind he looked to the time as a man looks to a trial of himself and of the tolerable mellowness of his own way of life. But he dreaded the time also, because he loved three Goldens: Chelsy, her mother, and the youngest of the Golden brothers, a gold-toothed, violet-eyed man by the name of Sumner. With these three Mannie Journeyman wished no struggle.

Mannie sat on the steps of his house and waited for Chelsy to come home from the meeting at her father's. The night carried enough chill for him to have his blue-denim jumper thrown about his shoulders, with the sleeves hanging empty. In a pocket of the jumper was a bottle from which he had taken just enough to mellow his mad spot. He and Chelsy had argued before she went off to the meeting, but now Mannie figured that with talking they might thresh the thing out to some sort of satisfaction. Maybe. After all, they had made it through seven years and had three kids, so he would say to Chelsy.

LITTLE real anger was left in him when Chelsy came out of the road and into their yard. Someone was with her—her brother Sumner. Mannie got up and went to meet them. Sumner was carrying the baby boy. Mannie said, "Let me tote him." The baby was warm and soft in his hands.

Chelsy asked, "The other boys asleep?"

Mannie said, "Yeah. I put 'em to bed right after you left."

"I wisht I hadn't gone now." Chelsy was talking through crying.

Mannie said, "Now listen at that—when you was fussin' for me to go." He laughed, feeling all warm inside toward her now, specially since she had come home crying and all.

Sumner said, "Aw, she had to act a show-off tonight."

Chelsy turned on him. "Why don't you hush up and go on home?"

"Awright. But I think you oughta tell him."

"I'll tell him. Leave me alone, for God's sake!"

"Okay, okay." Sumner smiled, and his gold tooth gleamed dully in the moonlight.

Mannie said, "Let old Sumner stay

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ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

The easy road to education: Children learn arithmetic and other subjects by planning and managing their own cook-outs. They buy food at their own grocery. Fun is a by-product

OPEN-AIR SCHOLARS

BY AMY PORTER

Public-school children of Battle Creek, Michigan, are learning practical lessons out of doors the year round. An unusual story in Collier's series on American education

Snow-covered logs at a sawmill yield answers to children's questions: How old was the tree? What kind of lumber will it make? Curiosity is encouraged

Folk dances in the big lodge develop social graces. Tolerance among children of different races and creeds is practiced, seldom preached

Last fall's campers fixed up the toboggans these wintertime campers enjoy. In return, this group will paint canoes they may not get to use next summer

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

Children fish through the ice, and plan an inexpensive fish fry for next day. Each group assigns work to members, with minimum counselor advice

THE snow was a foot deep and the temperature was around freezing as we drove along a rural road in the lake and forest country outside the town of Battle Creek, Michigan. Now we were approaching St. Mary's Lake, and off through the trees we could see a dozen boys and girls busy about a campfire.

"That," said Dr. George W. Donaldson, "is not a picnic. Those children are simply attending school outdoors instead of indoors. . . ."

Dr. Donaldson is the director of the year-round public-school camp which I had come to Battle Creek to see—the first of its kind in the country. The children at that particular campfire, and some 60 more and their teachers, had left their steam-heated classrooms behind in Battle Creek, to spend two weeks camping in the country. As soon as this group went back to town, another student-teacher group would take its place at camp, and so on throughout the school year. The camp project encompasses the students of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades, with provision for gradual expansion to include all grades.

The idea of educating children out of doors is not new. But Battle Creek—thanks to a subsidy from the Kellogg Foundation—was the first town to put the idea into practice on a year-round basis for its public-school children. Since September, 1944, when the Battle Creek program began, the notion of public-school camps has grown and grown, and another year will see the idea taking hold in many communities.

Hardly a week passes without a representative of some school system coming to stay at the Battle Creek camp for a day or a week or a month, to discover how the idea might be applied back home. School officials of the state of Michigan are in the process of setting up some six or seven school camps, as the first move toward establishing outdoor education on a state-wide basis.

Many towns scattered through the country already have made a start in the same direction by operating school camps, at least during the summer. San Diego, California, initiated a year-round school camp this past September, under the direction of a Battle Creek-trained young man. A number of teachers' colleges—in New York, in Michigan—have set up camps of their own to train teachers in the technique of outdoor education.

All signs suggest that the extension of public-school camping will be the next major development in American education. This, say the educators, is as it should be if we really care about eliminating the great disparity in educational opportunity for children of high-income and low-income families.

Each September thousands of privileged children now come back to school refreshed in mind and body from outdoor camping. The cards are stacked in their favor when it comes to classroom competition.

Outdoor educationists believe the public schools should provide summer camps for all children—and they would be happier still if each school extended its outdoor program into a year-round affair, as in Battle Creek. The long summer vacation is a holdover from the country's youth, when children were expected to put in three months working on the farm. It doesn't make sense any longer.

Educators like the term "outdoor education," because by it they mean much more than is usually meant by "camp." They mean training in educational fundamentals—in scientific thinking, in citizenship, in individual and community initiative and responsibility, in tolerance, in courtesy, in appreciation of natural resources and natural beauties. They mean an introduction to the joy of work, and a foundation for lifelong health.

They believe that many subjects now taught inside a classroom might better be taught out in the community, or in the country, with direct experience for a textbook. They believe that many educational fields cannot be touched at all within the classroom, but can be approached only out of doors, where the child has a chance to gather knowledge by sight, touch, smell and the pull of his own muscles.

Isn't it absurd, they ask, to teach children to sing of our "rocks and rills," our "woods and templed hills" if we never give the children a chance to climb the hills or fish in the rills?

It isn't only the tenement children of big cities who miss these meaningful experiences. Battle Creek is a country town compared to New York or Chicago, yet in a recent checkup 28 out of 31 children at the camp stated that never before had they gone for a walk in the woods.

Thrills for the Newcomers

So here they come, a new bunch of children, just arriving at the St. Mary's Lake Camp. They pile out of busses, and start running around like excited puppies. The hills are beautiful in the snow, and right down there is an enticing frozen lake. The cabins where they will live are scattered around the hillside, and over here is the big central lodge. Somebody starts a snow fight and mild anarchy reigns until . . .

All right, says Dr. Donaldson (from here on in known as Uncle George). He gathers them all together in the lodge, and says welcome, and we have two weeks before us and we want to enjoy every minute. There are lots of things we can do—cook-outs and hikes to the bird sanctuary, and skating and skiing . . . and there's good clay for modeling about a mile from here if you can get at it under the snow . . . and some fine tools are waiting for you in the workroom. Of course we have to make ourselves comfortable as we go along, take care of eating and sleeping and all that. And we need to fix some things for next summer's campers—there are a couple of canoes that need sanding if you'd like to help out—but you and your counselors can figure out your own plans for yourselves. . . .

From that moment on, each child carries his share of responsibility for the success of the whole camp. The children in each cabin, with one or two counselors, make their own plans, and operate throughout the two weeks as a "family" group within the "community" group. They make out a schedule of the things they want to do. It may turn out that two groups want the same thing at the same time—say use of the workshop on a certain morning, or use of the covered wagon for an overnight hike . . . or perhaps their ice-skating plans call for more skates than they have in camp. All such conflicts are resolved at an orderly meeting of group representatives. Nobody makes mention of such words as citizenship and fair play, but there they are, in action.

By the second day, everybody is busy in a dozen directions. Two or three child bankers are checking spending money in and out (one

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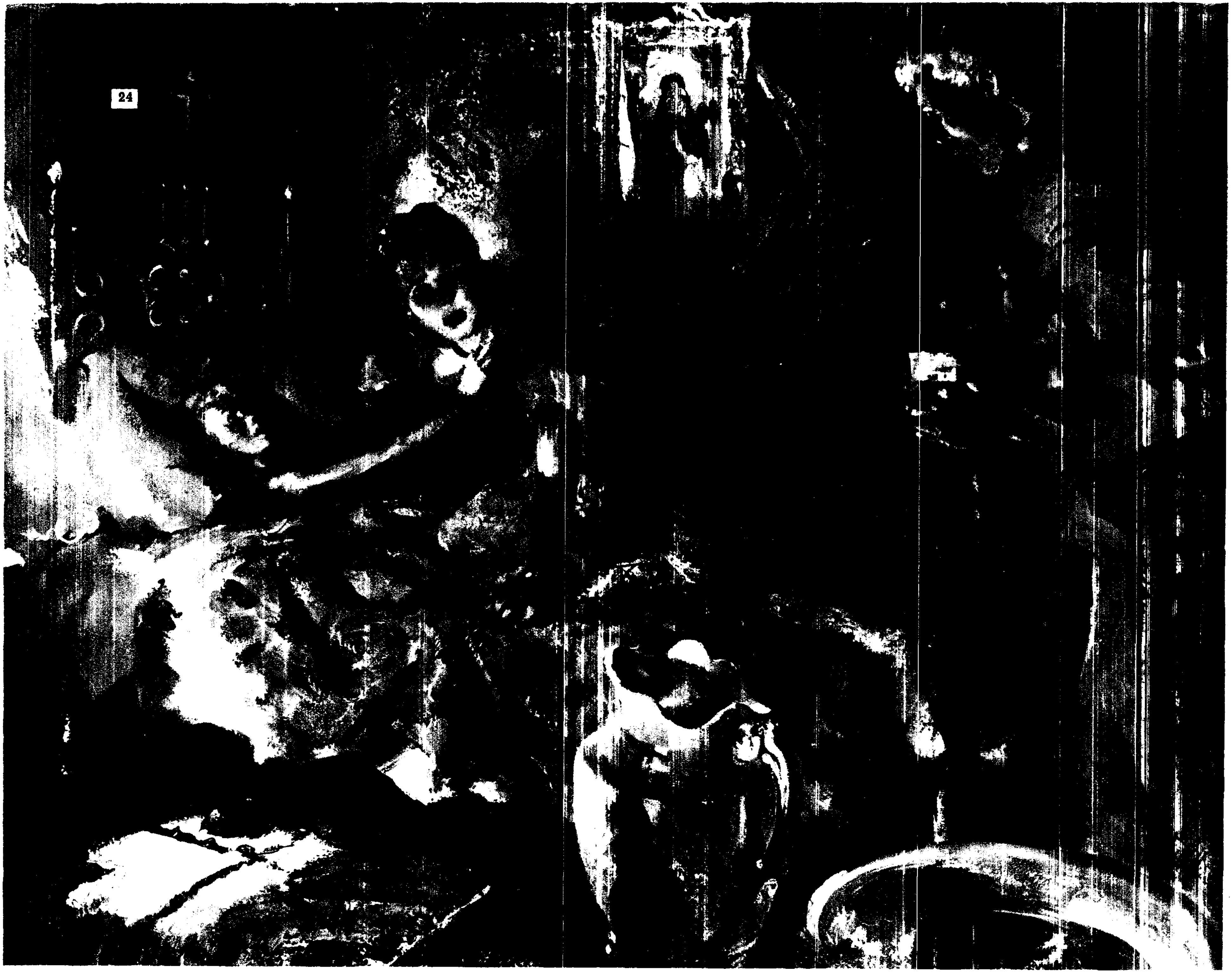


"Please, Teresa," Janek murmured, "you will be my mother?" "I'd like to have such a fine son," Teresa said, then she saw that Dusik had returned with the water

THE FAINT HEART OF DUSIK

BY VICTOR ULLMAN

You'd never call Dusik a wolf. Nevertheless, he was a great lover—in his own reluctant way

DUSIK is a fool. That has been agreed to and accepted by all in Big America. From one end of the grimy coal town to the other, for years it has been known that Dusik is a fool.

But today in the Falcon restaurant the men drink their beers and name Dusik as the luckiest fool in all the world. In the back yards the women say the same thing, a little regretfully, for all of them at one time or another tried to catch Dusik's clear blue eyes. They well knew that such a fool makes the best husband. That is why they all envied Teresa Rydzinski.

Please do not misunderstand. Dusik is a special kind of fool. He is stupid only about himself. He is one who has grown to manhood without knowing that people are filled with evil, that they lie and are meaner than a sow in litter. Dusik himself is pure gold. He is like the side of the mountain that shadows Big America's homes and coal shafts. Clear away the earth and trees and rubble, leave the bare rock against the winds and rains and you have Dusik. He is a massive chunk of a man and his shoulders are ridges along a cliff and his face is polished granite atop it.

He is all there for you to see. Nothing is hidden behind those steady blue eyes, and under his yellow hair there is a brain incapable of scheming against his fellow man. The words that stumble from his lips and the smile that softens his shiny, sharp features come directly from the heart without stopping at the stomach first.

That is why Dusik is loved and why, at the same time, the men laugh at him. What kind of man is it who, at the age of thirty, will smile back at women, desirable women who yearn for his strong arms, and not even know the meaning of their glances? What man in Big America has not sighed at the sight of Teresa, tall and full-bodied, as she bent her raven hair toward Dusik when he sat at the counter? She served him food and served him love at the same time. Even the children knew that. Everybody knew it except Dusik. He was conscious only of the food.

But the men dared not laugh—not to Dusik's face, anyway. One night he lifted Pete Danovich from his chair and coldly beat him insensible. With every blow of his huge fist, Dusik chided Pete.

"You do not swear at Teresa," Dusik said steadily, his eyes bleak. "You do not talk to her like that. I am nothing and am not worthy even to talk to her. You are less than nothing. You have not been to school like Teresa has. You are not even an American like her. You are a pig grunting at the sun from your mud."

Teresa had watched and stood poised for his words to her. Perhaps now he would say it. But he did not see the yearning in her dark eyes.

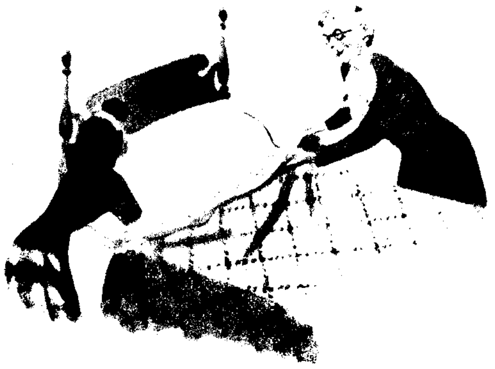
"You will forgive us, Teresa," he begged humbly. "We are just ignorant peasants."

That fool Dusik, the men sighed and

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

A FAMILY TRADITION

"fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!

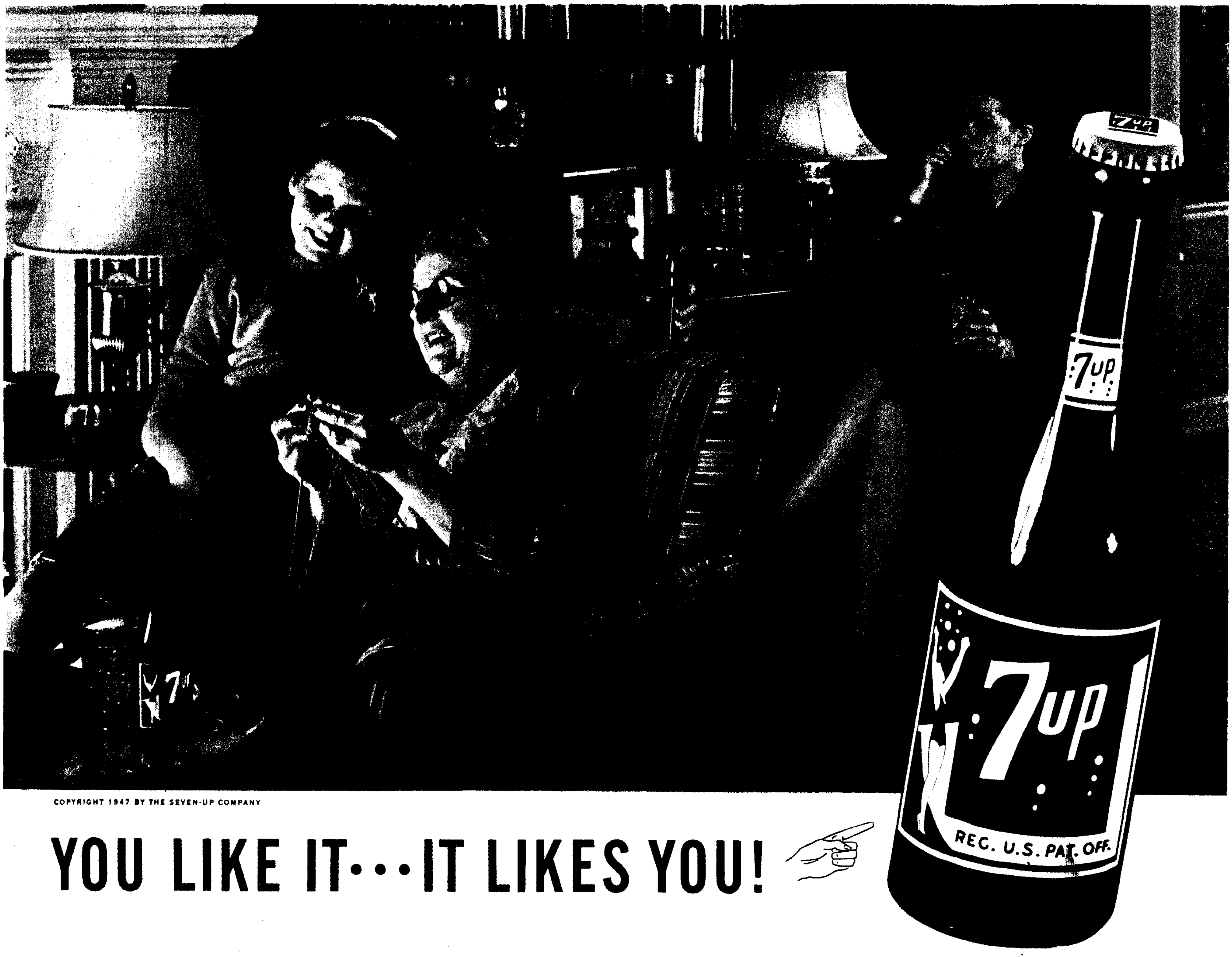


PLAN REGULAR REUNIONS

BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Although 7-Up is relatively young in years, it has become a part of family life in millions of American homes. That's not surprising—because wholesome 7-Up is the happy *home* drink . . . the friendly *family* drink. Brisk-flavored, crystal-clear, sparkling . . . that's 7-Up!

Be a "fresh up" family. Join the millions of Americans who daily "fresh up" with 7-Up as they work and play together. Let 7-Up have a regular spot in your refrigerator. Look for the striking 7-Up signs and order your supply.



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YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

relaxed. He will kill a man for her, but does not know why. They hid their smiles in beer. But that is Dusik. He almost lost Teresa because of the way he thinks. He almost lost her because he did not dare tell himself he loved her. To Dusik that would be close to sacrilege.

It happened when little Janek came from the rubble of Warsaw, a frightened, skinny boy of ten whose eyes were too large with the horrors he had seen. When Dusik got the letter from the Red Cross, he went right to Teresa, naturally. He went to Teresa with everything.

"My brother's boy is alive," he blurted to her in Polish so rapid that it rattled. "My name was on his clothing when they found him. My brother wanted me to have him, Teresa, don't you think so? That is why he put my name on his clothes. Teresa, please, you will help me with the Red Cross? You will get me Janek?"

She went with him to the city and together they made a fine-looking couple. She was tall and dark, full-bosomed and luxuriant, while Dusik was brightly light, even his face highly polished. The Red Cross woman nodded her approval when she saw them.

It was Teresa who talked to the woman and it was Teresa who kicked Dusik's ankle and halted his fumbling attempt to correct the woman when she called Teresa "Mrs. Dusik." Later she explained to Dusik that there might be a rule that the boy could only come into a regular family.

"You are not angry then that she called you my wife?" Dusik asked her in wonder. Teresa made no reply.

It was Teresa who put her savings with Dusik's so they could show plenty of money in the bank to take care of Janek. She bought clothing for the boy and went with Dusik to meet him. She took Janek aside when the boy burst into tears at the sight of Dusik.

"I . . . I thought he was my father," Janek sobbed into her hair. "I knew he could not be because I saw them shoot my father."

TERESA kept his head on her shoulder to hide her own tears. "He is your father now, Janek. They were brothers and probably looked very much alike. You must think of him as your father. He is a good man, a fine man, and he will love you."

Janek pushed away from her. "And you will be my mother?"

"I would like to be," she said softly, "but that is something for your uncle to decide. Come, we must show him you are glad to be with him."

The boy walked to Dusik shyly and held out his hand. "Uncle, I greet you and thank you for bringing me to you. I will try to be a good son to you."

The hurt and puzzlement disappeared from Dusik's eyes and he smiled gravely.

"I greet you, Janek. I hope that I may be a worthy father of such a fine boy." He spoke easily, without stuttering or hesitation. "We will always remember, Janek, that I am your second father. We must never forget them, your mother and father. Tomorrow we will be home and we will go to the priest and ask him to say a Mass for them. They will know we are together and have not forgotten them."

The boy buried his face against Dusik's coat. He was hearing the words he had feared he would not hear. Dusik ran his hand through the boy's hair and continued calmly.

"You are my brother's son, Janek, and therefore you are a man. This is a country where we may all be men and hold our heads up." His words were like a litany and they held Teresa as well as the boy. "Soon you will go to school. You will learn to speak American. It will be strange and hard and many times you will be discouraged. Then one day you will speak to a real American like Teresa here and she will understand you. She will say to you, 'Come, you are one of us,' and then you will feel like an American. You will know it is something in your heart, no matter what your tongue says. You will want to kiss the ground. I know that will happen, Janek. It happened to me."

Teresa yearned to take his other hand—in honor more than anything else. With the instinctive wisdom of a child, Dusik had given the boy a father and a home, had placed him clearly in his new life. If only that wisdom extended to himself. Teresa cried inside.

JANEK'S room was all ready for him in Mrs. Michalak's boardinghouse where Dusik had lived for many years. It was a tiny room next to Dusik's and Teresa had placed a Mother Mary on one wall.

Both Teresa and Dusik followed the boy into the room but were forced toward the door as Mrs. Michalak took over. A squat, hardhanded woman beyond the age of bearing, she gushed tenderness to Janek.

"The lamb, the little sprout. It is milk he needs." She screamed to her husband to bring milk. "It is rest he needs. He must eat and sleep until he has forgotten the terrible things. First he will bathe, then eat and sleep. Tomorrow we shall see."

Janek looked at them appealingly.

"But, Marya," Dusik protested, "we wanted to take Janek to the Falcon for his first American hot dog."

Mrs. Michalak turned on him, a compact bundle of fury.

"Yes, and give him beer, too, no doubt. Has he not been tortured enough? His poor stomach needs milk, not beer. Look at him, nothing but bones, Dusik, you will listen to me. I have borne four children and have a right to say this. You will make this child sick. You cannot even take care of yourself, to say nothing of a child who needs so much. While he is in my house, he will be my child. He will have a mother. Come, Janek, take off your clothes. You will bathe."

The door closed on them decisively. Dusik had no thought of rebellion. One does not oppose Mrs. Michalak. He led Teresa to the Falcon where she returned to work and he drank beer at the counter. He had intended to bring Janek to the Falcon, it was true, but mostly to show him off among his friends. Maybe somebody would give him a sip of beer. Was that wrong? Dusik began to realize the complexities of fatherhood. Somehow he had thought of Janek going to school and spending the rest of his time at the Falcon where Teresa could take care of him. Apparently that was wrong. Maybe Mrs. Michalak had the answer. Janek needed a mother.

As usual, Dusik referred his problem to Teresa.

"What do you think, Teresa? About what Mrs. Michalak said?"

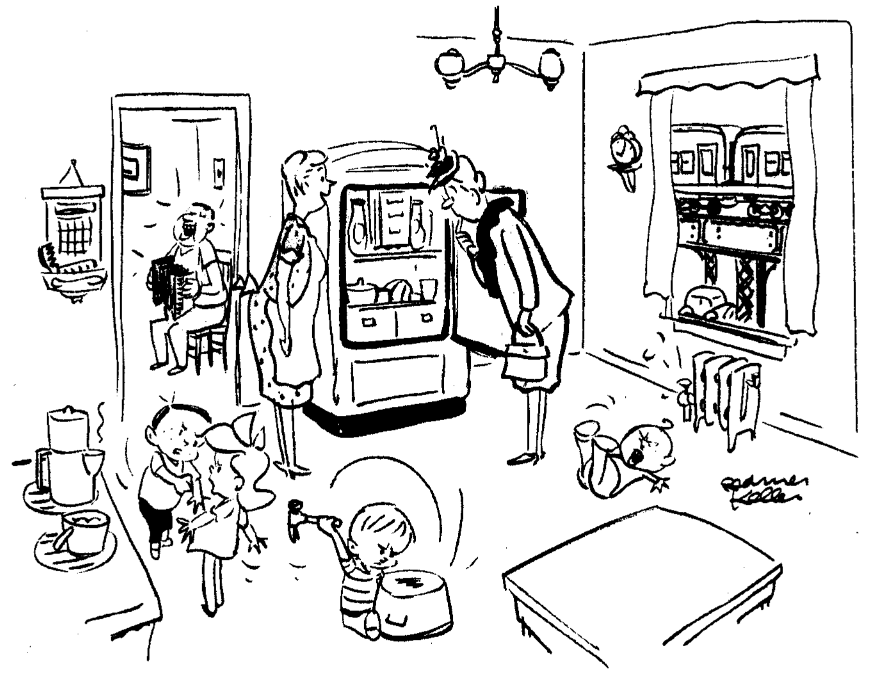
"She said a lot of things, Dusik."

"I mean about Janek. Do you think he needs the care of a mother?"

Her eyes opened wide and she leaned toward him. Her full lips parted. This was not the way she had expected it to happen, but what difference did it make? Soon he would open his eyes and see her.

"Yes, I think she is right," Teresa breathed and then waited.

Dusik frowned as he thought. "It is not right that a boy who has been without his mother for so long should not have one in this country. I cannot take good care of him. He must have home-cooked food, soups and meats to build him up. Yes, I must find a mother for him." For the first time he looked directly at her. "You will help me?"



COLLIER'S "... and it's absolutely noiseless" REAMER KELLER

"I will help you, Dusik."

His troubled face cleared at once. "I knew you would. It is wonderful to have you to help me, Teresa. I do not know why you should bother with me." Her heart jumped. Now he was approaching it. "Now, we must choose somebody. It must be a woman who has had experience with children. But she must not be so old that she would be impatient with Janek." He did not notice shocked disbelief on her face. "I wonder—there is Peter Warkowski's wife. She has not remarried since Peter was killed last year. She has three children—but does she speak good American, Teresa? Do you know her?"

Then he became conscious of fury in front of him. Her strong hands squeezed the edge of the counter.

"Teresa, you are sick? What—" He did not have a chance to finish for she found her voice.

"You fool, Dusik! You man without a brain." The tears rushed to her eyes. "Yes, marry Peter Warkowski's wife. She is a good choice. She is a good mother. She speaks English. She is strong and fat. She will make Janek a fine mother. Marry her, yes, go ahead!" Her voice raised to a shriek and the men looked up. "Go away, Dusik, at once. Before I find the bread knife."

He nearly fell off the stool. "But, Teresa, what is it? Why are you—?"

She had reached behind her and found the knife. Dusik fled in terror. . . .

There was a full-bodied smell of rich potato soup bubbling in the kitchen when Janek and Dusik arrived at Mrs. Warkowski's house. He saw Janek's nostrils flare. The aroma meant home to him, too.

Dusik glanced around the house critically. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Warkowski was a competent housewife. The worn linoleum in the living room still shone despite the years, and white curtains hung at the windows, stiff with starch and cleverly ironed to hide the rips.

The children were pink from scrubbing. The two girls had their flaxen hair drawn back so tightly that they stared with wide open eyes. The baby, born just before Peter was buried in a shaft, wore a starched white dress with a bib on which to drool.

Starch was predominant even on Mrs. Warkowski, whose blue house dress stood out from her broad body like a rigid tent. Dusik congratulated himself on his choice. Few women could present such a shiny, well-ordered household without warning. He sniffed at the potato soup and wondered if Mrs. Warkowski would offer them some.

His fears were useless. The huge pot of potato soup was for them. Dusik did not know that from every window on their walk to Mrs. Warkowski's house, women had peered out and tittered. They knew where Dusik was going. They, and Mrs. Warkowski, had known it since morning, five minutes after he had asked Mrs. Michalak to iron a shirt for Janek so that they could go visiting.

DUSIK thought he had been very smart in coming unannounced. All evening he brought furious blushes to Mrs. Warkowski's plump cheeks with his laborious compliments. They ate the delicious potato soup until even Dusik refused another plate. The girls adopted Janek and soon they were whooping in the back yard. That satisfied Dusik. Not only would Janek have a mother, but ready-made sisters as well.

As they walked homeward Dusik cleared his throat several times but could not find the words to begin. It was a difficult thing to say. Finally he started.

"Janek, how did you like the potato soup?"

"Oh, it was good, just like we had at home."

Dusik was delighted. "And Mrs. Warkowski? How did you like her?"

"I, Uncle?" He was puzzled. "Why, she seems to be very nice."

"Oh good, fine. And the little girls?"

"They . . . they are all right. Girls, that's all."

"Now that is fine, Janek. I will tell you why I ask these questions." He hesitated. "I . . . I have decided to give you a mother. In America a boy needs a mother. Now, tell me this: Would you like Mrs. Warkowski to be your mother?"

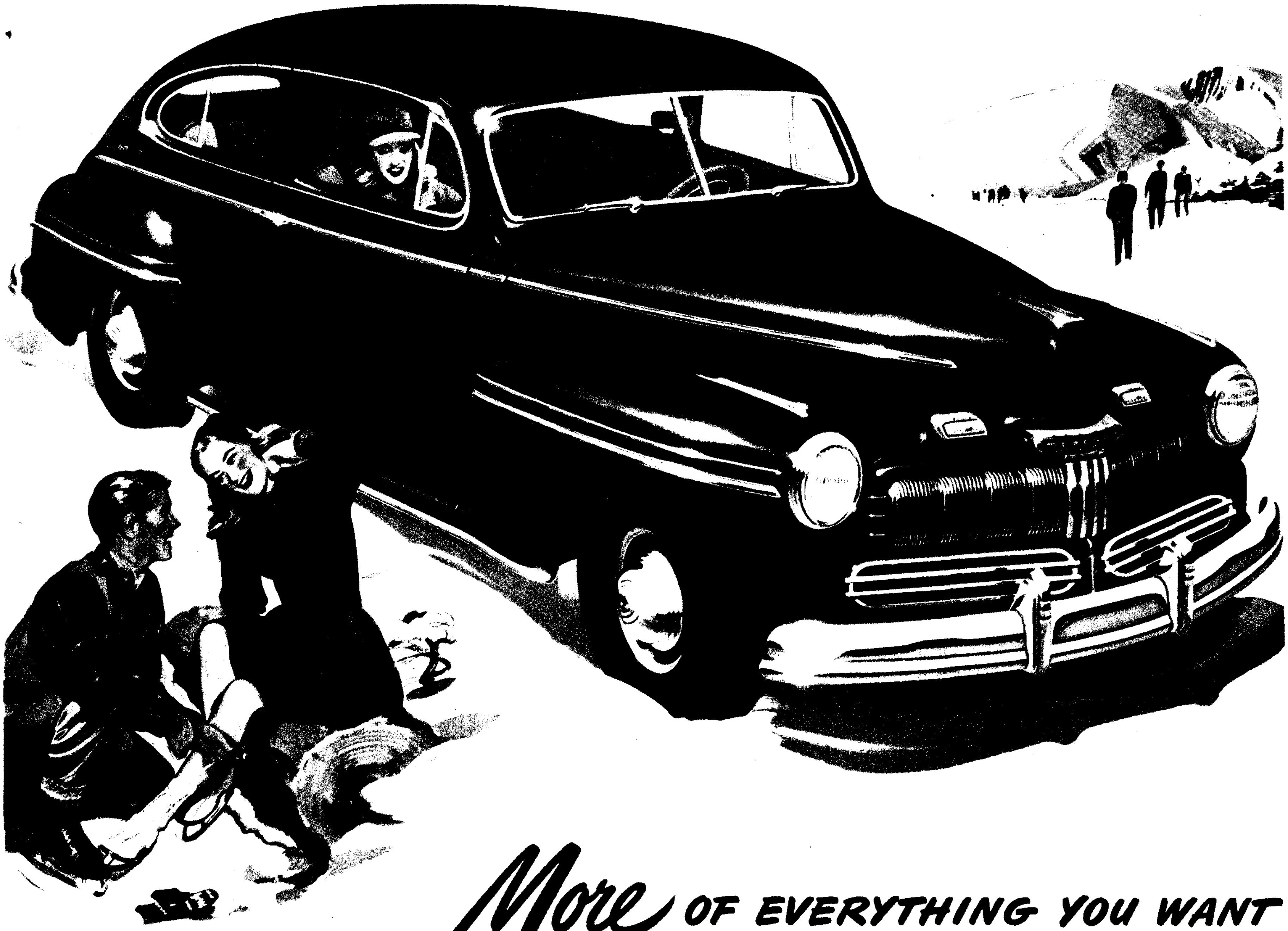
Janek stumbled and looked up at him. "You ask me?"

"Of course, Janek. I would not marry a woman you do not like."

The boy was confused. Perhaps this was the way they did it in America. A child could select his own parents! Janek did not know what to say. They were passing the Falcon, and he saw Teresa behind the counter. Dusik saw her, too, and he hurried his steps.

"Uncle, forgive me for speaking. It is not that I do not like Mrs. Warkowski." His old-young face labored with the effort to speak. "But why cannot Teresa be my mother? She looks at you as my mother looked at my father."

Dusik was startled. "Oh, no, Janek. Teresa would not have me. You do not understand how it is here. American girls are different. Teresa is so beautiful and so intelligent. Without her help I would



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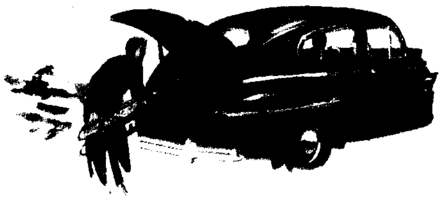

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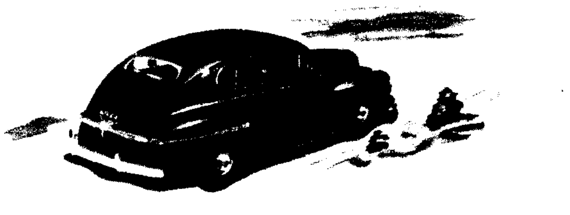

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never have been able to get you from the Red Cross. But she will marry a real American. There is a difference as between a princess and a peasant. We have been good friends, but even that has ended. Teresa hates me. I do not know why." He sighed. "Besides, she said that Mrs. Warkowski would be a good mother for you."

"She did?" Janek was astonished. He had thought she looked at his uncle softly, always in greeting. Then he could not forget the night he had arrived and she had said she would like to be his mother. It was confusing.

"But, Uncle, how can you be sure Teresa would not marry you? Have you asked her?"

Dusik was scornful. "Of course not, Janek. She would be forced to refuse and then we would no longer be friends. Although now we are not friends anyway. No, it would be impossible. I am older than you, Janek, and know about these things. A girl like Teresa does not marry a man like me."

Janek wondered if his uncle were not like his father in more than just appearance. In the long evenings when his father was away fighting, his mother had told him how for three years his father loved her and only her own efforts brought him to say it.

WHEN Dusik returned from the mines the next day, dirty and tired, he was met by Mrs. Michalak, an alarmed, upwrought Mrs. Michalak. Janek was sick. He had eaten nothing all day. He lay in his bed and moaned.

"I do not understand it," she told Dusik fretfully. "He is not feverish and his eyes are clear."

Dusik felt again the imponderable burden of fatherhood. He rushed into the boy's room. It was completely darkened against the sun. Janek lay with complete lassitude. There were dark circles under his eyes. He was so thin, so stunted by suffering that any illness was serious. Dusik tiptoed from the room when Janek did not stir.

He was distracted. Should he call a doctor? Or should somebody else go for the doctor while he stayed with Janek? The boy hadn't eaten. He would waste away. Should he be forced to eat and regain his strength? The questions battled through Dusik's mind until he ran from the house, to do the thing he had wanted to do as soon as Mrs. Michalak had told him.

He ran all the way to the Falcon. Teresa was busy serving supper, but he pushed between two stools to the counter.

"Teresa, you must come right away. Janek is sick."

She turned stony eyes on him and did not move.

"Why do you come to me?"

The men at the counter stifled snorts of laughter. They did it only once though, for the fierce cold blue was in Dusik's eyes. Those eyes did not soften as he looked at her.

"You are angry at me, Teresa. Probably it was something I did. I do not blame you because I know I am not smart like you. But Janek did nothing and he is sick. You will come?"

She remained rigid and fought with herself. He had come to her again. Just as he had come to her in the past. Probably, after he married Mrs. Warkowski, he would come to her each time he fought with his wife.

But just the same her hands began to fumble with her apron strings. She tried to tell herself she was doing it for Janek.

"Go back and stay with Janek. I'll call a doctor and come right away."

Dusik did not stop to resent the scorn in her voice. He turned so violently he clipped one man with his elbow, and the rest howled. He did not hear. He was running.

Janek's eyes were partly opened but the boy shut them quickly when Dusik peeked into the room. He groaned and rubbed his stomach with his hands.

"Janek, my son, is it your stomach?"

The boy groaned again and worked his mouth piteously. Dusik squirmed. Where was Teresa? Where was the doctor? If anything happened to Janek his dead brother could not rest. Janek muttered something, his eyes still closed.

"What is it, son?"

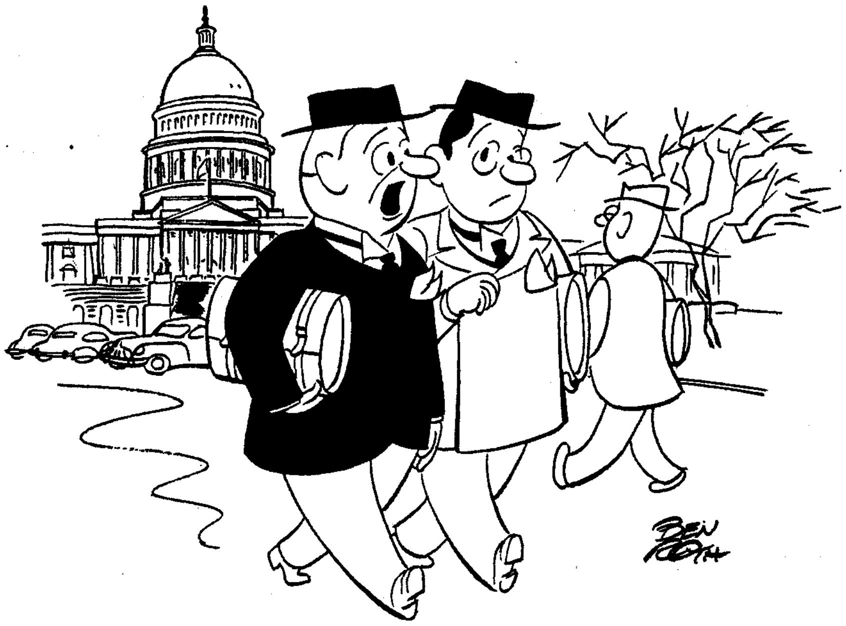
"My stomach, it is in knots. Ohhhhh. . . ."

"The doctor will be here soon. He will know what to do. Did you eat something bad? What did Mrs. Michalak give you for breakfast?"

Janek's eyes opened wide. "I have eaten nothing since last night, since we had the potato soup. Since then, nothing has remained on my stomach."

His eyes squeezed shut again with a paroxysm of pain. Dusik held his hand and cursed himself. If the boy had eaten nothing since the potato soup, then the cause was clear. And he himself, he, Dusik, had taken the boy there.

Teresa bustled in, fully concerned about Janek now. She completely disregarded Dusik.



"You'd think the people would take part of the blame for what's wrong with the country—after all, they elected us"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"My poor boy," she breathed, and leaned over Janek. "Where does it hurt? Is there anything I can give you? Do you want some water?"

Janek nodded his head vigorously.

"Dusik, a glass of water—quick," she snapped. When Dusik rushed from the room, the boy closed his eyes once more. His hands kneaded his stomach.

"It hurts, Janek? Oh, where is that doctor?" She felt his forehead and found it cool. "Here, let me make you more comfortable. Sit up a little. It will help your stomach."

She crooned over him as she fixed the pillows to give more support. Janek groaned louder. Impulsively she bent down and kissed him. Janek's eyes fluttered open.

"Please, Teresa," he murmured, "you will be my mother?"

It brought tears to her eyes. "I would like to have such a fine son, Janek, but it does not seem possible. But remember, always you can come to me. For anything."

Dusik came running back, some of the water already spilled. Janek drank the rest almost in one gulp and then lay back on the pillows as though he no longer had the strength to sit up. Dusik paced the floor. Back and forth he went in the narrow room until Teresa was ready to scream at him. He stopped and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Teresa, please. What I have done to make you angry must be forgotten. Now it is Janek. You will stay with him? You will take care of him?"

His shiny face was beaded with sweat and he clenched his strong hands.

"Mrs. Warkowski may have something to say about that," she replied scornfully. "If she—"

He almost bounded in rage and struck a fist against a palm.

"That woman? She is no mother. It is a wonder her children still live. She poisoned Janek. It was her potato soup."

"But potato soup can't hurt—" She was interrupted by a shriek from Janek. He writhed on the bed and pleaded for more water. Dusik rushed off again. Teresa raised the boy's head and he lay quietly, his eyes half open.

"It hurts a lot, Janek?" She held him close and he snuggled to her.

"It is gone now. Teresa, if you would only say to my uncle that you must be my mother and nobody else."

She dropped him. "I? Janek, what are you saying? I should ask Dusik to marry me? Never!"

Dusik was at the door and Janek flung his body back on the bed. His voice rose to a crescendo of pain.

"Teresa, Teresa," he called. "Do not go away. Stay with me."

"He is worse, Teresa." Dusik's hands trembled so he spilled the water.

Janek continued to call out. "You will be my mother, Teresa. I will always call you my mother. Do not leave me." Teresa sat rigid in shocked silence. "You are like my own mother and my uncle is like my father."

"He is delirious," Dusik breathed. He did not dare look at her.

"Yes, he is delirious," she agreed, and her face became red.

Janek lay stiffly on the bed. "I have asked my uncle to make you my mother and he has said you would not have him, Teresa. That is not so, is it, Teresa?"

Dusik's face was pinched and pale. He did not know what to do with his eyes.

"He is out of his mind, Teresa. He does not know what he is saying." But Teresa was looking at him and the blood pounded through her.

"I cannot ask you to marry me—" Dusik stammered, watching Janek toss on the bed and sob, "—but—but if you would take care of Janek until you met somebody you would wish to marry I—I would always worship you as I do now."

It was like an electric shock to her. He had said it.

"Dusik, I have already met the man I wish to marry, but he has not asked me yet."

Dusik looked around the room as though in search of the man.

"Who?" he asked hoarsely. Although he had known that inevitably Teresa would fall in love with someone, he had never thought about it. He did not like to think about it. He ran a trembling hand through his hair. Another man having Teresa? "Who is it, Teresa? Why hasn't he spoken?"

She stood up, and he was forced to look at her.

"I do not know, Dusik. Perhaps he thinks I will not have him."

She held her breath. This is as far as I will go, she determined, even though she wanted to take him in her arms and soothe him and tell him what to do.

"Does he love you?"

"Yes, I think so. Now I do. I did not think so before but—"

"Then he does not deserve you, Teresa," Dusik said earnestly. "He is a fool!"

"Yes, he is a fool who thinks that he knows what is in another mind." She walked toward him and took his hand. She looked straight into his blue eyes. "Did you tell Janek I would not have you?"

She watched the understanding gleam and then grow into astonishment.

"Me, Teresa?" She did not answer but her lips quivered and it did not escape him. "It cannot be me, Teresa. I am nothing and you . . . you. . . ."

Without knowing on his part he had drawn closer to her. His arm was around her waist.

"Did you, Dusik?" Her lips were raised to his.

"I have been afraid to ask you, Teresa. You cannot love me."

He could say nothing more. As though challenged she threw her arms around his neck and her lips closed on his. Even while he tried to protest that this was beyond possibility, that she could not love him, he soon forgot. She clung to him and sobbed as she ran her hand through his silky hair. She clutched his shoulders, his arms, pressed him closer to her and then pushed him away to look at him.

"You fool Dusik," she murmured.

IT WAS a long time before she became conscious of Janek. He was sitting upright on the bed, and a grin threatened to split his thin face.

"Janek, you feel better?"

"Oh, no. I am very sick. I am so hungry my stomach really hurts."

She gasped and ran to the bed. He did not lose his grin, even when she pushed him flat on his back and cupped his face with her hands. Her tears dropped onto the pillow.

"I feel like I did in the concentration camp," Janek said. "I got sick as often as I could. The food was better in the hospital."

She pulled him to her. "You will eat until you burst."

Dusik bent over her shoulder, his face a mixture of dazed wonderment and restrained jubilation.

"You feel better already, Janek?" He sat down on the bed. He cleared his throat and blushed like a girl. "Then you can hear the happy news. Teresa has consented to be your mother. I mean, she will marry me. Imagine that!" He waited for Janek to show surprise. "She will marry me. Janek, just think of that. Me, Stanley Dusik. I told you America is a wonderful country."

The doctor found the three of them on the bed, a tight triangle. Janek was wolfing an enormous ham sandwich, and a bottle of milk was on the table. Dusik held Teresa's hand and stared at her with a vacant, unbelieving grin.

The doctor's diagnosis spread through the town like wildfire, and at the Falcon the men toasted Dusik, the luckiest fool in Big America.

THE END

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OPEN-AIR SCHOLARS

Continued from page 23

dollar is the maximum for spending money, and if families don't provide it somebody else does), and if your five-cent check is made out incorrectly, it will bounce, just as with a regular bank.

The grocery store (which is run by four children) is ready to sell food to any group planning an all-day or an all-night trip. (There is a wonderful cook-out dish called Michigan, involving bacon, peas, corn, and tomatoes—but count your change.) Arithmetic gets a good incidental workout in these activities.

Each morning one group checks the weather; at the end of the lake pier there's all the equipment needed for a local forecast—a recording thermometer, a rain gauge, a barometer, a weather vane and a humidity recorder. Make the forecast, write it out, post it on the bulletin board for the guidance of all the campers. Reading, writing and arithmetic come in by the back door here, and not a formal class in sight.

Now for pure pleasure. Skating? Fine. But there was a heavy snowfall last night, so group Number One will have to shovel the snow off the ice before it can be used. (If it snows again, group Number Two will do the shoveling.)

Fostering Community Spirit

Another group agrees to sand the canoes that they may not get to use at all next summer . . . and here's a group eager to work on the draperies that the last group of campers began. Nobody makes a speech about it, but it is obvious that good citizens work for the good of the community as a whole, whether or not they themselves reap direct benefits.

Group Number Three elects to hike to Mystery Hill, three miles off. Here on top of certain mounds they see strange-looking pits lined with bricks and stones. The counselor says these pits were the foundations for water towers. A certain citizen foresaw the time when Lake Goguac would fail to supply all the water the town of Battle Creek needed, so he started a supplementary water-supply system. The project eventually died.

"But," one camper asks, "where do we get our water now?"

The counselor says, "I think that is something you should be able to tell *me*. Why don't you look that up when you get back to school and write me the answer?"

The work at camp always has a perfectly obvious purpose—outdoor educationists don't believe in phony make-work activities. You store up wood for fires, you paint oars for use next summer, you set the table so you and everybody else can eat, you make a gravel path for your own and everyone's convenience.

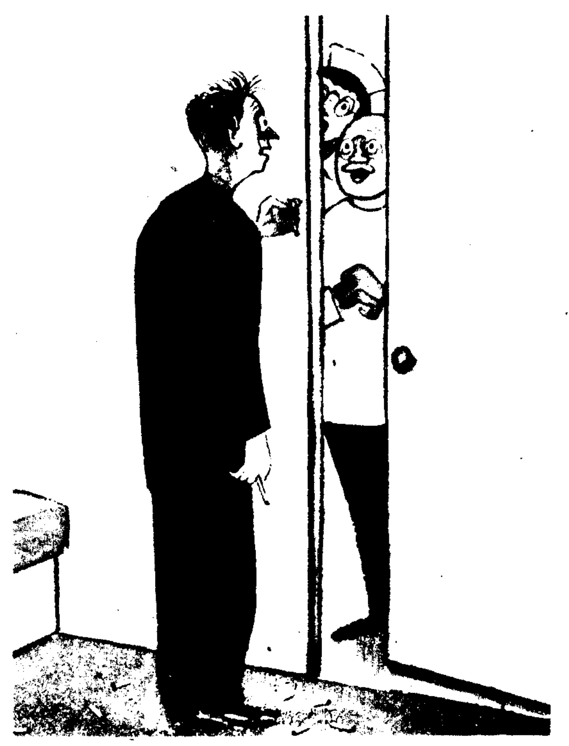
Children are made to depend upon themselves, so far as possible. They see a job that needs doing—in fact, a job that must be done—the preparation of a shelter for the night, the cooking of a meal. They plan the job themselves, they do the work themselves, and afterward they evaluate what they have done, counting up their mistakes and their achievements. Somebody gave the camp a truck, and the children voluntarily went to work to provide it with a canvas cover and canvas tie-on flies for overnight camping, and a chuck-wagon food supply compartment for cook-outs.

Counselors let the children find their own way through difficulties. Suppose it rained last night. When you start to make a campfire you are going to have some trouble. You gather wood and shave up kindling with your camp knife. You strike a match, and nothing happens. "It's too wet," you say, and the counselor agrees, "So it is." You look around for dry fuel, and there, in the shelter of a big tree, you find a dead branch that has hardly been touched by the rain. "This ought to work," you say, and the counselor says, "Try it." (It must be confessed that these counselors generally carry some pine knots in their pockets, so that if all else fails they can come to the rescue.)

Discipline, so far as possible, is the cause-and-effect discipline that life metes out. At a breakfast cook-out a boy named Leonard was delegated to cook scrambled eggs. He started showing off while he cooked, jumping around and making wisecracks. "I'm a fancy cook. I can cook standing on my head." He spilled the eggs into the fire.

The counselor said not a word. But the children, so hungry and so far from the source of more supplies, tore into Leonard.

This was two months ago, but he still hasn't heard the last of it. All anybody has to do to subdue him now, when he gets boastful, is just to murmur, "Remember the eggs?"



"Mr. McCarthy, once in every 590,000,000 births . . ."

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

One group of campers went somewhat unwillingly with a counselor to fell a tree, to be used as fuel by campers of future seasons. The counselor said that the tree ought to fall across a certain stump, to be in a position convenient for cutting. It fell directly across the stump. The children, much impressed, now were eager to do their part—cut and trim branches, tote the wood back to camp.

As he talked about Michigan's lumbering industry, and how it figured in the state's history, the counselor mentioned that there was a sawmill near by. Next day these boys and girls hiked, with lunch packs on their backs, three miles to the sawmill. There they learned how a log is made into lumber—and ever after, history and geography will mean more to them.

Incidental lessons on this trip concerned arithmetic, safety, group responsibility, nutrition, public speaking, writing. For the children planned their own lunch (with the guidance of the camp dietitian), bought the food from the camp store, decided who should do which chores connected with food preparation, packing utensils, clearing away snow for a campfire, cooking, cleaning up.

In the evening, one child of the group stood up before the whole camp and told of his experiences, and in letters to parents, each child described the sawmill jaunt in detail. (Nobody suggested that this was an exercise in composition.)

Warmer seasons invite a new range of activities, geology trips, fishing trips, and trips to the farm where they make maple sirup. The counselor never orates about geology. Instead he picks up a piece of flint (or pulls one out of his pocket) and scrapes it with his knife until sparks fly. That's enough to start questions. What is it? Can I try it? Find some yourself. Is this flint? No, but that rock has its own story. It's a piece of iron ore. I didn't know we had iron in this country. That's right, there isn't any iron industry in this part of the state, so how do you suppose that iron got here . . . and so on into a discussion of glaciers and their effect on the Michigan countryside.

One group, after seeing maple sugar operations at a near-by farm, tried to make some themselves; so they whittled out their own spigots, tapped trees, improvised drip buckets from number ten cans and coat-hanger wire. They put the sap over an outdoor fire, and then their troubles began. It rained, and bugs got in the sirup. They ended up with three tablespoonfuls of sirup, a lot of information on snow fleas (for that's what the bugs were) and great respect for the farmers who produce our food.

Battle Creek children love to be woods detectives. They follow the tracks of a bear in the snow if they can find them. If there aren't any, they can always track down Pork Chops, the camp puppy, who makes it easy for them because he always drags his left hind leg. From a stump, the child detectives can deduce the whole history of a tree, and what use probably was made of the lumber.

Safety and health training runs through everything—first aid, sanitation, inspection of the camp's own water and sewage system.

Racial tolerance is a part of camp life—but there is very little talk about it. Children of different races and creeds work together, and nobody takes any notice of it. If, on rare occasions, the subject of race or religion comes up, a counselor invites a talk-it-out session, where representatives of differing points of view tell their side of the story. Perhaps dual religious plays are enacted, one based on the Passover, the other on Easter.

And what about the regular school curriculum, after time out for two weeks at camp? Battle Creek teachers report that nothing is lost and everything gained scholastically. Geography classes perk up when the children know at firsthand what is meant by glaciers and iron ore and conservation. Seven-and-eight-are-fifteen-and-carry-one doesn't seem tedious to the child who ran the camp bank. And parents send report cards on the camp, giving it high praise.

More camps of this kind, thoughtfully planned and carefully administered, are the aim of the outdoor education movement. In that movement, one man stands out: Dr. L. B. Sharp of New York. For the past 25 years, Dr. Sharp has preached and practiced outdoor education, often working with almost no support. Now his Life Camps for children, and his National Camp for the training of teachers, are recognized as the nation's headquarters for outdoor education.

The Kellogg Foundation secured the services of Dr. Donaldson through Dr. Sharp, who had watched this young man's work at Columbia University, and at the Trenton (N.J.) teachers college. Six out of eight permanent counselors at Battle Creek went to National Camp for training courses, on scholarships from the Kellogg Foundation.

Sharp takes a personal pride in the Battle Creek achievement, but he has one misgiving. He is afraid that the grand scale on which things are done there, the fine facilities, the high-priced counselors, may deter other communities.

It shouldn't. Dr. Donaldson himself ran a summer camp at the Lanning Demonstration School in Trenton, New Jersey, at a total cost of $1,000—including buildings and equipment. There, he says, "We did nothing which the average school district couldn't do."

The town of Iron Mountain, Michigan, has set up its own camp without a penny of subsidy—and the theory is that any community can do the same.

Here's how: You look around for suitable land. Probably there is a near-by piece of public land, federal or state-owned, begging to be used. You get permission to use it, and there you are, over the first hurdle. Possibly there is an unused camp building on your land, left over from the CCC program. It can be remodeled slightly with the help of volunteers.

If the land is close to town, you can establish a day-camping program immediately, without waiting for buildings. (If you ask him, Dr. Sharp will refer you to literature giving detailed plans.) Overnight hikes are inexpensive, requiring only such equipment as campers can bring from home. As you get going, you'll find that local industries and clubs will help with gifts of lumber, a truck, a tent. If you do acquire a weather-tight lodge with a fireplace, you'll find you can rent it on off week ends to private groups, and so add to your camp exchequer. They do that at Battle Creek.

Hard to Find Good Directors

Personnel is the biggest problem. Maybe you are lucky enough to have a Boy Scout leader, or a physical education teacher who can take over direction. Pay this person as well as you can, from regular school funds if the law in your state permits, or by means of a community-raised fund.

The better the personnel, the greater your chance for success, of course, but a competent director can use volunteer adult helpers—say the woman in the P.T.A. who knows how to organize picnics, and the man who likes to hunt and fish, and is willing to pass his skill along to children.

Teachers unaccustomed to the outdoor-education idea may shy away from camp. The Battle Creek teachers did in the beginning (and there is no compulsion on them or on students to come to camp if they don't want to). One teacher objected that she had to have a special diet, another said she hated sports anyway. But one by one they were persuaded, and came and learned about camping along with their children. Now, at Battle Creek, the problem is to take care of all the teachers who want to come. There is a long waiting list.

One way or another, any school can have a camp if it wants one—so much has been proved.

THE END

Many pens...many claims...
but *still*...no pen writes like a Waterman's

TODAY you can take your choice of more pens than ever before. But—how do you make that choice with so many confusing claims? ▪ It will help, we think, to remember that the main purpose of a pen *is to write.* Here at Waterman's our main objective is to make pens that *do* write—and write the way you want them to write. That's why we *still* grind each point by hand. That's why we *still* provide a point selection to match your own style of writing. That's why we are more concerned with making better and better pens instead of making more and more pens. ▪ We think you'll want to see the new Waterman's priced at \$3.50, \$5, \$8.75, \$10 and \$13.50. You'll find them at the better dealers—dealers who believe as we do that you buy a fountain pen to write with, *and no other pen writes like a Waterman's.*

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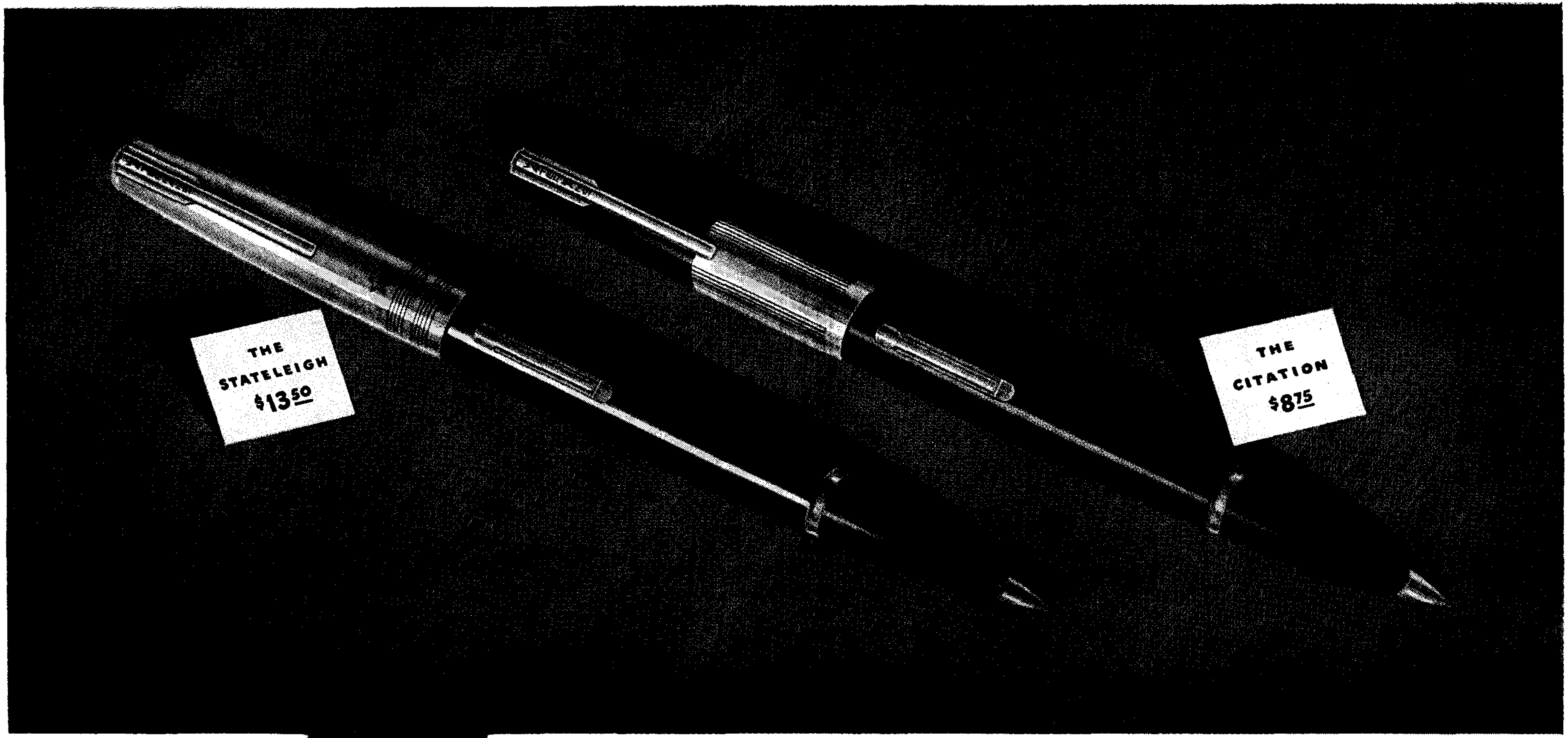

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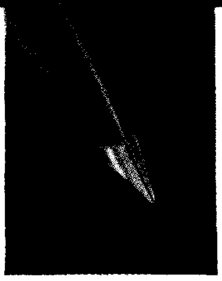

Firm or Flexible, fine or broad, Waterman's Taperite is the *only* hooded-point pen with wide point selection. Another aid to good writing—Waterman's Blue Black Ink. Writes farther, and no doubt about it, *it's Permanent!*

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Waterman's *Taperite*

PROBLEM:

Find the Farmer's Daughter

There's no sure way of telling Laurel Ann from her city cousin.

Nowadays country girls and city girls look alike, dress alike and think alike — and the movies and the radio aren't the only reasons.

This was not true years ago, when cars were rarities, roads were bad and the farm was hours away from town.

But even then companies like General Motors were seeking ways to find new customers. The surest way seemed to be to make their product better — more useful to more people.

So, year by year, they plowed back sizable portions of their earnings into improved designs, steady research, more efficient factories — all the things that make progress.

Year by year cars got better. Roads kept step. Buses and trucks came. And the United States became really united in its ways of living and learning and doing business.

Now Laurel Ann rides to the same stores, the same movies, the same kind of schools as her friends in town. But that isn't all that has happened.

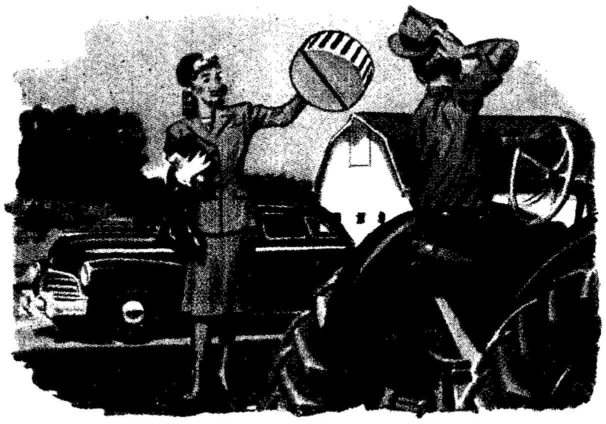
Suburbs have spread. Great industries have grown. Jobs have multiplied.

At General Motors alone the total annual pay roll has been increased more than sixteen-fold in the last 29 years. During the same time the people who own GM, the stockholders — today numbering more than 425,000 — have received only about 7½¢ out of each dollar of sales.

Only because General Motors and companies like it have prospered — and thus been able to improve their products — have so many people benefited in so many places.

So it seems clear that *all the people* profit when a business prospers.

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, Monday and Friday evenings, over more than 300 Mutual stations coast to coast. Hear him!



"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

GENERAL MOTORS

THE PEOPLE PROFIT
WHEN A BUSINESS PROSPERS

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THE WORLD'S CRAZIEST SAILORS

Continued from page 12

story on these unseasonal doings. To his amazement, the yarn got an 8-column head, and the next week Mr. Taylor not only found himself out for a Sunday's sail—but quite a number of others. "What started out to be a day of silly fun," states Mr. Taylor, "became an institution. It goes to show what damage the press can really do."

Today Frostbiting has been standardized and is run by definite rules. Dinghies must be one-mainsail, centerboard boats, 11½ feet long, 4-foot-7½-inch beam, sailed by a crew of two and carrying a minimum weight of 275 pounds. Lead ballast may be used to satisfy weight requirements—often necessitated where the racers are ladies, children or undernourished males. Races are usually held on triangular courses of about a mile in length, and club racing committees keep a sea-gull eye from crash boats to detect fouls or to fish racers out of the water.

Pros and Gamblers Not Wanted

Races are held week ends and holidays. The gala event is the annual Frostbite Regatta, held every New Year's Day on the original waters of madness at Manhasset Bay. Prizes for risking permanent congealment or submersion range from six inches of silverware to monogrammed swizzle sticks. Professionals are not allowed and anyone detected betting is expelled. In the early days it was thought safer to race on a firm foundation of bathtub gin, but now the competition has become so keen that no one would any more think of sailing with three sheets to the wind than he would of playing football with a load on.

There are about 35 boats at Larchmont Harbor, 35 at Manhasset Bay in Port Washington, New York; about 25 go out weekly at Providence, Rhode Island; a group sails on the Connecticut River. Chicago, Toledo, Detroit and Buffalo until the near-by waters freeze up. This winter 54 dinghies raced in the nippy waters of the Charles River in Boston in the first and surprisingly well-attended Intercollegiate Frostbite Regatta.

Frostbite sailing is not the favorite winter activity of many yachtsmen. "Frostbiting is the world's most futile sport," an enthusiastic fair-weather yachtsman told me. "You climb into an unseaworthy boat of minimum stability and go for a sail in a blizzard around a triangular course in a land-locked harbor. You sit and listen to your blood freeze—until you fall overboard. If you don't drown, you get back home frozen into a block of ice. Fishermen who have to sail in winter have stoves in large-sized cabins. Frostbiters sneer at even rubber panties. All Frostbiters get out of it is cold drawers and misery. I am convinced they are exhibitionists who like to get out on a freezing day—beat their chests and cry 'Brr! Isn't it wonderful!' "

Ardent Frostbiters—like Clinton M. Bell—tycoon of winter racing—do not agree.

Ice-cube racing gives the sailing boys and girls something to tide over the dreary winter in-between months. It improves sailing by adding six months to sailing schedules. Pat O'Gorman, recently Frostbite champion, learned and became a crack racer by virtue of Frostbiting. Sailors like Bob de Coppet, Arthur Knapp and the indefatigable Cornelius Shields learned enough in the winter to defeat crack fair-weather sailors during summer races—in any size of craft. "Sail a dinghy perfectly," they say, "and sail anything—up to and including a battleship."

As for the charges of discomfort and exhibitionism, it all depends on how you look at it. Dinghies are necessarily small and landlocked for very good reasons. Two people can tote a dinghy down to a dock and set it in the water, under any winter condition, where this might be more difficult were the boats sized more sensibly like the Presidential yacht. Being small and lightweighted, dinghies are naturally not fit for heavy seas. Little more than varnished outsize gravy boats, they are as easily upset as surfboards, so they can't venture far offshore.

In other words, the dinghy is not a Queen Mary for speed and safety and cruising range. Made of molded plywood with a piano finish, it is as delicate to handle as a leaf, as sensitive as a race horse, and as easily upset as a dame. Its prow cannot be used as an ice breaker. In fact a while back when someone in a passing launch carelessly tossed an empty beer can overboard, it passed directly through the dinghy of Allegra Knapp Mertz, Number One woman dinghist, sinking Miss Knapp's craft.

It requires as much seamanship to handle a dink in a blustery wind as it does to take a canoe through a rapids. Especially challenging is a clear cold day in which the wind comes in fitful gusts from the northeast. In this puffy weather, the wind has a way of sneaking up unexpectedly, giving a little "Poof!"—and depositing the dinghy occupants in the cold drink.

There is action enough in this kind of weather. Frostbiters hold, to overheat the chilliest bottom, even if you're merely racing between Hen & Chickens Reef and Umbrella Point in Larchmont Harbor. Sometimes Frostbiters get warm enough to shed gloves, sweaters or coats that hamper the handling of icing, slushy ropes and gear. One is more likely to get barnacles on the bottom and to turn a permanent blue on a windless dull cold day. Then the sailor merely sits and sits—unless he personally puffs on the sails.

The health of the Frostbiter is said to be equal to that of a sea gull. They rarely suffer from sniffles, pneumonia or drowning. The nose, fingers, ears and cheeks often lose feeling—but there actually has never been a single case of frostbite in 15 years of the sport.

Racing safety is so set up that an unwilling bather doesn't linger very long in the water. Once he is installed in the crash boat, and bundled in a blanket and a brandy, he is rushed ashore, flung into a hot shower for defrosting. Meanwhile hot potions and rubdowns are being readied—also insurance money for the widow should he fail to thaw out.

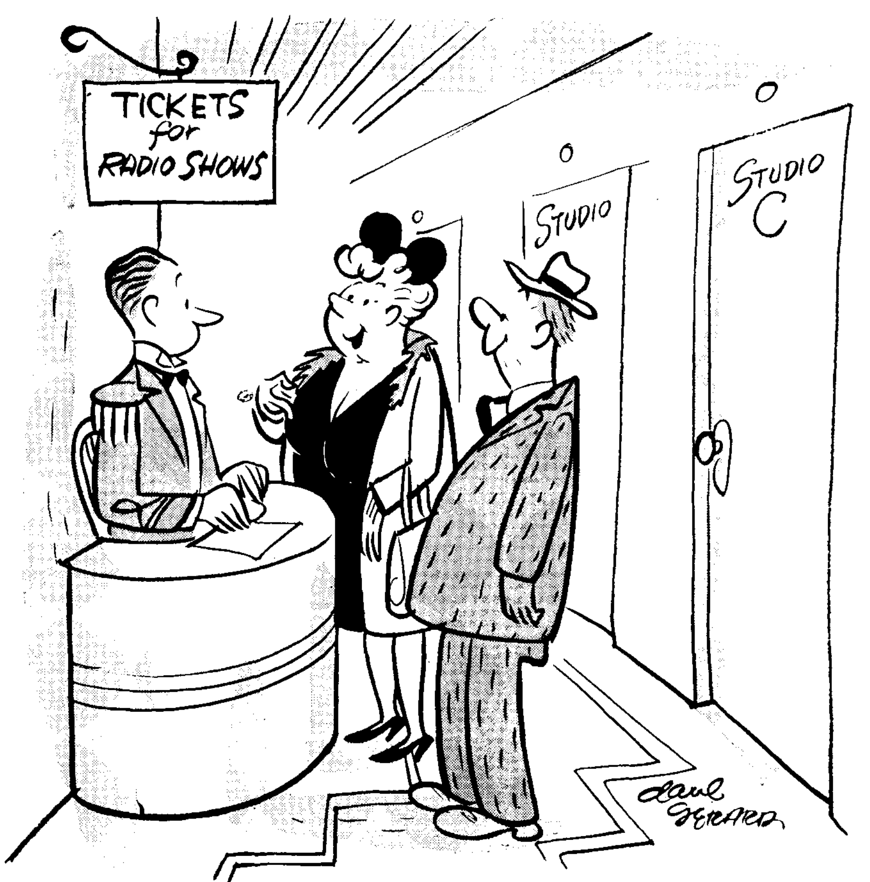
Thus far this has never happened. There have been near drownings, as when Bob Jacobs, on a solo trip from City Island to New Rochelle, upset in a sudden descending cold front in the middle of Long Island Sound but fortunately did so within sight of another craft.

Rescuers Are the Worst Danger

Back in January, 1945, a roaring nor'easter blew in during a race at Larchmont, and before Clinton Bell, Larchmont race committee head, could hoist a storm signal seven boats were upended with the fourteen occupants thrashing around the Sound. But by alert, herculean efforts everybody was picked up and brought ashore in ten minutes. Not one sniffle resulted. "The worst hazard of going overboard is being rescued," Ely Rogers, a Frostbite official, tells me. "Everyone is so eager to fill you with snake-bite remedy, it takes days to drain off the alcohol and supply life to the limbs again."

A committee determines raceableness of the weather. The rule is to call a race if the wind is blowing over 40 miles an hour, if you can't see your hand before your face in blinding sleet or snow, if the thermometer falls below five above zero, or if the harbor master has to blast ice to make a way for the boats to open water. Ice will cut boats to bits, boats can sink if too filled with water or ice or snow; fingers can't operate below zero.

Genuine Frostbiters do not admit that



"He's a wonderful audience! Gags about Bing Crosby's horses and Jack Benny's toupee really knock him out!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

More good reasons why

Nothing serves like

DUBONNET

Now that Dubonnet—famous drink of France—is made here, more and more Americans are discovering its versatility. A little sweet, a little tangy, Dubonnet has a special flavor and "mixability" all its own. Created by a 100-year-old secret formula.

DUBONNET (straight)

Just remember to serve chilled—that way it's best. Grand before, after or between meals. Add twist of lemon peel if you like.

DUBONNET COCKTAIL

One-half Dubonnet. One-half gin. Stir with cracked ice. Strain and add twist of lemon peel.

DUBONNET OLD-FASHIONED

Dash of bitters. Cubes of ice. Add Dubonnet. Slice of orange and pineapple. Add a Maraschino cherry. Serve with stirrer.

DUBONNET MERRY WIDOW

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry Vermouth. Stir thoroughly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.

DUBONNET LIBRE

Place two ice cubes in tall glass. Add juice ½ lime, with shell. Add wine glass of Dubonnet. Add cola.

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
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Why take harsh laxatives?

TRY HEALTHFUL LEMON and WATER

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water–when taken daily *first thing on arising*–insures prompt, *normal* elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water helps the system *regulate itself*.

Lemon and water has other positive health values.

Lemons alkalinize
aid digestion
supply vitamins

Lemons are an excellent source of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. *Surveys show that over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.*

Keep regular *the healthful way!*

Lemon and water helps the system function *normally*. It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing–clears the mouth–wakes you up. Take it every morning –*first thing on arising.* Try it 10 days –see if you don't benefit.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON
IN A GLASS OF WATER
FIRST THING ON ARISING

LEMON and WATER first thing daily

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

FIGHT COLDS with LEMON & SODA

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus *increased alkalinity.*

To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add–slowly–half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

sailing in a jittery tub is show-off. They merely admit it's nuts. They hold that there is nothing like getting out in a blizzard, and heeling around an ice-coated buoy sitting frozen solid into ice in the bottom of a boat, not knowing whether the feet are still attached to the rest of the body or not. I saw Arthur Knapp come in from the races with slush-coated sneakers. When I called his attention to the fact, he shrugged, "If they fall off, I'll get myself another pair! Of feet, that is!" When I suggested that it might be snugger in the water in case of upsetting, were the sailor to wear an electrically heated rubber suit, such as our airmen wore, instead of the nondescript socks and water-repellent clothes that the dink racers wear, Knapp, who is 45, looked shocked. "That would be sissy!" he cried.

Knapp, incidentally, has the all-time record of falling in twice in 50 seconds during a race—once when a passing boom on a fellow racer's boat swept him in; second, when, on clambering back aboard his boat, his own mainsheet fell from a snapped mast and reimmersed him. He quit for the day.

The race committee, by the way, is utterly respected, as are the racing rules. There is no dirty work in dinghy racing —no deliberate boat bumping, no grappling the side of the boat while going by, no stabbing with the boat hook. Fouls are committed, but they are usually unavoidable, and are later thrashed out by the committee on protest.

The insanity of Frostbiting is not confined to sex or age. The Who's Who of dink racing proves that old men, women and kids are equally batty. Veteran Frostbiter is one Alex Gest, who admits to 56 and is known as the Old Man of the Sea. A bachelor and stockbroker, Mr. Gest can sail anything with a bottom to it, and last summer he won the 3-man crew race from Block Island to New London in his 35-foot sloop, Rattlesnake.

From Dinghying to DE Duty

Edgar Raymond, a Stamford chemist, is 36, and has been Frostbiting ever since he read Bill Taylor's piece in the Herald Tribune in 1932. His childhood racing pal, Bob de Coppet, got the bug from Ed a year later. De Coppet's also on the Stock Exchange, and his Suluan won the Class-B race to Bermuda last summer. Five national Frostbite champions comprised the winning crew. During the war De Coppet found his dinghy experience useful in handling his DE (destroyer escort) during a 100-mile typhoon that came up just before the great Pacific battle at Lae.

Cornelius Shields is one of America's crack sailors and about 49. He is a broker, too.

Gals, while they do man their own boats, more often crew for gentlemen—dads, brothers or just good friends. Top sailor until two recent babies grounded her is Allegra Knapp, sister of the indefatigable and oft-dunked Knapp. Allegra, a thin, dark-haired, comely gal, is restless to return and will as soon as her children grow big enough to crew. Allegra has upset lots of times. She is the victim of the flung beer can heretofore mentioned, and once, during a Manhasset race, the wind picked up her boat and impaled it on a floating race stick, driving a hole through it and sinking it and Allegra—who got out allegretto indeed!

Aileen Shields, daughter of the seagoing Cornelius, last summer won the Atlantic Class championship, and this winter skippered her own boat for the first time—and very well, too!

It is hard for a woman to beat a man at dinghy racing. The beauteous Barbara Bigelow used to race her own dinghy with a Mrs. Stephens until she found how easily Pat O'Gorman, broker and dinghy nut, beat her. Now she crews for Pat, and two years ago they won the National Dinghy championship by getting 201 out of 207 points—quite a score!

And there are others—Edmee Combs, daughter of the Schaefer Beer brewer, who crews for her own husband; Moira Whiting Walden, whose dad was Captain Kenneth Whiting, commander of the Saratoga.

Moira was a Wave during the war, and crews for her husband, an ex-Navy commander. Mary Etchells crews for her husband, E. W. "Skip" Etchells, well known as a Star boat racer; Jean Sutphen, former New York State swim star; and Sandra Woodward, glamor daughter who crews for her big, blond dad, Wade Woodward, former All-American from Northwestern University and once winner of the Albany to New York outboard motor race.

Sons of Icy-Blooded Fathers

Cold-blooded sailors have cold-blooded kids, and many Frostbiters carry their kids out in a dink in their arms. Corny Shields, Jr., crews for his dad, has since he was a little guy. Steve Corkery crews for Bob Barber, is 11, and sails his own Lightning in the summer. Bill Taylor, who now prefers the fire to the frozen sail, has a son whom he is vainly trying to talk out of winter sailing. Clint Bell's boy crewed for Arthur Knapp for three years, and was probably the cleanest boy in racing—he took so many baths.

Dinking in winter is great training for these boys. They learn by taking the rough stuff, and in summer outsail the fellows who don't sail with icicles. Jack Purcell crewed for years and is now his own skipper; and Jimmie Patton too. Alfred (Peewee) Keeshan, Jr., crewed in the first Manhasset Bay race in 1932, when he was 10—and grew up in dinks thereafter. Keeshan was a lieutenant aboard the destroyers Massey and Buchanan during the war. Guess what Peewee did the Sunday after he came home.

To go dinghy sailing, all that you need is a boat, a bit of open water and the required guts and idiocy. Standard dinks cost around $500 when built to order. You can pick up one secondhand for anything from $500 down. Sailors are notorious traders. Knapp has built a boat, won in it, sold it for a new one, then bought the original back for more than he paid for it. The names of the boats are apropos. Some are called Sniffles, Mink Muff, Teal, Sniffly, Dainty, Coldspot and For Sale. Another had a Chinese name—taken from a laundry ticket. I presume it translates into Running Nose.

Cold freezes the body, but thaws the camaraderie. After the races the conviviality in the clubhouse is wonderful—so thick you can, and do, pour it in a glass. Especially Falstaffian was the dugout roughriding. Knapp took quite a verbal beating for his mishap at the dock.

Capping laugh climax of the year is the annual dinner given by the dink sailors after the New Year's Regatta, when the annual awards are made. The members who fell in at sea are granted the Royal Order of the Loon. Those immersed at the dock receive the razzberries and ignominy of the Order of Mudhens. Those who didn't fall in join the Great Unwashed.

Anyway, there's nothing like getting out in a sitz bath of a boat and fighting King Winter.

Dink racers sail down in Florida, too. Every sailing winter climaxes in the Sunburn Regatta, held on Biscayne Bay. Although the racers often trailer a boat down to it, they disdain it. If you fall overboard the water is warm—and what's fighting a shark to fighting cold water? Frostbiters, nevertheless, took seven firsts in last year's Sunburn Regatta. They crossed the finish line sneering!

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

and gardens than all other birds put together, and to hear his ugly squawks evenings is quite a contrast to the lovely sound of the prairie chicken's "boom" of spring mornings and after a sudden thunderstorm. That alone was worth what little they helped themselves to in the cornfield.

I don't see why the pheasant should be protected by the law, or why it was brought to this country in the first place except to afford some sport to the city people.

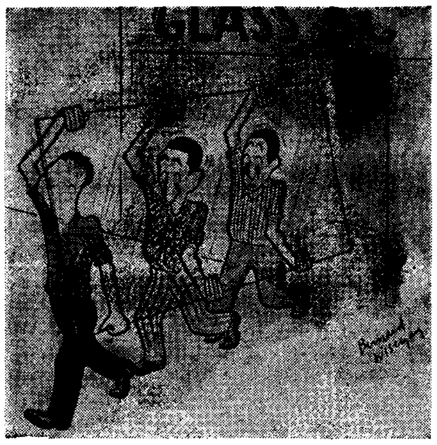
Mrs. P. G. Carlson, Little Falls, Minn.

GLASS ARM

Dear Gurney Williams: Please explain how the man in front gets such a hold on the glass with his left hand.

H. H. Holmes, Grand Junction, Colo.

That's the joke, son—that's the joke. G. W.



LABORIOUS NONSENSE

Dear Editor: I am all-fired sick and tired of all this psychological nonsense. My latest brain storm or "emotional block" came on after reading the article, What To Do About Strikes (Jan. 18th).

Mr. Drucker says that "the American worker is psychologically unemployed in the midst of a labor shortage." To give the workers a feeling of security, I suppose next he'll recommend that all workers be wet-nursed regularly during working hours in order to keep them from dreaming of being back on WPA. Mr. Drucker also recommends that glamor and romance be put back on the assembly line. In our town, the girls in shapely slacks furnished the glamor and the "lead men" furnished the romance. And one result was more broken-up homes and divorces than had ever occurred in the history of our town.

Let's put an end to all this psychological nonsense and get back to work.

Amy Clover, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . A thought-provoking article. I think labor leaders and employers need to recognize that a free enterprise system is a joint enterprise system that will succeed and survive only if both groups resort to good-faith collective bargaining and cut out their attempts to take unfair advantage of each other—either through unnecessary strikes and lockouts or through liberty-destroying restrictive legislation.

Wayne Morse, United States Senate

WE GET A BREAK!

Dear Editor: Fetch a doctor, but quick, to operate on the ski girl on the Jan. 18th cover.

Her leg is on backward, and while she seems calm and resigned, we feel sure she is in great pain.

My wife pointed out this "goofy" mistake to me after I had looked at the cover picture and failed to see anything wrong.

Clarence West, Jamaica, N. Y.

You saw nothing wrong—the gal's leg is on right. You are looking at the back lacing of her ski boot. You settle it with your wife.

HOUSING LOUSING

Gentlemen: The conversion of Mr. Wyatt to "private enterprise" (Week's Mail, Jan. 18th) is worthy of reprinting and sending to each member of Congress, and might be read profitably by well-intentioned (but uninformed) members of your own staff.

It is more evident day by day, that the building industry will produce faster, better, and *cheaper,* if relieved from outside intervention.

A five-room brick, modern home just completed in this area, by contractor, cost LESS than $7,000, and another four-room frame LESS than $6,300.

Wm. A. Cochran, Mgr. Millstadt Lumber Co., Millstadt, Ill.

. . . When a self-confessed jerry-builder such as Mr. Maury I. Diggs (Housing: Tomorrow's Answer, Jan. 18th) attempts to revolutionize the home-building industry with untried and unproved methods it makes me laugh.

A lot of nincompoops have endeavored to build prefabricated houses of untested material for many years past. Not one has made a success of it.

Mr. Wilson Wyatt, under the Patman Bill, subsidized several prefabricated housing manufacturers who were to produce hundreds of thousands of houses during 1946, but actually produced less than 50,000.

In the meantime material was channeled away from the 25,000 lumber dealers and tens of thousands of house builders, who (otherwise) would have finished six or seven hundred thousand units during 1946.

C. F. Albert, Heidritter Lumber Corp., Elizabeth, N. J.

. . . I wish to express my enthusiasm to Mr. Maury I. Diggs. I am French, Parisian, came to U.S.A. in 1939. I was startled to notice that all the technical progress in U.S.A. applies to various fields except to the modern building of homes. There the hundred-year-old log cabin still seems to be the favorite pattern.

Mr. Diggs' prefabricated house seems to be the ideal home—the home of my dreams.

Paulette de Gardin, Sacramento, Cal.

ON A BAT

Dear Editor: In Monsters in Miniature by Daniel P. Mannix (Jan. 11th) we were much impressed with the astounding account of the habitats of the vampires. However, one fact is troubling us. The author relates that vampires drink their fill while attacking, but how much approximately is an adult bat's fill?

Ben Rizzuto and Vince Rondazzo, New Orleans, La.

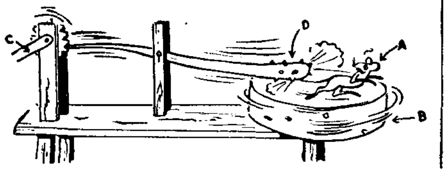
The thirsty adult vampire usually drinks his fill, which is about as much as a jigger of rye—unless on a bat, when he gorges till he cannot fly. Dracula, of course, had a larger capacity.

RAT RACE

Dear Sir: Everybody is all wet about the "What Is It?" (Week's Mail, Feb. 15th). Any serious student of American antiques knows that it is an early colonial Duncan Phyfe mousetrap.

When mouse (a) approached round cheese (b), the farmer turned handle (c), which caused cheese to rotate, and club (d) to agitate vertically, striking the luckless rodent as he went by.

Robert Blinn, Huntington, L. I.



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whisks through cleaning chores in double-quick time!"

Ever See Your Draperies Bloom like a spring garden? The Eureka portable, tank-type cleaner is better than magic! Makes dust do the disappearing act . . . keeps your draperies sparkling—color-fresh—and lamp shades gleaming!

It's Amazing how Eureka's *Disturbulator-Action* restores a rug's true colors! And no wonder . . . with two types of bristles on the *power-driven* brush. The short bristles really get the deeply-imbedded dirt . . . long fibres sweep up the surface dirt!

Mirror, Mirror Tell Me what's more beautiful than my floors now that they get a professional shine from the *power-driven* waxer and polisher that clicks into my Eureka Upright. It's all part of the wonderful Eureka Complete Home Cleaning System!

Gosh! Now I'm A Decorator! Re-doing your breakfast set or bookcases or what-have-you is fun now! Just put the paint into your Eureka spray and flick the switch. Who ever dreamed a cleaning system would do things like this, too!

Now you can purchase the new Eureka Home Cleaning System Complete or unit by unit on Eureka's special "ADD-TO" plan. For sales and service see your Classified Directory for your local Eureka dealer or nearest Eureka factory branch.

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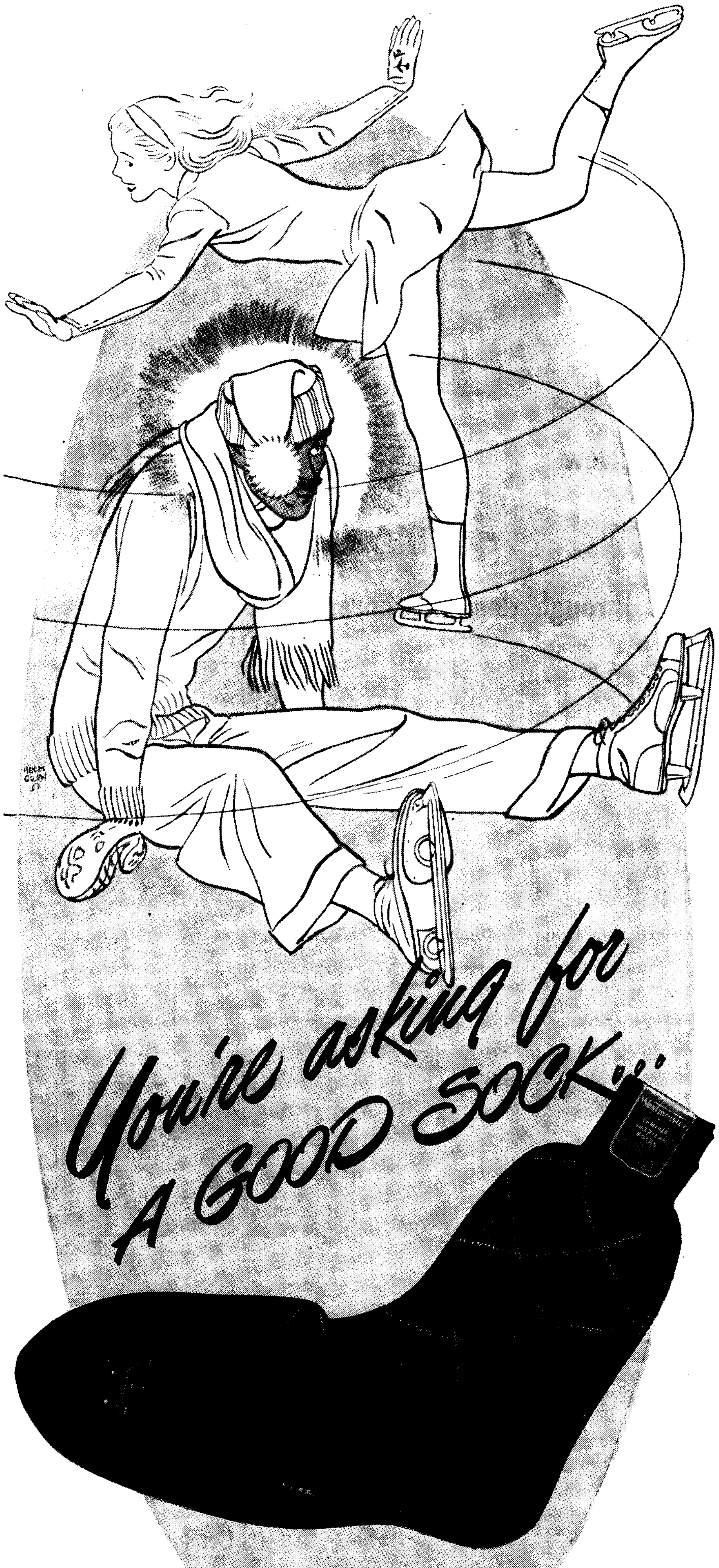

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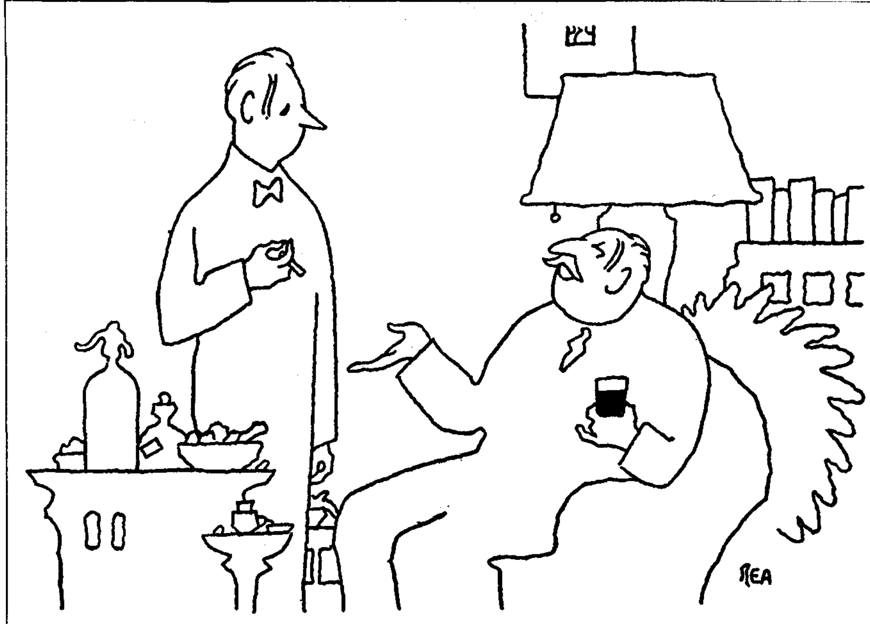
Trim, neat patterns. Soft, harmonious colors. Knit with the care and precision that has brought fame to the Westminster name. From the Spring '47 collection . . .

Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS



"Remember, my boy, there's nothing in the world like married life. So take my advice and stay away from it"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

THIS COMPLICATED COURTSHIP

Continued from page 13

him the more, and he groaned as he thought of this in relation to the matrimonial aspects of the situation.

The family into which Joe, to his own surprise, had been born was one of those lovable screwball groups that are so delightful in books and movies. They were, Joe admitted, really swell people, but they wore him down.

There was his sister Milly, for example. She was a lovely girl, but she did choose disconcerting moments to perform her slimming exercises. It was not unusual for her to make her entrance at dinner turning cart wheels. This didn't matter so much, though, because often enough no meal appeared on the table. The cook, in her long-standing feud with the iceman, was often standing guard at the kitchen door, and didn't have time to waste at cooking.

Mrs. Cary might then suggest that she rustle up something to eat, but later she would tell them everything in the icebox had spoiled because there wasn't any ice, and the cook still wouldn't let the iceman come into the house. The rest of the family didn't mind—they would look a little disappointed, but would find some peanut butter and crackers, and wander off munching them. It always bothered Joe. He was hungry.

ON SEVERAL occasions Joe was awakened in the small hours of the night by the thumps and bumpings that traditionally accompany burglars. He dutifully roused himself and traced the sounds to the kitchen. From a safe distance he always called out, "Who's in there?" knowing that burglars tend to do rash and violent things when startled too suddenly. But always it was one of the family who responded. Once, hearing his father's resonant response, Joe asked mildly what he was doing in the kitchen at that hour.

"Shaving," his father answered. Further inquiry brought forth the information that that cursed bathroom had always been too small to shave in, and anyway, Milly had the washbasin filled with some kind of purple dye that she was trying out on her hats. Furthermore, you couldn't expect a man to sleep unshaven and if you prowled around the house like that in the middle of the night without letting people know, you'd get shot for a burglar one of these nights.

During such nocturnal events the family, who had slept placidly through all the noises that Father had made, woke up at the first sound of Joe's voice. They then came trooping down, to ask with interest what he was doing up at that hour of the morning. They seemed to have the impression that he'd roused his father and gotten him out of bed to come down and shave in the kitchen.

"Joey," Mrs. Cary would sigh gently and reproachfully at this stage, "you know you need your sleep, especially at your age, and you shouldn't worry your father like this anyway." She'd been telling him the same things for the past twenty years, despite the fact that his age changed each year and that his father looked less worried at this hour of the morning than at any other time. There were occasions too when Joe was home in the afternoons and his mother would look at him with mild surprise, telling him he should be in bed getting his sleep instead of wandering around the house like this upsetting everybody.

Twenty-seven years of such a life does things to one, and it served to bring out in Joe a sort of phobia about unpredictable people. Once, after a wretched half-hour spent watching a Marx Brothers film, Joe turned to his companion and whispered unhappily, "You know, there are people who really do things like that!"

Except for this mild and not-too-surprising phobia, Joe was a pleasant and likable person. His lean, thoughtful face and his considerate manner made people like and trust him. One knew instinctively that he would make a good husband and father. Without being dull, Joe was solid, warm and practical.

But he was very, very wary of marrying into an extension of his present family life of burnt chicken dinners and purple dye in the washbasin. In his routine conversations with Sari, he learned much to reassure him. She handled her work capably and intelligently, she knew her way about among people, and you could picture her as a person who would make a home a happy, ordered place.

Her parents, Sari told him, had come from the old country when they were young. Joe never remembered the name of the country, but always thought of it as Sari had parenthetically described it—"the country Dracula came from." There was something in the severe simplicity of the phrase that impressed him. Sari herself, however, seemed so completely American that he soon lost his fears of her Slavic background coming to the foreground.

It must be admitted that there were some disconcerting incidents in the affair. In fact, it had started off with one. When Joe first met Sari, he was dazzled, overwhelmed and finally smitten, all in one evening. He'd asked if he might telephone, take her to dinner or to a dance. She had apparently liked him well enough, for she gave him her telephone number along with a smile.

A few days later he phoned her. It was nearly seven in the evening, and Joe thought of a quiet dinner together and dancing later. Listening to the buzzing ring of her phone, he discovered that he was strangely excited, even happy. Her voice, when she answered, was odd.

"Miss Lisl," he said quickly, "this is Joe Cary. You know, we met at Helen's party the other night. I wondered if you wouldn't have dinner with me tonight? And later we could go—"

"Mr. Cary," her voice cut in coldly, "just what do you mean, calling at this hour of the night, and what kind of girl do you think I am? I certainly do not want to go to dinner with you now or at any time in the future!" The slam of the receiver ended the conversation abruptly, leaving Joe shaken and bewildered.

He sat for a long time that night, thinking and trying to understand. If Sari considered seven o'clock "this hour of the night," it must mean that she dined at noon. It wasn't as if she were working odd hours, either, for she worked in an office not far from his own. Of course, she might be simply a mean-tempered little beast who would pick a quarrel about anything you said. Whatever it was, he felt that he was well out of it, and resolved to forget the strange girl, along with the dreams he'd almost had.

When, on the following day, Joe was told that a Miss Lisl was waiting to see him, he turned a little pale. Possibly the girl took dope and was waiting for him, hopped to the gills. Joe met her standing. He squared his shoulders and suggested that she be sent in to the office. Seeing the small, lovely girl again, he could hardly believe that she was the owner of the voice of the night before. She came to him smiling shyly, and she seemed to be embarrassed.

"I had to come and apologize to you for the way I talked last night," she told him gravely. "You see, I didn't know what time it was. I was going to stay in last night and go to bed early, and I must have gone to sleep at six. When the phone rang and I woke up, I thought I'd been asleep for hours, and it was the middle of the night.

"So when you started talking about us going out to dinner, at what I thought was three or four o'clock in the morning, I thought you were drunk. That's why I said the things I did. You can imagine how I felt when I looked at my watch and saw it was only seven! I don't know what you must have thought of me."

Joe felt it was best not to go into that, but he did suggest that they have dinner that night. That was the beginning for Joe and Sari, but it was a long time before Joe could laugh heartily about it.

THEY went out together often after this, without further mishap, and Joe found himself completely and utterly in love with Sari. They learned to know each other's likes and dislikes in food, people, books and movies. They danced well together and they laughed at the same things. Joe went to Sari's home and met her parents. They were pleasant, intelligent people. And they did none of the peculiar things that he had been half afraid people who came from Dracula's homeland might do.

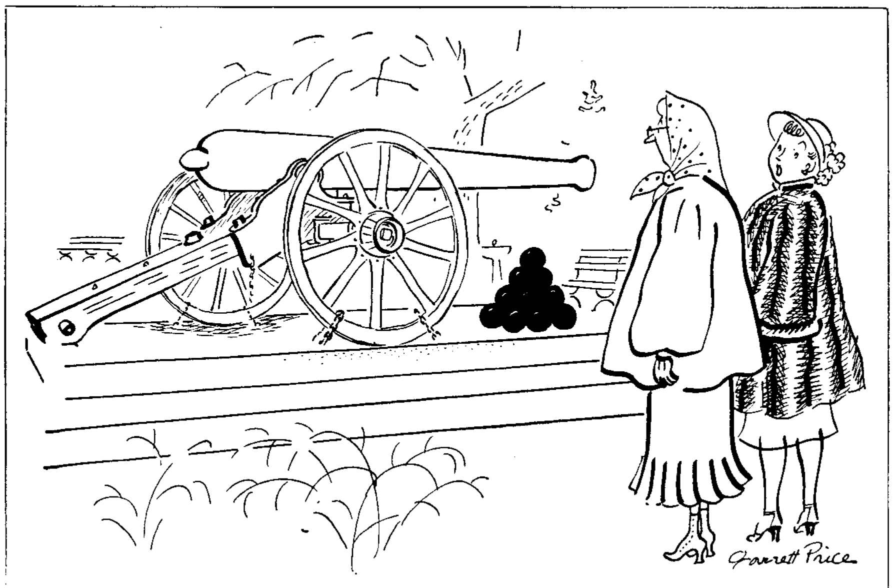
The enjoyment of these days was marred only by Sari's occasional moods of deepest melancholy. Joe himself had a feeling of depression when things went wrong at the office or when he'd drunk too much the night before, but with Sari it was different. Hers was an indeterminate Slavic melancholy, and never seemed to have any definite cause.

"I just feel gloomy," she told him once, "as if I wanted to sit and cry my heart out. I think all the people of the old country get that feeling sometimes. They've seen so much trouble for so many centuries, that it becomes natural for them to be sad, sometimes even when there isn't anything to be sad about. I suppose I've inherited some of that."

Joe could never quite understand or accept this. There should be a reason for being unhappy, he felt. He could see, he said, that a person sometimes felt glad just to be alive, but it seemed all wrong that anyone should ever feel sad to be alive unless he had good concrete reasons for such grief. And Sari didn't seem to have those.

On one occasion, when she was at her gloomiest, Sari disappeared. Joe phoned her home and there was no answer. He stopped at her office to see if she was working late. He even made a round of the restaurants she liked, the movie houses they went to, but there was no Sari. The following morning Joe had reached the stage where he was prepared to call police, check hospitals, and notify the Missing Persons Bureau. Sari telephoned before he had taken any steps, and an hour later she appeared, wan and pale, but completely alive and uninjured. She explained simply:

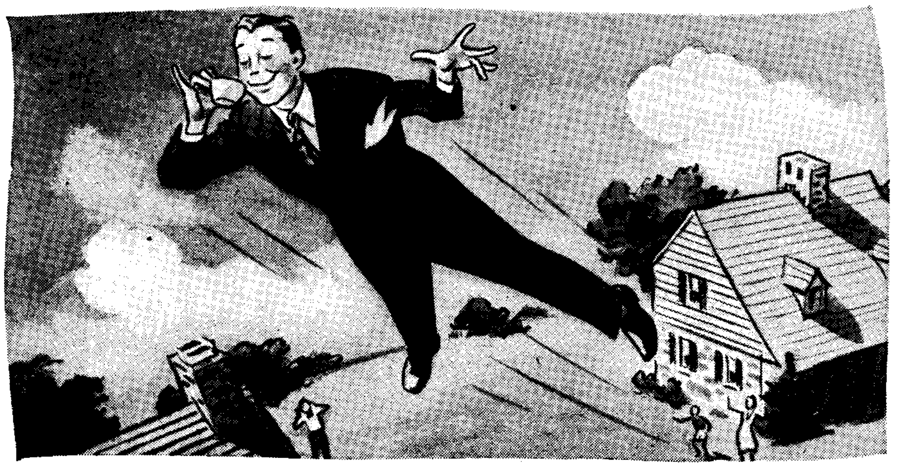
"I felt so gloomy yesterday, I just didn't see any use going on. Then I



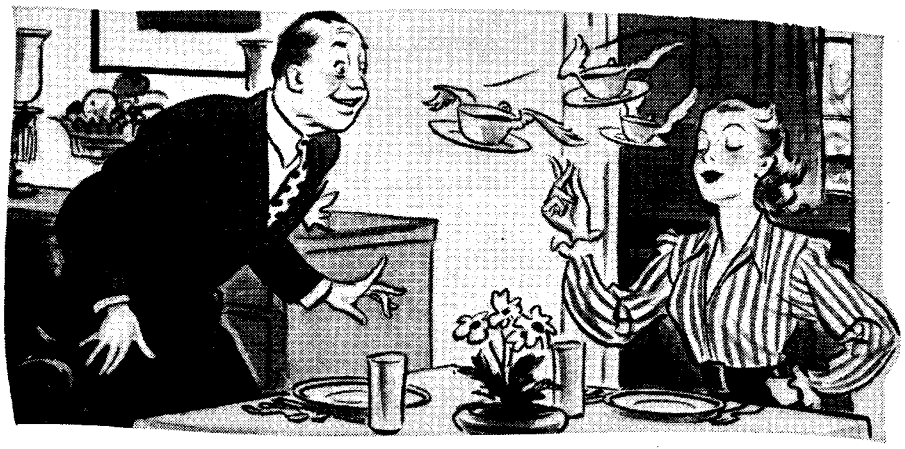
"Let us hope it will never be used for anything but defense"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Never has a coffee offered all this!

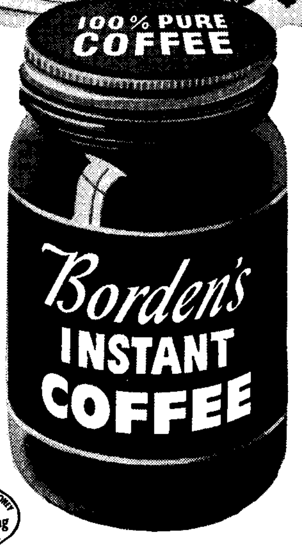


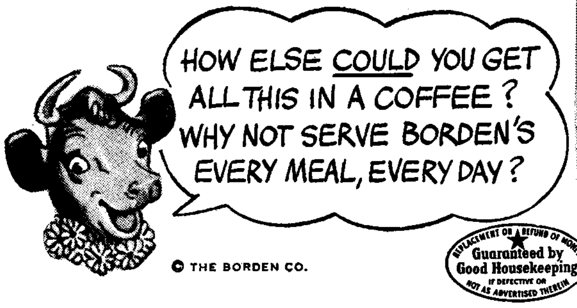
1. Finer flavor—or your money back! "That Borden flavor is right out of this world" is the way some folks describe it. We'll just say this: If you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*



2. Magic convenience—no pot, no grounds! You hardly have to lift a hand to make a cup of Borden's. Just drop ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water. No pot to wash. No grounds. No waste. That's why Borden's is perfect for breakfast.

3. And, half again as many cups! Most users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a pound of ground coffee. Remember Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.




HOW ELSE COULD YOU GET ALL THIS IN A COFFEE? WHY NOT SERVE BORDEN'S EVERY MEAL, EVERY DAY?

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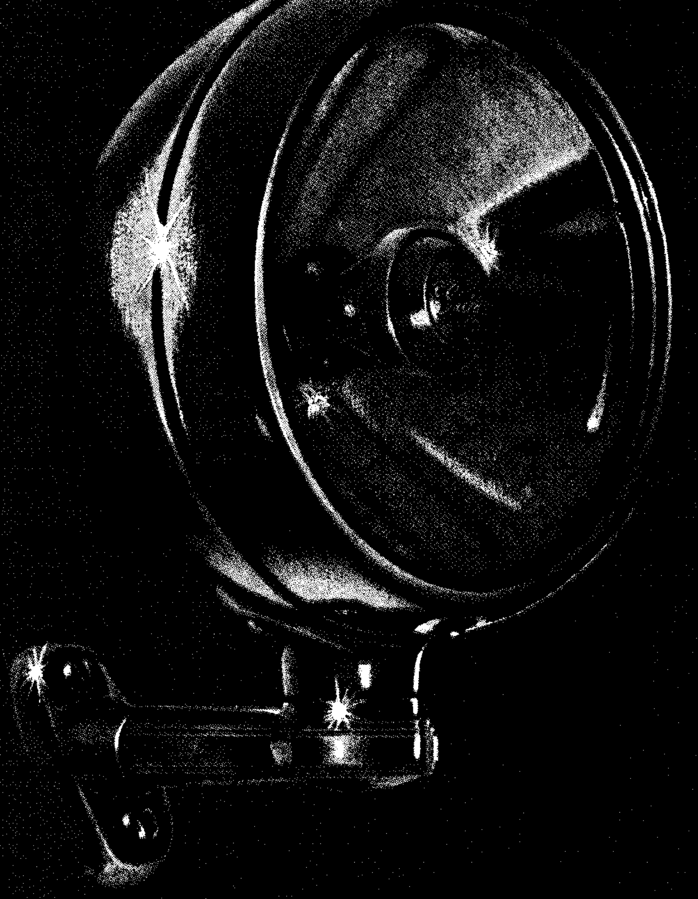
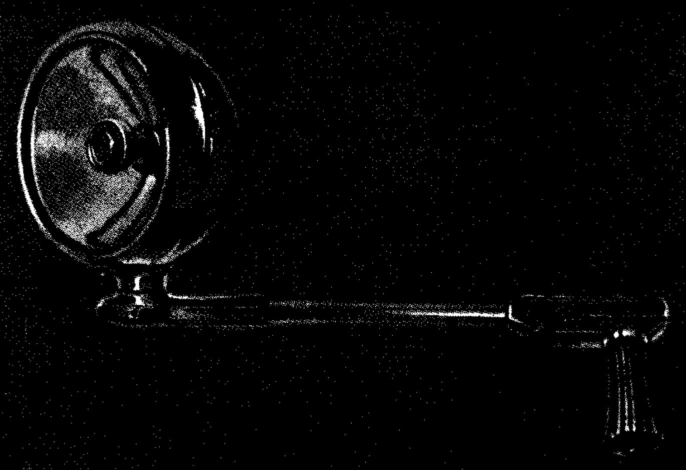
*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

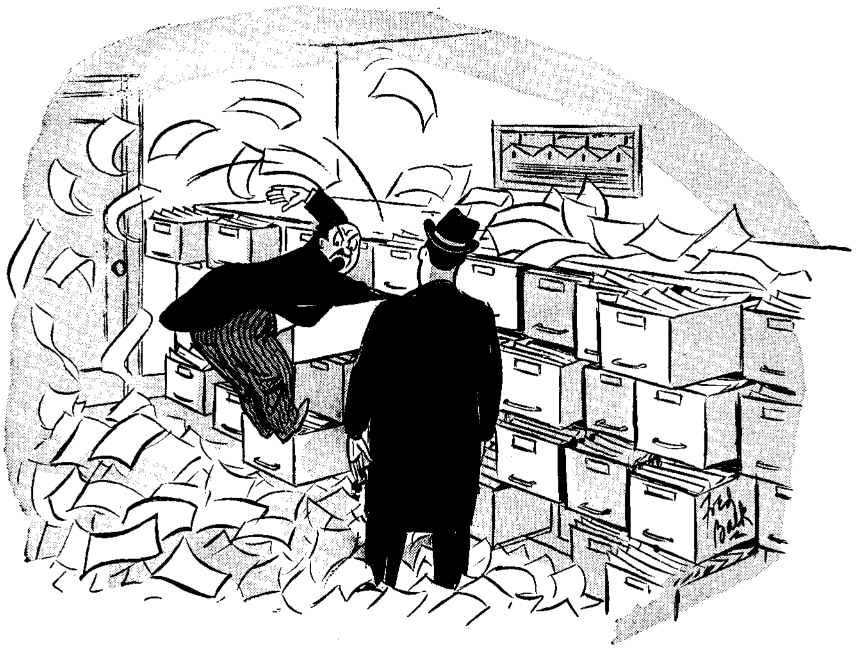


The New

GUIDE SPOTLAMP

Advanced engineering and superb craftsmanship distinguish the new Guide inner-controlled spotlamp for all motor vehicles. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation.





COLLIER'S "I get a secretary trained and she ups and marries me!" FRED BALK

started thinking about what you said. You know, about how if you have troubles you should do something about them, even if you know it won't help much, because it will take your mind off them and keep you occupied.

"Well, I'd always heard about people drinking to forget their troubles, and since I didn't really know what mine were, that seemed to be the only thing I could do about them. I thought I'd see if it worked. So I stopped in a liquor store and asked the man there for something good and strong. But before he brought it, I saw some vodka and I said I wanted that. I know how happy that always makes the Russians, because my grandfather used to tell me about that, so I bought a big bottle. The clerk said it was a hundred-ninety proof, and that sounded like it might be strong enough.

"I took it home with me and locked myself in my room so I wouldn't get into any trouble, and then I started. I poured one drink and drank it. Then I waited for something to happen, but I felt just the same as ever. So I poured another drink and drank it. That didn't do anything either. So I just went on, and I think I must have finished two thirds of the bottle before anything happened. Then I got awfully sick, sicker than I ever was before." She shuddered at the recollection and was silent for a moment. Then she brightened and added more cheerfully, "But I forgot all my troubles!"

THE incident disturbed Joe, for it seemed to reflect something of the wild-thinking ways of his own family. He could very easily imagine them sitting down, each with his own individual bottle of vodka, to drink and forget the traitorous cook eloping with the iceman. He explained patiently to Sari that ladies don't drink to forget their troubles and that *nobody* drinks to forget troubles when he doesn't know what they are, to begin with. Sari was confused but agreeable about it, and went home to put wet towels on her head.

As a rule, however, Joe and Sari led the ordinary life of two young people interested in each other and going out together. It was so normal and average that Joe felt reassured. Although he still kept an eye out for symptoms of flutterings in Sari, he knew that it was only a matter of time until he asked her to marry him, and until she said what she would say.

Joe managed it so that she met his family one at a time. Although he loved his family very well, he knew the devastating effect that they might have as a group upon an unprepared stranger. As it was, each of them behaved just as other people do, and all were properly impressed by the attractive girl that their Joey had found. Joey, they said, had always been the peculiar one of the family, forever getting up in the middle of the night and wandering around the house. They were pleased and surprised that he'd found a nice girl who might even marry him.

The two drifted almost imperceptibly into an engagement, and the usual fetes and ceremonies and excitements followed in the natural course of the well-ordered life that they were leading. Sari, with unexpected efficiency, found an apartment and began to superintend the furnishing of it with energy and acumen. Joe observed her competence with pleasure and increasing awe. He saw merchants wither before her scorn of cheap materials, heard her discuss prices, texture and quality with the confidence of an expert. He was surprised, delighted, and a little scared.

Their home, Joe foresaw, would not be one of those slipshod places where funny things happen. He and Sari would go to bed at usual hours, eat sensible breakfasts in the morning, and do all the sane, substantial things that everyone else did, make a happy home and a good life together. The eventual children would all of them be average intelligent children, bright and practical enough to be bank presidents, every last one of them. The thought of a series of little bank-president babies depressed him slightly but with an effort he stilled his doubts on the subject.

Anyway, he almost stilled them. It was not easy to escape the thought of those banker babies. They haunted him. He even dreamed of them, lying in their little cribs and studying their father dispassionately, speculating as to his soundness, disapproving his radical ideas. Certainly he could never dare to shave in the kitchen at four o'clock in the morning. It was unlikely, Joe reflected, that he'd ever want to do anything like that, but it was irritating to feel that he was being intimidated by a lot of little old babies who weren't even born yet.

He was idly considering this prospect one evening as he waited for Sari to meet him when she came from work. He suddenly realized that she was late, a thing that rarely happened and that always made him a little uneasy. He never believed that Sari was quite safe without him to look after her, to take care of her. He looked nervously at his watch, and moved toward the office building where she worked. A suspicious elevator boy took him up to the right floor.

Joe hurried down the hall toward

Sari's office. He heard her voice, felt a sharp pang of relief, and went to the door to call her. She was sitting on the desk corner with her back turned to the door, and before he could attract her attention, Joe became aware of the words she was saying.

"I'm going to be the greatest trapeze artist in America, or maybe in the whole world. Every chance I get, I practice. I've almost got a triple somersault in mid-air down pat," Sari said calmly, and Joe observed that she was talking to the cleaning woman, who was sweeping and apparently paying little attention to her words. He shuddered, turned, and walked out miserably.

Joe never quite forgot that night. He walked aimlessly along streets that he never remembered afterward. It was bad enough, he brooded, having a sister who came to meals turning cart wheels and handsprings, but to have a wife who spent all her spare time on a trapeze was out of the question. It was not until this moment, when he was faced with the wreckage of his cherished plans for an ordinary, simple life, that he realized how very much he loved the girl.

He resolved at last to see her once more, to ask her to forsake her strange ambition and content herself with being a wife and mother and to forgo the pleasures of swinging on trapezes. He wondered absently what the little banker babies would have had to say, and then laughed bitterly.

Sari's voice, when he phoned her on the following day, was friendly, warm and only lightly apologetic. "Joe, I am really sorry I missed you last night, but I stayed late in the office. Mrs. Clancey, the cleaning woman, had lost her glasses, and wanted me to read a letter from her son for her. He's working in a circus and she's always worried when she gets a letter, thinking he's been hurt. You'd think she'd worry instead when she didn't get letters, but . . ."

Weakly, Joe sat down. He could still hear Sari's voice but the words were lost in a happy blur. When he recovered from the shock of relief and joy that had so overwhelmed him, he found that she was no longer on the wire. He hurried to her office and listened cheerfully while she told him what she thought of a man who hung up the phone on his girl just because she was a little late for a date.

A few weeks later, when he had nearly recovered from the incident of the trapeze, he stopped in at their apartment, hoping to find Sari there. It was only two weeks before the wedding, and he had been dreaming rather often of the banker babies, who still depressed him more than babies should. He found Sari in the bedroom, surveying with critical eye the hang of the window draperies. Now and then she'd give them an expert and incomprehensible little tug and shake. She was in complete command, a perfect mother for the banker babies, who would never have the nerve to look at her with cold no-credit eyes.

SARI greeted Joe with a happy kiss, unaware of the bleak string of imaginary babies who had followed him in. She stood beside him while he admired the room and the house dress she was wearing. His attention was caught by an object hanging on the wall, something that she'd added since the day before. It seemed to be a curious little wreath arrangement of dried weeds or bulbs hung above the bed.

"Sari, what is that thing on the wall there?" he asked, pointing at it with interest.

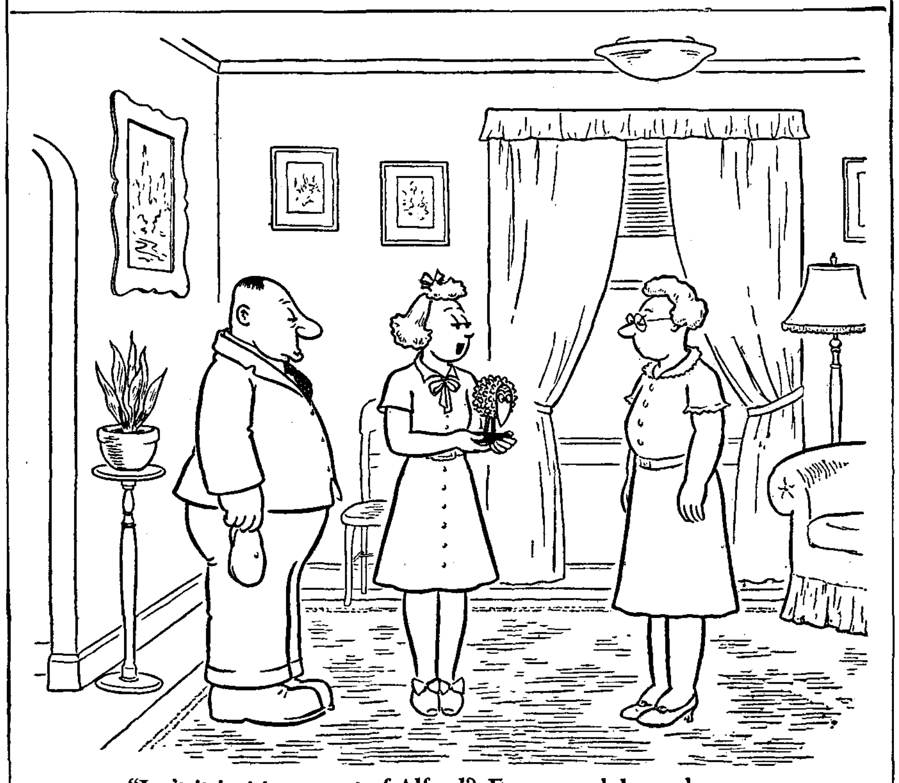
She had turned to straighten the curtains and, glancing back over her shoulder, she answered casually, "That's a garlic wreath. It's supposed to keep away werewolves or vampires, I forget which. We'll just have to wait and see which one it does keep away."

It must be said for Joe that he took the blow manfully. He sat down in the nearest chair and closed his eyes. There was nothing to do but wait until the full enormity of the thing dawned upon him, he knew, and so he waited. It was something like this that he'd always been afraid of, and now he had to face it.

The enormity of the thing simply failed to dawn on him. He realized with something like astonishment that he didn't care a hang about the wreath. He opened his eyes skeptically and looked at Sari. Elusively gorgeous still she was, even with her hands full of curtains. It wasn't so very much, really. And, he suspected cheerfully, a garlic wreath might be pretty good as a charm for keeping cold-eyed banker babies away, so a man could shave at four in the morning if he felt like shaving then.

THE END

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



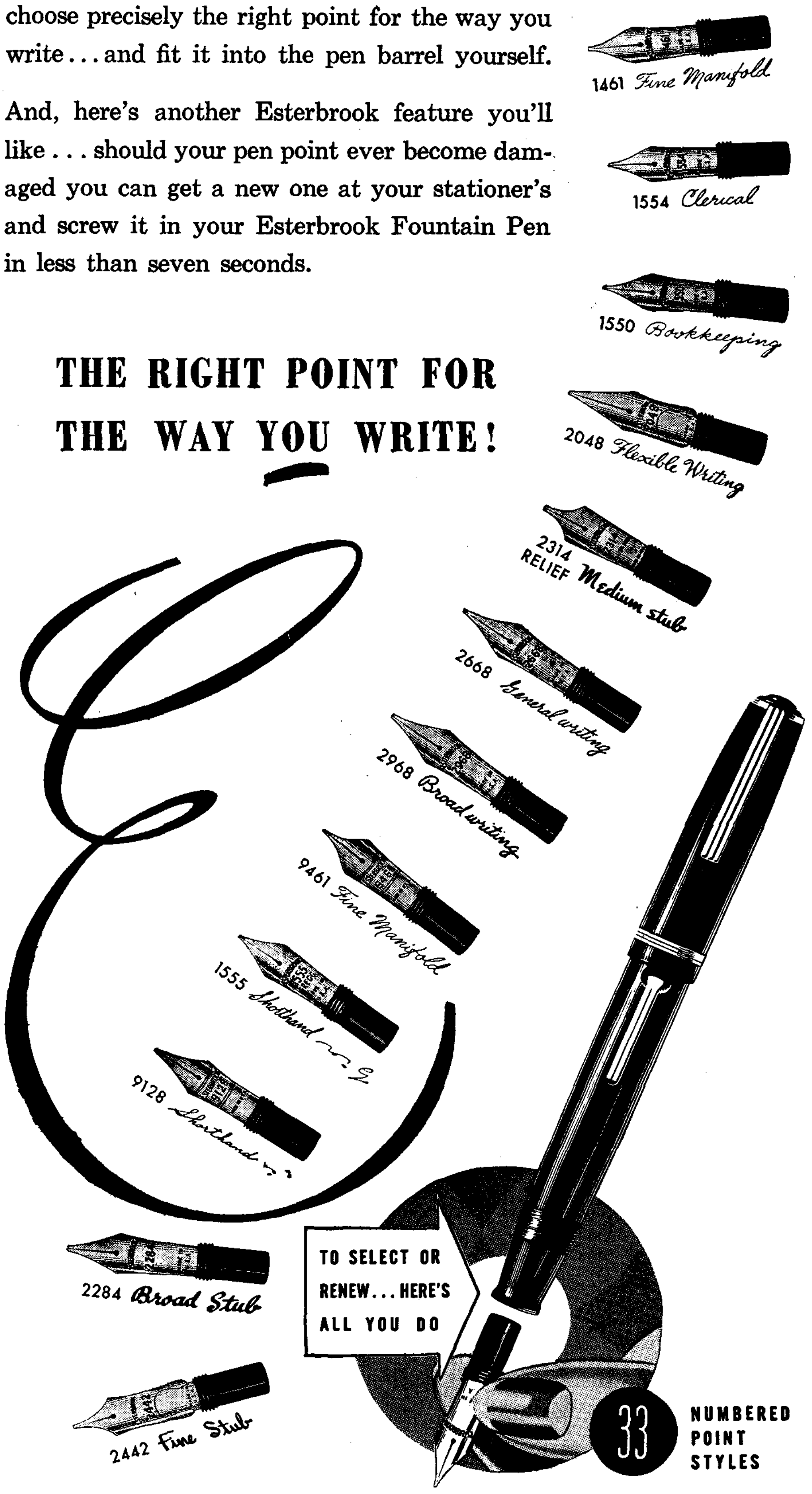
"Isn't it just too sweet of Alfred? Every week he makes me a present of the booby prize he's won at the pinochle club"

COLLIER'S

THIS PEN WRITES *Your* WAY!

No matter how you write . . . big or small, bold or fine . . . Esterbrook is the fountain pen for you. Esterbrook lets you make your choice of 33 different point styles . . . choose precisely the right point for the way you write . . . and fit it into the pen barrel yourself.

And, here's another Esterbrook feature you'll like . . . should your pen point ever become damaged you can get a new one at your stationer's and screw it in your Esterbrook Fountain Pen in less than seven seconds.



THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE!

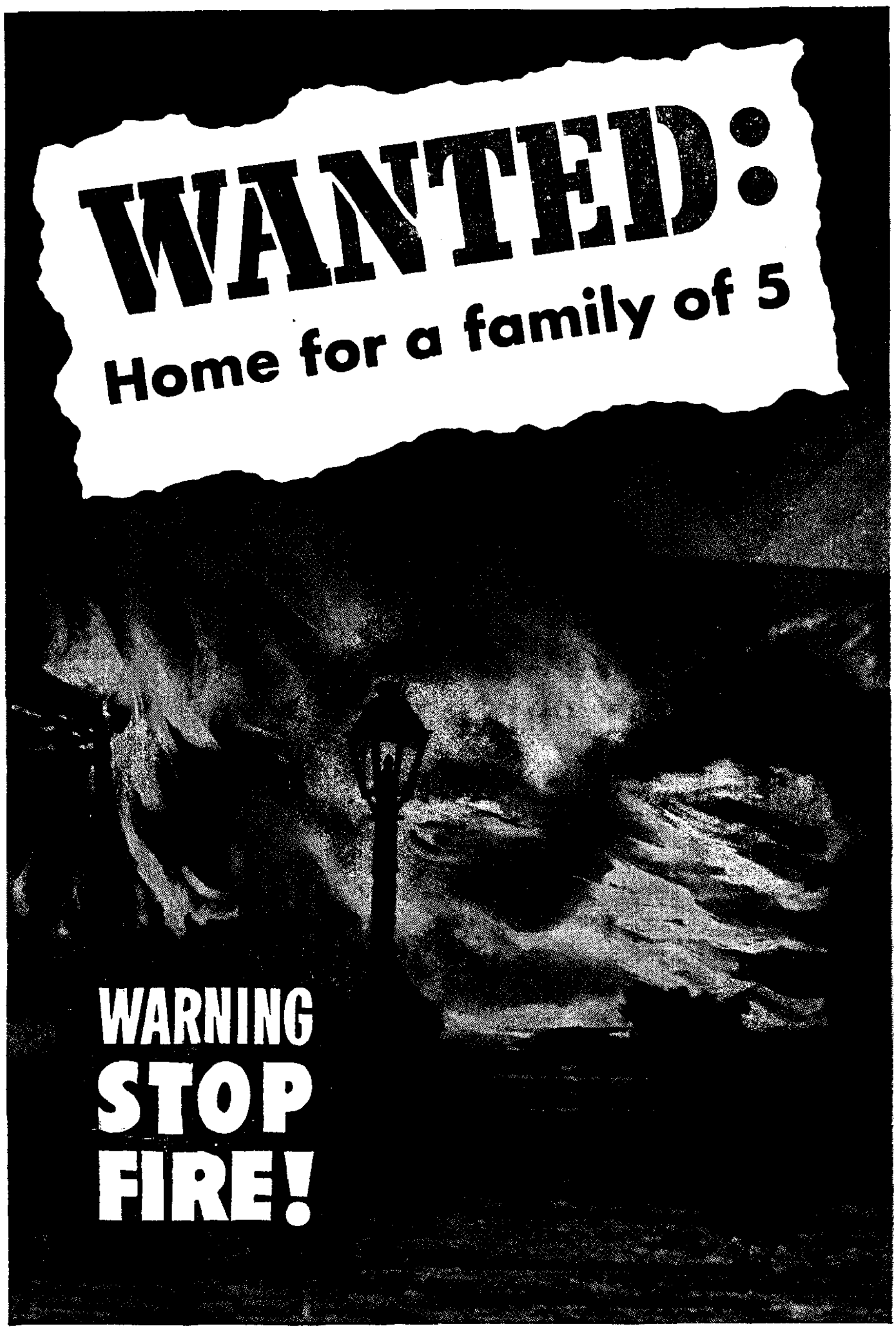
TO SELECT OR RENEW... HERE'S ALL YOU DO

33 NUMBERED POINT STYLES

NO REPAIR DELAY . . . JUST UNSCREW IT . . . THEN "RENEW" IT

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



NEVER have the consequences of fire been as serious as they are now. "Burned out" today may well mean being out of a place to live.

The need for constant fire prevention never has been more urgent. For your own safety, guard against these fire hazards in your home:

1. Careless use of matches and careless smoking habits.
2. Faulty heating and cooking equipment—stoves, furnaces, chimneys, flues and pipes.
3. Misuse of gasoline and all inflammable fluids.
4. Defective wiring and electrical appliances.

And remember: property values today are higher than ever. Don't let fire catch you *under*-insured. Consult your local insurance Agent or Broker. A phone call now may save you thousands of dollars.

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HIGHER WAGES

We have reached the point where the government would actually take in more money if it reduced tax rates, says this leading industrialist. And everyone would get dividends in a lower cost of living

BUSINESS and industrial men know that the surest way to cut volume and profits is to raise their prices so high that people stop buying—to overprice their markets. But somehow or other, this fact of life seems to have escaped the men who decide what federal taxes will be. I believe we have reached the point where Uncle Sam has actually overpriced the tax market.

The federal tax rate of 38 per cent on corporate income, as an example, is so high that it is gradually drying up corporate income. Business is being slowly starved to death. Large and small companies in greater number every year are having to go to the banks and insurance companies for working capital. I believe that this 38 per cent tax is actually operating to reduce the federal revenue. I submit that if the corporate income tax rate were cut from 38 per cent to 20 per cent the government would actually get more money—just as in business you get more profits in dollars if the profit per unit is lowered to the point where vastly more sales are made.

When you talk about corporate income taxes you are likely to leave people pretty cold. It sounds kind of abstract anyway. And why worry about taxes on somebody else—especially a corporation?

That might be all right too—if that is the way it really is. But actually you—the consumer—pay all corporate taxes in the end.

All business costs must come out of the income the business gets through sales of its products. All taxes are part of these costs—and they are part of the price of everything you purchase.

As a consumer and user of everything from bread to locomotives you are the one who finally pays all the costs and all the taxes.

And today things have gotten to the point where you are paying a great many taxes you may never even have heard about.

In 1945 the total national income equaled $152,604,000,000, and the total taxes collected equaled $51,432,000,000. What this all comes down to is that about $15 out of every $45 you earn goes down the chute marked taxes.

When you buy a $1,200 car, for example, you are actually getting only about $900 worth of automobile and approximately $300 in taxes. Two hundred and six separate unseen tax levies are plastered on the various units of a $900 car from the time production on it starts until the time you take it off the dealer's floor.

After you get the car and start using it, the tax bite is put on you regularly mile by mile. The federal gasoline tax of 1½ cents a gallon is one. Oil, tires, parts and accessories are on the tax list too—and each of them comes to you bearing a federal excise tax.

This sort of tax burden does not hit just in automobiles; it covers everything. You've read a lot about the housing problem. What would you think of a house advertisement like this?

"$10,000 gets you a $7,500 house with $2,500 taxes as special hidden features."

That's about the way it is. So don't let yourself get lulled into complacency on this tax business, for it's the Number One item on any shopping list.

The cost of living is obviously high, but it certainly would do no harm to start talking about the need for a little economy in our federal housekeeping.

Let's take a look at some government pay-roll figures. In 1935 there were just under 720,000 civilian employees on the federal pay rolls. Today there are nearly 3,000,000.

What do they all do? Are they all necessary? Have you ever stopped to think that every one of those nearly 3,000,000 employees is living at your expense?

Growth of Federal "Take"

In 1935 the average federal tax was about $25 per person per year. In 1946 the average is about $300. That's quite a jump in anybody's money—and don't forget it is, or rather was, your money. Yet a cut in tax rates can increase real wages, increase profits and increase federal income, all at the same time. That sounds like a self-contradictory statement, doesn't it? But let's analyze it for a minute.

Suppose government taxes were cut

FROM LOWER TAXES

BY JAMES D. MOONEY

PRESIDENT, WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.

in half. Suppose that instead of $15 out of every $45 you earned, taxes were reduced to $7.50 out of every $45. That would, in effect, increase your take-home pay from $30 to $37.50, by cutting down the price of everything you had to buy. For instance it would make that $1,200 car cost you only $1,050, because the tax burden would have been cut from $300 to $150.

Now it doesn't take any crystal-ball gazing to see that if automobiles could be cut from $1,200 to $1,050 there would be a lot more cars sold and a lot more people would be working in the factories that make the cars, in the service stations, and in all the supplier factories as well. More steel would be needed—more jobs in the steel mills. More freight traffic would create jobs for more workers on the railroads and so on, all down the line.

Here is one subject that management and labor ought to get together on. Both management and labor are likely to overlook one all-important fact, namely, that they are *all* consumers and that in the end it is as consumers that high tax rates hit them. Every workman, whether he knows it or not, is working about six hours a week for taxes and for nothing else.

If labor and management ever really got together on that one, they would bring the tax facts home to every man, woman and child in America in such a way that no Congress would resist. Any way you look at it, such a combined fight against waste in government would be the most constructive economic crusade which labor or management has ever undertaken. And it would be a crusade in which everybody would be a winner.

Every three months, come drought or rain, every business in America, large or small, has to step up and plank down 38 per cent of its income in taxes.

Have you ever stopped to figure out just how much of a burden this is? You know from experience in running your own affairs, that it is hard to build up enough cash surplus, or savings, to take care of repairs on the house, doctor bills, insurance and the hundred and one other items that make up your operating budget.

No home and no business can escape the necessity for providing for such expenses. Ordinarily, the first duty of any industrial manager is to keep his working capital intact. He is supposed to set aside enough out of current income to keep the business in shape to pay its bills. That was a tough enough job under any circumstances, but today, with the tax collector coming around every three months and asking for a 38 per cent cut of net income, more and more businesses are finding it necessary to borrow the money to pay the tax bill.

Borrowing and Insolvency

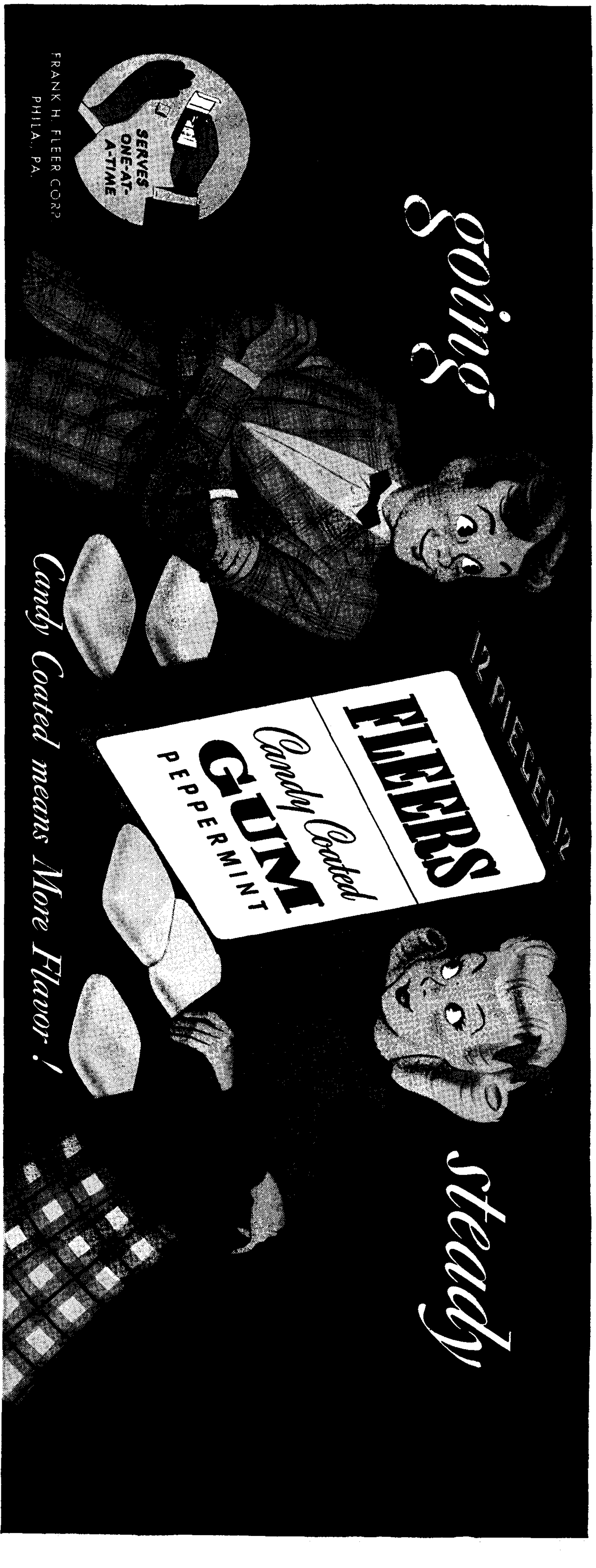
That can't go on too long—because sooner or later there won't be anyone left who will be willing to make the loan. By any rule of business arithmetic no business can be considered solvent if it has to borrow money every quarter to pay its tax bill.

Generally a business is considered well managed if it is able to earn 7 per cent on its working capital over a period of years. As a matter of historic fact, most of them do not earn that much every year. In the past they have been able to lay aside enough in the fat years to carry them through the lean years, at least for a time—*not all of them, mind you;* only the better-managed ones. But now with the tax rate of 38 per cent coming up and hitting them every three months, it is a mighty lucky company that doesn't have to hit the banks for a loan just to pay the tax bill.

The tax structure cries aloud for a comprehensive analysis and reorganization. Piecemeal adjustments and makeshift rearrangements will not meet the needs.

The new Congress can render the nation no greater service than to overhaul the tax structure and streamline it to provide relief for industry and business, higher real wages for workers and sufficient revenue for good government.

If at the same time it cleans out waste and eliminates unnecessary bureaus and employees and gets the governmental machinery oiled up for efficiency and economy, it will win the plaudits of a grateful nation. ★★★



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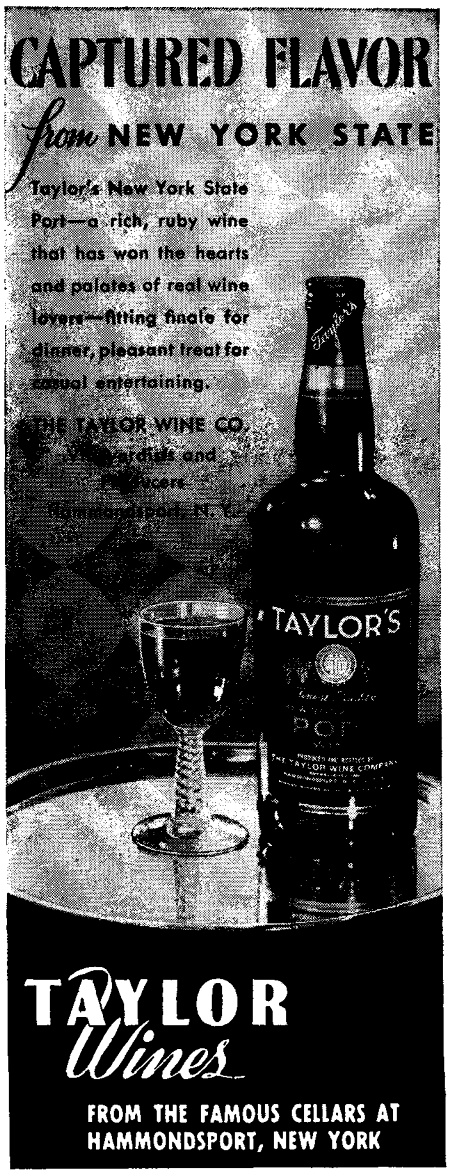

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THE PRINCE OF MYSTERY

Continued from page 17

Egg Trick was not merely a very difficult trick or an incomprehensible trick; it was an apparently *impossible* trick.

Prospero had devised it to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, had performed it first at the Court of St. James's and had featured it prominently in his repertory for a quarter of a century. Like most of Prospero's tricks it required no intricate apparatus, for it had been the master's contention that simplicity was the ultimate art. The Egg Trick required only genius.

On the occasion of its first performance, Prospero had requested an ordinary chicken's egg from the court larder. After holding it delicately in his gloved fingers for a moment he had passed it to a member of the royal household with instructions to boil it in a little silver chafing dish—Prospero's only piece of equipment—in full view of the assembled guests. When the water was bubbling spiritedly about the egg, Prospero had petitioned the queen herself for a ring or a coin or some trinket of similar size, and that not uncircumspect monarch had given him, after carefully noting its date, a halfpenny bit. Once in his hands, the coin vanished. However, when things vanished in Prospero's hands they didn't vanish with a sudden flourish of the arm, but seemed slowly to melt into the immaculate gloves, becoming invisible through progressive stages of transparency.

Prospero had then ordered another member of the royal household to remove the egg from the fire, allow it to cool, inspect it for cracks in its shell and break it open. There, at the very center of the hard-boiled yolk, was the identically dated halfpenny bit.

HARRY had studied the subtleties of the Egg Trick at great length. His conclusions ran as follows: An egg possesses a hard, brittle shell which, once it is broken for the purpose of inserting an object, may not be put back together again. An orange, perhaps, or even a melon, but an egg—never. Yet, even if such a feat were possible, it would not begin to explain Prospero's trick, for at the time he obtained the object later discovered inside the egg, the egg was already submerged in boiling water in plain sight! Substitution was plainly impossible. But even if substitution *were* possible it would explain nothing, for Prospero never went within a dozen feet of the egg after his original examination of it.

Once, in a desperate mood, Harry had even boiled an egg in the same saucepan with his high-school ring in the frenzied hope that some sort of osmosis might take place. Later, as he gloomily munched the egg in his bed, he was forced to reflect that the man who could perform the Egg Trick would surely have to be the greatest magician in the world. And he restricted his future research to fields less exalted.

As the date set for the Eighty-eighth Annual Convention drew closer and his capacity for creation refused to bestir itself, Harry grew weak with despair. Only once did hope brush against him, and then but fleetingly. He had contrived a trick involving a multiple-lined silk scarf which could be manipulated in such a way as to appear mysteriously to change color. He spent a whole week working on the device—planning and sewing and, finally, practicing. Harry gave the trick its first public performance at the Sunday school picnic of the First Congregational Church of Cresskill, New Jersey. It was Harry's misfortune on this occasion, at the climax of his trick, to overhear a small child in the front row remark to his companion. "He just turns the thing inside out like a bag. It's all different colors inside. I'll show you when we get home."

On the day following this event, The Great Prospero encountered Zambini on the corner of 44th Street and Broadway. Zambini had just returned from a twenty-six-week tour of the nation's key cities, on the success of which Variety had commented: ZAM WHAMS, TRICKS STICKS FOR TWENTY-SIX.

Zambini reached out and tapped Harry on the shoulder with his silver-headed stick.

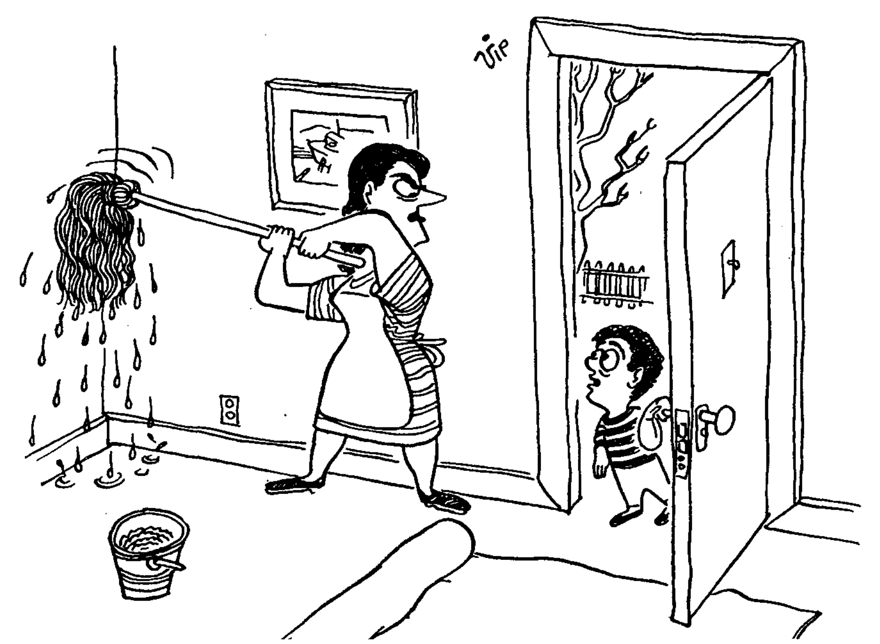
"Harry, my dear boy," he cried, "how are you? You look a bit peaked. You should watch your diet."

"I'm all right," said Harry. "I read about your tour. I guess it was quite a success."

"Success?" Zambini tasted the word for a moment. "Call it a triumph, Harry, and you'll touch closer to the truth. Yes, I think I may say in modesty that this tour was every bit as much a triumph as any the old boy ever made."

"The old boy?" said Harry vaguely.

"Your father, Harry. Who else? He made a few fairly triumphant tours himself, you know."



COLLIER'S "Oh. You were expecting Daddy?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"A few *fairly* triumphant tours!" Harry repeated, a shocked note in his voice. "You mean—you don't mean you're comparing your work with *his?*"

Zambini smiled indulgently. "Harry, my dear boy," he said, "we must learn to face facts. All of us are inclined sometimes to exaggerate the great of the past in our imagination. A very natural and human sentimentalization, Harry."

"But—" stammered Harry, "—but he taught you everything you know! You were his assistant, his—his pupil!"

"And Michelangelo, Harry, was a sometime pupil of Leonardo. There is a school of art which holds— Dear me, I believe we're in for a shower," Zambini interrupted himself, glancing at the sky where an ominous-looking cloud had suddenly drifted across the sun.

"But, Zambini," Harry persisted, as though he could not believe his ears, "you can't work in gloves! Nobody can. You can't—can't do the Egg Trick!"

Zambini brushed his finger delicately against his waxed mustache. "I confess I always regarded your father's gloves, if I may say so, Harry, as an affectation in rather dubious taste."

Harry shuddered.

"As to the Egg Trick," continued Zambini, "I wouldn't go so far as to say I *couldn't* perform it, Harry. Let us ask, rather, whether I don't prefer to confine my performance to illusions of more—ah—consequence. You see, Harry, the egg—" Zambini was prevented from finishing his thought by the sudden appearance of a giant beer truck which, seemingly out of control, was careening toward him with two wheels on the sidewalk. He bounded agilely and flattened himself against a building, but the truck, dodging past Harry, seemed almost to pursue Zambini. It heaved by him at last, missing his handsome frame by an inch, then returned to the river of traffic which swallowed it.

It was a moment before Zambini ventured cautiously back onto the sidewalk to rejoin Harry, his face perceptibly paler. "That driver should be arrested, Harry!" he cried indignantly. "Why, I might have been killed!"

"It was a close call," said Harry.

"Well, well." Zambini shrugged, and seemed to regain some of his composure. "Now, what was I saying? I'm afraid it's slipped my mind. I'll see you at the Eighty-eighth Banquet, won't I, Harry? Tomorrow night?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"You must come, my dear boy. We'll expect some little illusion from you. As chairman, I'll be delighted to put you on the program. You could open the show perhaps." Zambini ran his fingers lightly through his crest of white hair and contrived in a gesture to give it a distinguished and artistic appearance. "We're having a delicious dinner, Harry," Zambini continued. "The *pièce de résistance* is to be steak—ah—*Filet Mignon à la Zambini.*"

Harry gasped. *"A la Zambini!"*

"In honor of my little tour," Zambini explained. "But don't think the name of Prospero has been left out, Harry. Not for a minute. There's to be a *Consommé à la Prospero.* A clear soup. Very nice."

"Look out!" screamed Harry. He lunged wildly at Zambini and succeeded in throwing the magician off balance. A split second later a full whisky bottle hurtled to the sidewalk and shattered into a thousand pieces on the spot where Zambini had been standing.

After a while Zambini rose unsteadily to his feet. For a time he looked up at the forty-story hotel behind him in silence, then he said slowly, "This is a

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● **She survived** a nightmare of cruelty and terror. Struggling against cold, starvation and disease, she was unwanted, hunted, sick and weary almost unto death. Then your mercy—your generosity—brought a light of hope into her miserable world. That light must not go out.

● **Thousands** upon thousands of her people have been fed, clothed, and given shelter. Countless war-ravaged bodies have been mended. Families without number have been reunited and returned to their homes. Still others have been helped to find new lives in Palestine. Many who have found haven in America have received aid in readjusting themselves. But the shadow of war and oppression is deep and hard to erase. The wounds are far greater than anticipated and much slower to heal.

● **Today,** because of unforeseen circumstances, the number of Jewish displaced persons is three times as great as a year ago. These homeless Jews of Europe face another crisis in their bitter struggle to survive. Whether they live or die is squarely up to you . . . and your conscience. Because the task of mercy is so great, the United Jewish Appeal this year is asking for more help than ever before—$170,000,000—a sum that can be raised only through the utmost generosity and active support on the part of every American.

● **In mercy's** name, give all you can to the campaign for the United Jewish Appeal in your community. Give more of your time, more of your heart, and more of your money than you can afford. No financial offering you can make, however great, can match the sufferings of those you help.

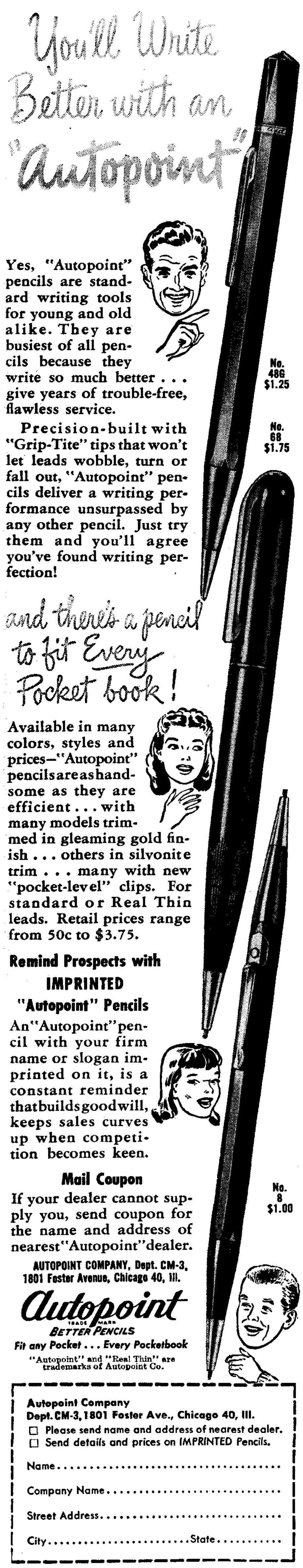
● **Remember,** you have given them hope. Now, you must not take it away. Hope is all they have. You must not let the light of hope go out.

$170,000,000 Campaign

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., *General Chairman*
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

on behalf of Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal, United Service for New Americans

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL



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very dangerous corner, Harry. I think I'll just run on over to the Lambs Club and lie down for a bit."

When Harry reached his rooming house a few minutes later he was stopped at the front door by a messenger boy who had evidently been waiting for him. The boy was small and plump and pink-cheeked, and on his visored cap was a gold insignia which was unfamiliar to Harry. In fact, his entire uniform, which was sky blue in color, was unlike those worn by any messenger service which Harry knew.

The boy smiled at Harry with charming ingenuousness. "Mr. Prospero?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Package for you, Mr. Prospero. Sign here." The boy held out a blank piece of paper and a mechanical gold pencil, then turned his back obligingly so that Harry might use his shoulder as a surface on which to sign.

"Who's it from?" Harry asked, when he had signed and taken the small, oblong package, for there was no indentification of any sort on its wrapping.

The boy smiled his engaging smile again. "I'm new. I'm only supposed to deliver," he said. "I'd better hurry."

"Busy?" asked Harry.

"Pretty," the boy said, and he moved off at a brisk pace.

Harry carried the package to his room and sat down on the edge of his bed to open it. The only packages he ever received were from a magicians' mail-order house in Toledo, but he had ordered nothing, and anyway those packages always came through the mail and were not wrapped in gold paper. This paper was so pretty that Harry folded it carefully and patted it smooth, thinking he might find some future use for it to brighten up some piece of equipment. Then he took the lid off the box.

INSIDE was a layer of tissue paper, and underneath, a pair of white kid gloves. They were the exquisite work of a master glover, made of the finest skins and sewn with silk thread in stitches so closely spaced that Harry had to squint up his eyes to see them at all. On the back of each glove was the letter P. The initial was in Old English and had been meticulously painted with a fine brush in scarlet, outlined in gold.

Harry stared hard at the gloves. Their shape, their texture, their workmanship and, of course, the P—everything about the gloves he recognized instantly. They were his father's gloves; rather, they were gloves such as his father had worn, such as Prospero had had made to his particular specifications by a celebrated London glover. Doubtless the old firm had learned that Harry was, at least nominally, following in his father's footsteps and had sent him the gloves as a polite reminder of their superior craftsmanship. The irony of the gift communicated itself to Harry and weighed on him mightily. The gloves could not have been more useless to him. They wouldn't even keep his hands warm.

He tried them on. They fitted him snugly, perfectly. They seemed, however, to do more than that. There came over Harry's fingers a wholly unfamiliar sensation. There was a lightness, an acute sensitivity of touch such as Harry's awkward hands had never known. It was very curious.

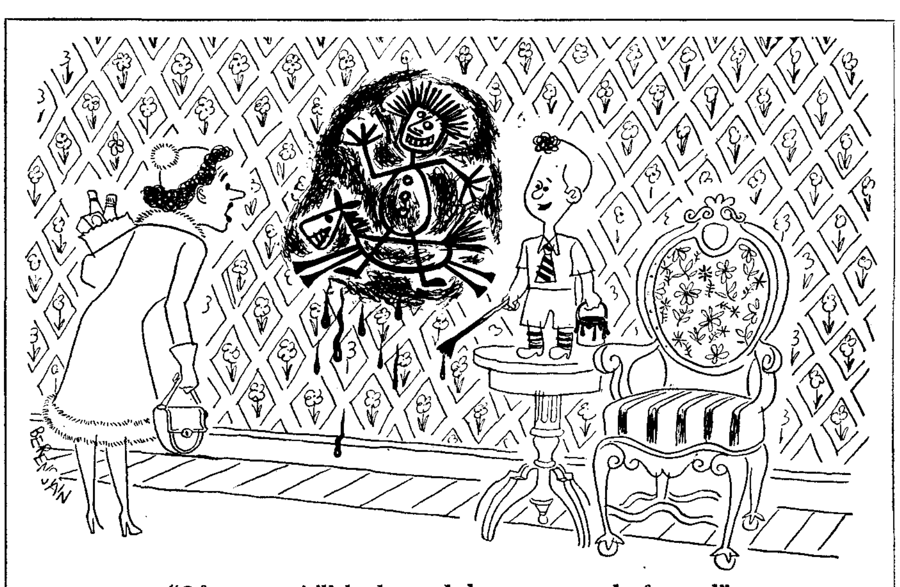
Harry began to fiddle with a pack of cards. As he fingered them, they fanned and darted and came and went in his gloved hands with incredible nimbleness. Their manipulation was for him effortless—almost, it seemed, involuntary. Harry got up from the edge of his bed, trying to remain calm. He held out his hands and stared at them blankly. The gilt-and-scarlet P stared back at him, trembling fuzzily in his vision. He moved unsteadily across the little room and stood before his mirror. The cards behaved with similar virtuosity in his reflection. Harry's whole body was shaking violently now. "Holy cats!" he whispered reverently. "Holy, suffering cats!"

It was not until an hour later that Harry thought of the Egg Trick. When he did think of it he had to sit down for a moment to calm himself, for Harry was growing weak under the impact of unlikely events. After a time he went to the window and took an egg out of a paper bag on the fire escape. It was an ordinary, barnyard-variety egg. Harry placed it in a dented saucepan on his one-burner gas range. He filled the saucepan with water, lighted the range and returned to the mirror.

Then he took up his high-school ring from the top of his dresser and held it between gloved thumb and forefinger. "Now, gentlemen, I ask you to watch closely," Harry said to his reflection. "In my hand you will observe a perfectly ordinary—" But Harry did not complete this sentence because when he looked at his joined thumb and forefinger the ring was no longer there. It seemed to have grown impatient of Harry's preliminaries and decided on independent action.

Harry shivered.

After a while he went over to the stove and took the egg out of the saucepan and broke it open. When he saw his high-school ring nestling at the center of the egg, The Great Prospero, Prince of Mystery, fainted dead away.



"Of course, it'll look much better properly framed"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

The Eighty-eighth Annual Convention of Magicians and Prestidigitators could not believe its ears.

"The Egg Trick," said Harry, slipping on his gloves, "with gloves."

There was no need to say more. There was not a man in the room who had not privately concluded that the Egg Trick was impossible.

"Now, if I may have an assistant, please. Anyone at all. Zambini? Thank you." Harry waited while Zambini mounted the stage, watching the tolerant smile spread across the magician's face Presently they stood side by side.

"Harry, my dear boy," Zambini whispered indulgently, "don't be an ass."

"If you will be kind enough to examine the egg, sir," Harry replied politely.

Zambini shrugged, glanced at the egg; and the trick was under way. Harry worked only in pantomime, as his father had done. He shunned the crude device of patter, inviting undistracted attention. At last Zambini broke open the egg and extracted from it the pearl shirt stud he had contributed for the purpose. For a long time he stared at the stud in silent disbelief. Then he left the stage.

The gentlemen of the Eighty-eighth Annual Convention ran riot. They stamped their feet and stood on their chairs and they shouted the name of Prospero. They demanded the Egg Trick again; and after Harry, beaming happily, had performed it a third time, the distinguished Mephisto rose from his place and addressed his colleagues.

"Gentlemen," he said gravely, "it appears that an error has somehow slipped into the menu for this evening's banquet. The *filet mignon* seems—inadvertently, I'm sure—to have been misnamed. Let us take our pencils and correct it." Mephisto waited while the magicians fished for their pencils. "Now," he went on, "let us all write in the place of honor the greatest name that magic has ever known: *Filet Mignon à la Prospero!*"

A hundred pencils scratched, a hundred voices cheered. Harry sat and smiled into his plate, and his eyes stung hotly in his happiness. . . .

ON HIS way home through the cool evening, Harry stopped for a moment to do a little clog step on the deserted sidewalk. He had had several glasses of *Champagne à la Mephisto,* and he was rich with a sense of well-being. In his pocket were the business cards of the three biggest circuits' representatives, which those gentlemen had pressed upon him.

Harry took a coin out of his pocket and made it vanish nimbly in his gloved fingers. It was funny, he thought, that he had not tried working in gloves before. It wasn't harder really, once you got the hang of it; it was easier. Anyway it was easier if you happened to be The Prince of Mystery. Harry did another brief clog step and continued his train of thought. What was it Zambini had said? Something about the greatness of the dead becoming exaggerated in our imaginations. Quite a philosopher, that Zambini, even if he wasn't much of a magician. Now, take my father, Harry said to himself, he was a good magician. No question about it. He could do the Egg Trick. On the other hand, of course, so can I. In fact, I can do any trick the old boy did. In fact, you *might* even say that I—

A terrifying crash split the stillness, as a flowerpot filled with earth whizzed past Harry's nose and shattered on the sidewalk at his feet. Harry did not even look up. "As I was saying," he said aloud, in a voice that shook only imperceptibly, "Zambini or anybody else can say what they like, but there will *never,* no, not even a thousand years from now, be a magician even half as great as my father!"

Harry started walking again, and when he had reached the end of the block he looked carefully up into the cool sky. A three-quarter moon had just slipped out from behind a bank of clouds, and its crooked face seemed to smile on him.

THE END

MR. ARTHUR LITTLE, JR., DISTINGUISHED PUBLISHER

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Not one to stand on her dignity as a judge, Anna Kross meets the kids on their own ground. She likes them, and they love and respect her

The friend of people in trouble—prostitutes, petty gamblers, peddlers, juvenile delinquents — that's Judge Anna Kross, who believes in action instead of resolutions

ANNIE, THE POOR MAN'S JUDGE

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

IT WAS Saturday night in Harlem, and under the shaded lights of the Symphony Club the boys were having what they call a little sociable game. In the midst of it the police stormed in, grabbed the chips and the cards, sardined the players into a Black Maria and locked them up for the night.

Next morning they were in Magistrates Court before Judge Anna M. Kross. A red-faced policeman took the stand and testified that he had "entered the premises and observed the defendants engaged in what may be described as a game of chance, to wit, blackjack, and conducting themselves in a loud and boisterous manner, what with a quantity of chips and money deployed and arrayed upon the table."

The defendants squeezed the brims of their hats, looking up at the bench like sheep matriculating at an abattoir. As one of them later recounted, "I was already figuring out what month it would be when I finished my ninety days."

Judge Kross tossed her pen back in its inkwell, drew herself up to the top height her five-foot-two frame would allow, and said to the complainant policeman, "Officer, when you get around to raiding the Union League Club or any of those clubs where rich men hang out, I'll consider punishing these boys. Case dismissed!"

Cases such as this caused a French journalist to refer to Anna Kross as *juge de l'homme pauvre,* the poor man's judge. A pint-sized woman of fifty-five, with hair as frowzy as Einstein's and nearly as much energy as he saw in the atom, Judge Kross has spent most of her thirteen years in New York City Magistrates Court looking out for the rights and welfare of the little man, or more particularly the little woman. Her native bent toward feminism became a permanent and growing flection the day she first walked into court as a lady lawyer, and an acid judge remarked, "Will counsel for the defense kindly remove her hat!"

But as a feminist she has never forgotten that she is a female. She has a husband, two daughters, and a hat with red and green feathers whorled on top. Never one to go for the boyish bob and derby hat which other Portias have affected, Judge Kross wears blue silk dresses with white dickeys and occasionally uses lipstick off the bench. In the best feminine tradition she has an alligator handbag the size of a moving van.

As a judge she once epitomized herself with the line, "I am not as much interested in what section of the law a man has violated as I am in what is his problem." Her interest in helping accused persons solve their problems has made her, as one court attaché puts it, "a friend of the misfortunate." It is not unusual to hear a Bowery bum or a patchy-pants peddler walk out of her court saying, "Good old Annie," under his breath. At various stages of her career she has befriended prostitutes, runaway girls, petty gamblers, peddlers, errant husbands and erring wives. She is convinced, as a result of a nation-wide survey which she made for the City of New York, that the problems of people are pretty much the same whether they hang their hats in New York, Chicago, Denver, Walla Walla, or Martins Ferry.

This urge to throw a life line to people in trouble has focused Judge Kross' attention today on the tens of thousands of bobbing specks upon our national sea, which, for lack of a better name, have been called juvenile delinquents.

A few years ago five boys from the Washington Heights section of New York were brought into her court charged with beating up a soldier. Washington Heights had spawned a number of such cases: street brawls, vandalism, roving gangs of vest-pocket Capones. Far from viewing the defendants as *bad boys* and prescribing a legal rap across the knuckles, Anna Kross whispered to the court clerk, "Something is rotten here. I'm going to investigate."

The neighborhood, she learned, was an arid wasteland for youth. Some twenty gangs of teen agers roamed the streets, lost on the trackless sands between childhood and maturity, having no direction but trouble. Judge Kross called a meeting of two hundred parents, neighborhood educators, clergymen and welfare workers. From it emerged the Washington Heights and Inwood Citizens' Committee for Youth, an organization that started out by admitting that youth is no better than the soil it grows in, and went on to provide fertility.

In the summer of 1944, Judge Kross, already corralled as a youth saver by the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, went as a delegate to the national convention of the General Federation in St. Louis. When the problem of juvenile delinquency arose, the assembled ladies, with a flourish of lorgnettes, dusted off an old resolution which had lain upon their books for six years and renewed it for another six years.

Little Annie gulped. She slowly rose to her feet and in icily measured tones told the lady delegates, "This just means that you haven't done anything about it for six years and you propose to do nothing about it for six years more!"

The painful silence that followed was finally broken by ample, good-natured Mrs. La Fell Dickinson, president of the General Federation. She allowed that Judge Kross probably had something there and suggested the little lady from New York recommend a proper youth program at the next session. When Annie laid it on the line the next day, calling for *action* instead of *(Continued on page* 47*)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

resolutions, the lady delegates shook the rafters with applause. Out of their ardor grew the Federation's Youth Conservation Committee, headed by Judge Kross, with a mandate to *do something* about juvenile delinquency.

Not used to dealing in peanuts, Judge Kross suggested her committee might require $250,000. Madame Dickinson gasped, "My dear, you're talking in telephone numbers. We usually allocate $100." Little Annie strenuously doubted that you could save the youth of America for $100, and she finally persuaded the ladies to dip into the sock for an initial appropriation of $25,000. By now her Youth Conservation Committee has a $1,000,000 program under way, backed by one of the largest cohesive forces in America—the Federation's 16,500 women's clubs with 2,500,000 members. Judge Kross runs the show from New York, but in nearly every city and hamlet of the nation her ladies are in there pitching.

In the state of Washington, fifty youth recreation centers have already been opened, with more on the way. Washington clubwomen have set up Round Tables for Youth, in which the teen agers hash out their own problems. They've provided wholesome homes for delinquents who must be detained, sparing them the trauma of jails.

Safeguards Against Delinquency

In Illinois they're building a cottage camp for delinquent boys modeled after famous Boys' Town. They've started Cinema Clubs and a Youth Previewing Committee to look over Hollywood's output and demand better young people's movies. Wyoming has its Youth Theater, New Jersey its Youth Forums, and Montana its Youth Athletic Leagues.

A city-wide Youth Council is providing its own teen-age new deal in Beaumont, Texas, while all over the state, clubwomen are reclaiming old USO buildings and refurnishing them as Teen-Age Canteens. A Youth Employment Agency has been set up in Virginia, a dental clinic in Waycross, Ga., a Mobile Eye Clinic in New Jersey. Throughout the country, Federation clubwomen have burgeoned out more than a thousand teen-age taverns, hobby clubs, youth orchestras, painting and drawing clubs, vocational-aid groups, health clinics, youth theaters.

Little Annie has surrounded herself with a youth brain trust of twelve experts headed by Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman, professor at the New York School of Social Work. On top of it all she has established a Youth Conservation Clearing House to unify the youth activities of fourteen national do-good organizations so they won't duplicate one another or step on one another's toes. Governors of thirteen states already have lined up behind the General Federation youth program, but Little Annie is gunning for all forty-eight.

"We've come out of the *dear ladies* stage," she says with an outthrust jaw. "American women have taken over the youth problem as their baby!" To which Mrs. La Fell Dickinson adds, "We intend to work on it forever."

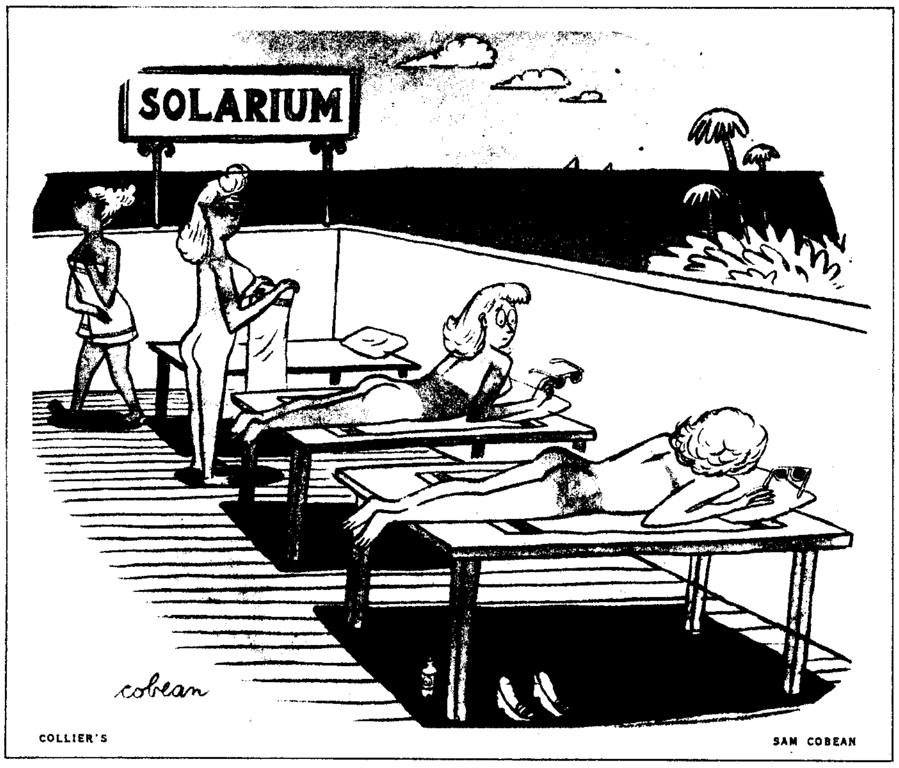
Mrs. Dickinson is convinced that youth maladjustment, far from being exclusively a big-city problem, is equally the concern of small towns. It was a delinquency outburst in her home town of Keene, N. H., population 16,000, which first acquainted her with the problem.

Teen agers can do a lot if given a chance, Judge Kross is certain. She was disappointed that they weren't put in charge of the recent clothing drive for liberated Europe. "This was the perfect chance to give youth a vital, working part in our society," she remarks. "But instead it was given to Nelson Rockefeller and Henry Kaiser. They're too busy doing other things. I bet we'd have collected more clothes if we had let the teen agers all over the country handle it."

Judge Kross sees lack of participation in modern life as one of the big grievances of young people. She recalls the old days of expansive family life, of games of lotto in the living room and charades and apple-bobbing, contrasted with the cramped apartments and the juke joints of today. Or the free and easy chances to earn a living in the Alger days, contrasted with the barricades along our modern economic avenues. "It means that the teen years are years of anxiety. The kids just don't feel they *belong*. We've got to help them over that gap," Judge Kross insists. On an idle Saturday she thinks nothing of driving to Princeton, N. J., or taking a train to Washington or New Haven to spur the local folks to greater efforts.

Her feeling about youth, about people in trouble and about just plain people is a natural bubbling over from her own youth in the melting pot of New York. Like so many who have risen high from the fecund tenements of the Lower East Side, she has carried with her an identity with humanity en masse, the humanity which teems and weeps but always hopes.

Her parents, Esther Leah and Maier Moscowitz, brought her to this country from Nishwez, Russia, when she was a



..."take 5"

Alonzo Lowe has moved the snow
His Revelation's burning slow,
So now he can forget the drive
And just sit back, relax,
..."take 5"

MAN, what satisfaction you get when a job is done and you Relax with Revelation. That's the time to "take 5". . . five minutes of pure pleasure . . . to enjoy the real, mellowed-in-the-leaf fragrance of this pipe-smoker's delight.

Here is Journey's End for every man who seeks the perfect smoke. For here, awaiting the magic touch of your match, are *five* flavorful tobaccos.

Pour some Revelation into your hand and count the five. Look—there's Burley for body, Carolina for color, Virginia for vigor, Latakia for lusciousness, and Perique for piquancy.

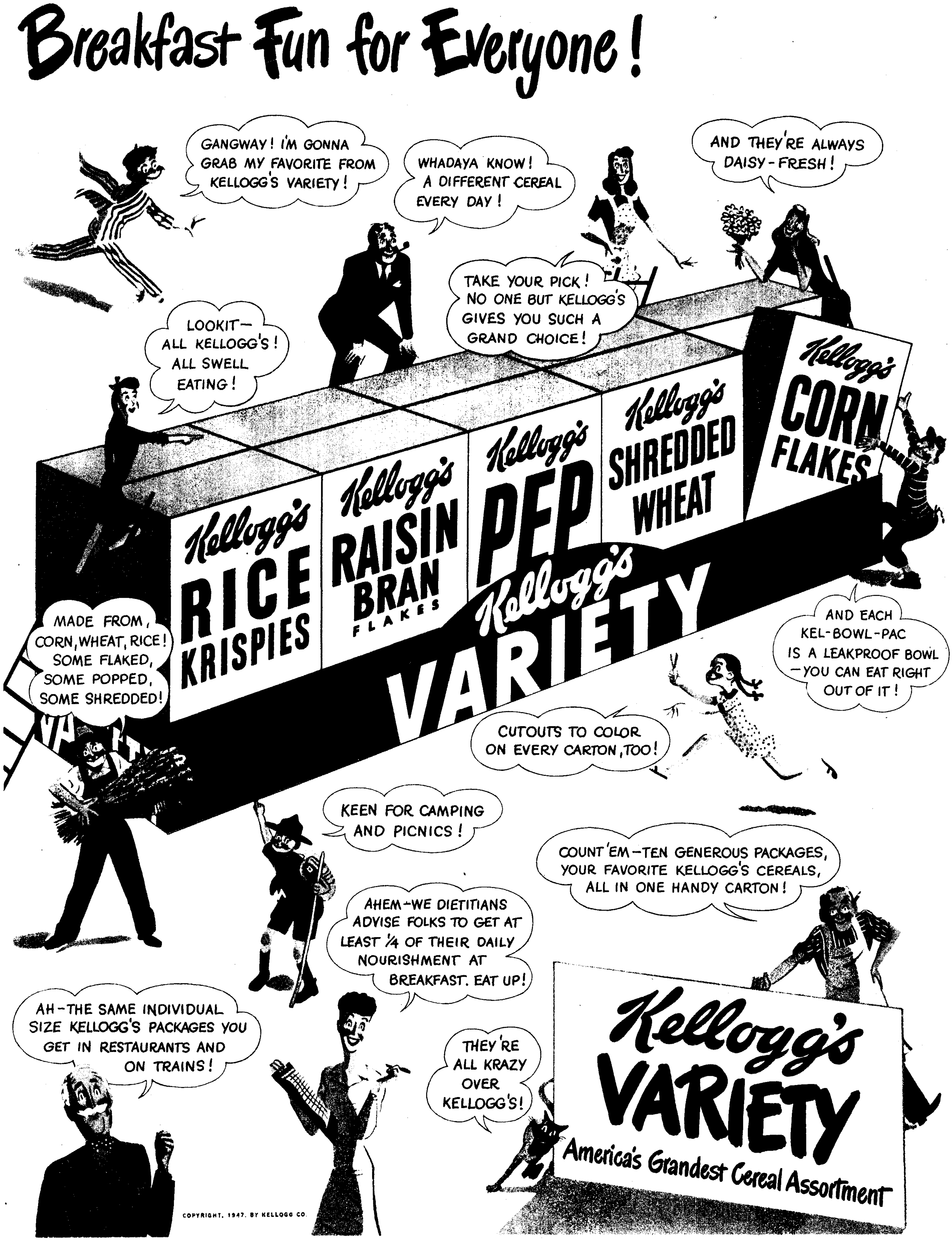
Now light up—settle back and "take 5". Surrender yourself to contentment—let Revelation blandish, soothe and comfort you.

Tug gently at that well-loved pipe . . . take your unhurried time. No need to huff and puff. Revelation's blend of free-burning and slow-burning tobaccos—*stays lit*, smokes even, clean, cool.

-take 5 ...take Revelation!

5 GLORIOUS TOBACCOS IN ONE GREAT BLEND
1. BURLEY 2. CAROLINA 3. VIRGINIA 4. LATAKIA 5. PERIQUE
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"

Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS


Breakfast Fun for Everyone!
GANGWAY! I'M GONNA GRAB MY FAVORITE FROM KELLOGG'S VARIETY!
WHADAYA KNOW! A DIFFERENT CEREAL EVERY DAY!
AND THEY'RE ALWAYS DAISY-FRESH!
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LOOKIT— ALL KELLOGG'S! ALL SWELL EATING!
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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's VARIETY
MADE FROM, CORN, WHEAT, RICE! SOME FLAKED, SOME POPPED, SOME SHREDDED!
AND EACH KEL-BOWL-PAC IS A LEAKPROOF BOWL —YOU CAN EAT RIGHT OUT OF IT!
CUTOUTS TO COLOR ON EVERY CARTON, TOO!
KEEN FOR CAMPING AND PICNICS!
COUNT 'EM—TEN GENEROUS PACKAGES, YOUR FAVORITE KELLOGG'S CEREALS, ALL IN ONE HANDY CARTON!
AHEM—WE DIETITIANS ADVISE FOLKS TO GET AT LEAST ¼ OF THEIR DAILY NOURISHMENT AT BREAKFAST. EAT UP!
AH—THE SAME INDIVIDUAL SIZE KELLOGG'S PACKAGES YOU GET IN RESTAURANTS AND ON TRAINS!
THEY'RE ALL KRAZY OVER KELLOGG'S!
Kellogg's VARIETY
America's Grandest Cereal Assortment

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year old. Maier, a scholar but a poor businessman, eked out a precarious living making buttonholes. He took his work home so Anna, whose fingers were more agile than his, could help with the difficult gimp and backstitch.

The one thing Maier promised his daughter in America was a good education. Anna's earliest memory is of workmen putting up Public School No. 7 at Hester and Chrystie streets, which she thought at the time was being constructed especially for her. Her concept of American freedom, a precious yet volatile thing, included both the brotherhood of the melting pot and fears engendered when a Jew-baiter threw a Seltzer bottle into the midst of her family's Succoth ceremony.

Maier didn't do well with his buttonholes. One summer Anna and her mother had only one pair of shoes between them. They had to take turns going out of doors. When Anna graduated from P. S. No. 7 she stayed away from the exercises because the family could not afford the rental of a white silk dress. While at high school she earned a little money teaching English to immigrants and working spare time in a suspender factory. She went on into teacher training, dropped out because it bored her, and at seventeen won a scholarship to New York University Law School.

One day Eddie Cantor's grandmother, who made a living selling candles, came to Anna's house with a problem. Eddie was hanging around the restaurants entertaining with the singing waiters, and Grandma was sure he was going to the dogs. Annie said no—"Let the kid express himself."

Anna graduated from law school in 1910, a classmate of Fiorello La Guardia, but had to wait two years to be admitted to the bar because she wasn't yet twenty-one. Maier Moscowitz was surprised to see his Annie a lawyer but philosophized, "In America, a girl can be anything." Annie was not so sure. She was already hobnobbing with suffragettes and asserting in their earnest confabulations, "A woman has to be 100 per cent better than a man to get fifty per cent of the credit." She marched with Inez Milholland in New York's first woman-suffrage parade.

The New York State Suffrage Association assigned her to investigate the Women's Night Court, into which harlots were haled in a garish parade of rouge and sequins to the delectation of high-society slummers who came down to witness the proceedings. Annie was quick to sense the sadism in all this and was revolted. She looked beyond the rouge and sequins and saw unfortunate women. She insisted that it took two to make a prostitute, and frequently she leaped to her feet to demand, "Where are the men? Why don't I see any men here?"

The Wolf That Caught a Tartar

At two o'clock one morning she was waiting for a streetcar near the Williamsburgh Bridge, on her way to Women's Night Court, when a man began flashing optical signals at her with the subtlety of an airplane beacon. He sidled up and inquired, "Want to come out for a good time?"

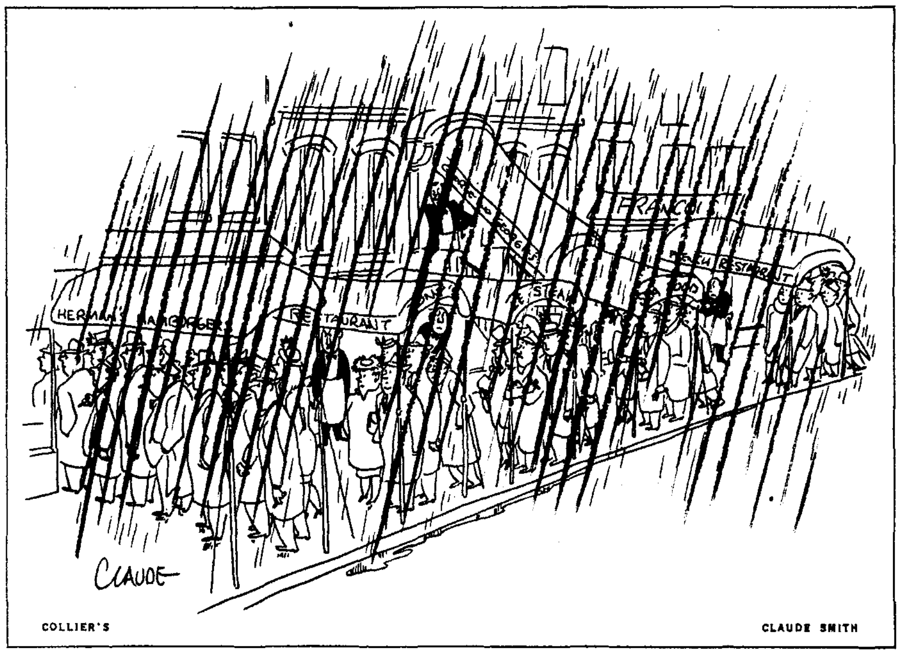
His wolf's heart probably would have frozen had he known he was addressing the prostitution investigator for a woman-suffrage association, but Anna Kross said, "Sure, let's have a good time." She even suggested a convenient hotel, one just a couple of doors up from where she knew she would find a policeman on night beat. When she and her ersatz Romeo came abreast of the cop, Anna tightened her thin hand like a vise around the fellow's wrist and sang out, "Officer, arrest this man. He solicited me!" She had the sweet revenge of haling the wolf before the bar and serving as both lawyer and complaining witness against him.

In 1913 the Church of the Ascension engaged Annie to head its committee for legal aid to prostitutes. She kept hammering at district attorneys, judges and politicians until, in 1918, the Women's Night Court was abolished. In New York today, prostitution cases are held over for daytime hearing in a special Women's Court where, in contrast to the side show for slummers, the defendants are arraigned in privacy behind large wooden partitions to shield them from gawkers.

Prostitution, Anna feels, is a problem in every city in America whether practiced openly in red-light districts or in clandestine hotels. You don't begin to solve it, either in New York or Dubuque, until you get around to viewing the shady lady as a human being in trouble.

Anna married a young surgeon, Dr. Isidor Kross, on April 5, 1917, the day he sailed for Europe with the Harvard Medical Unit to serve with the British and later the American Army in World War I. She had by this time built up a thriving law practice, mainly among labor unions, at one time representing seventy-five of them including the carpenters, plasterers, machinists, hod carriers and structural iron workers. Upon all this she closed her desk in June, 1917, and sailed for England to engage in welfare work among the troops.

Shortly after her return, Anna Kross in 1918 became the first woman Assistant Corporation Counsel for New York City, a post from which she resigned in 1923 to resume private law practice.



COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH

In the decade that followed, until her appointment to the bench, Anna Kross gave birth to three girls, one of whom died at age five.

Once, while she was in the last stages of pregnancy, an ardent district attorney insisted on going ahead with a case in which she was defending counsel, despite her pleas for an adjournment. When the judge, too, agreed that the case should go on, Anna Kross phoned him and asked, "All right, Your Honor, I'll be down as soon as I get together some absorbent cotton and white sheets. I've got to be prepared to have my baby in the courtroom." The judge, appalled at the thought, and with absolutely no skill at midwifery, granted counsel her adjournment.

When, sometime later, the case came to trial, Anna Kross told the jury, "My reason for the adjournment may not have been legal—but believe me it was legitimate!"

As one of his last official acts, on December 31, 1933, Mayor John P. O'Brien appointed Anna Kross a Magistrate of the City of New York. She took office the next day along with her new boss and college classmate, Fiorello La Guardia.

Now feeling herself in a position really to deliver for unfortunate women, Judge Kross undertook a survey of all prostitution cases in the courts. She came up with a recommendation that Women's Court be eliminated altogether and replaced by a commission to deal with prostitution as a social and medical problem, not a criminal one. This, right as rain though it was, failed to satisfy the Little Flower of City Hall. Judge Kross had to content herself with establishing a squad of lady lawyers, known as "Judge Kross' Panel," to defend indigent women accused of prostitution.

Not only these cases, but nine out of ten of the others that appeared before her—shoplifting, begging, peddling without a license, family abandonment, sexual deviation, petty gambling, drunkenness—impressed Little Annie as basically social problems.

When young boys came before her accused of putting slugs in the subway turnstiles, Annie couldn't let herself plaster them with a criminal record. She got the Board of Education to handle these cases, same as they would handle spit-ball throwing. She persuaded Macy's department store to call a special board meeting on shoplifting. They agreed to withdraw criminal charges in cases of kleptomania, where the defendant obviously needed psychiatric help.

In a report in 1936, she wrote, "Sixteen- to twenty-one-year-old boys make up the largest single group arrested for larceny and burglary in New York City. The magistrate who sees these maladjusted individuals every day is aware that this is no routine matter of crime and punishment, but with the machinery at his command he can do little to salvage or rehabilitate them."

Little Annie provided the machinery a few months later. She set up the Magistrates Court Social Service Bureau staffed with social workers and psychologists to trace cases back to the home and the family and the neighborhood. Next she organized the Wayward Minors Court, an intimate, friendly court stripped of legal falderal, for teen-aged girls in difficulty. More and more, Little Annie's courtroom became an instrument for help rather than punishment. Her Social Service Bureau has been a pattern for similar reforms in dozens of cities.

La Guardia, who considered himself fifty years ahead of the times and Anna Kross a hundred years ahead of him, reappointed her for a ten-year term in 1940. But at the swearing-in ceremony he shook the official certificate under her nose and said, "See, Anna, it says here —*City Magistrate.* I don't need a Felix Frankfurter on this bench!"

La Guardia, who had described Judge Kross as "a breath of wholesome fresh air" when she unsuccessfully ran for New York Supreme Court in 1938, became more and more allergic to the Kross quality of mercy during his last years in City Hall. Once he called her in and snapped, "You're the only one who doesn't fine peddlers." Little Annie rose to her five feet two, which brought her eye to eye with La Guardia, and replied, "You'll never get my salary out of the peddlers, Fiorello!"

It is no St. Francis of Assisi complex that still makes Judge Kross give suspended sentences to the droves of peddlers whom New York cops herd into the courts. She made a study of 500 peddlers once and convinced herself that there wasn't a criminal character among them, that they were just men in trouble trying to save their self-respect.

In the Spirit of the New Year

One New Year's Eve ninety-eight unlicensed peddlers were brought into her court. All pleaded guilty. Little Annie called them close to the bench and said, "Gentlemen, I hope the New Year brings you prosperity so you won't ever have to peddle again. Sentence suspended." Half an hour later the clerk handed up to Judge Kross a telegram which read, "Best wishes for the New Year, from the Men on the Sidewalks of New York."

Annie also refused to go along with La Guardia's feverish campaign against gambling. Despite his rage, she dismissed case after case of petty card playing and once at a meeting of magistrates told her colleagues, "I won't take orders from Fiorello or anyone else. What are we? Are we mice or are we men?—or women?"

Anna Kross lives with her family in a simple West Side apartment into which she customarily bursts at 6 P.M. with the greeting, "Whee, what a day!" The only things about the apartment that suggest her hectically busy life are the three telephones, upon which, according to her daughters, she sometimes attempts to carry on three conversations at once. The daughters, Helen, nineteen, and Alice, eighteen, are both taking pre-medical courses at Oberlin College in Ohio.

"I sometimes feel I've done Dr. Kross an injustice," the judge recently remarked. "It's an injustice for any man to marry a woman of my type." So far, however, only one serious complaint has been registered by the doctor. When Judge Kross planned to take flying lessons from Aviatrix Laura Ingalls, whom she met in court on a speeding charge, Dr. Kross reacted with two well-chosen words: "No, period!"

Anna Kross loves to bat around New York with her close friend, Fannie Hurst, taking in life in the raw. They have ranged from the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem to Sammy's On The Bowery. Dr. Kross usually passes up these expeditions, though occasionally the judge gets him to an Elizabeth Street steak house in the back room of a butcher shop.

Not long ago Judge Kross was riding on a Lexington Avenue bus and reprimanded the driver for running through a couple of red lights. "Don't you ever stop for the traffic signals?" she inquired in a soft voice.

"G'wan and sit down, lady. Mind your own business," the driver bawled.

"Do you know who I am? I'm Judge Kross," she said.

"I'm Napoleon!" said the driver with a yak, yak.

"Okay, mister, the next stop is Waterloo. You're under arrest," said Little Annie.

She took the driver off the bus and straight into court, where she appeared as complaining witness before a fellow magistrate. But of course you know Annie. She ended up pleading for leniency in the poor fellow's behalf.

THE END

Wooden Indians, traditional symbols of early American craftsmanship, were often carved from the broken masts of early American Clipper Ships.

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You can *see* the difference. This inimitable gin has the distinguishing color of fine vintage champagne . . . a *natural* result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it.

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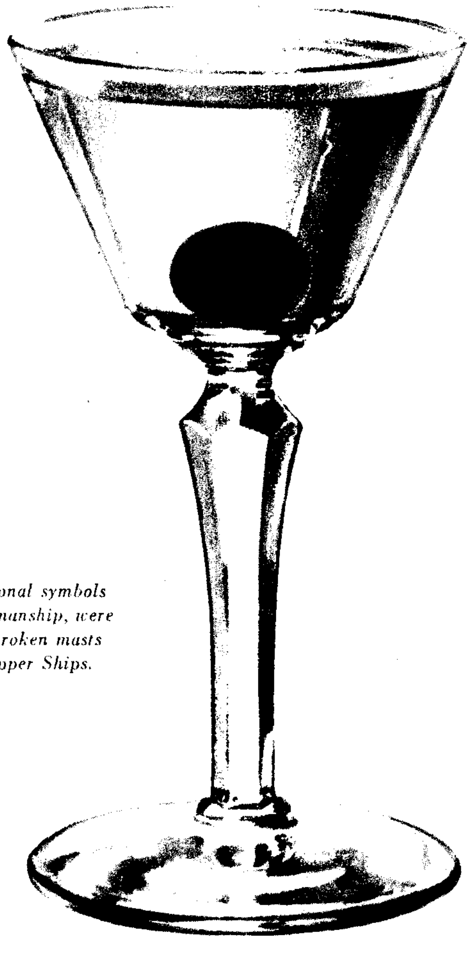
Look for it on your dealer's shelf as it stands out from all the colorless gins. And remember that with it you can truly make the "dry-est Martini in the world".



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Ancient Bottle
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Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

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BUT THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

Continued from page 19

this which I saw in the New Statesman: "One copy Forever Amber; green linen bedspread (full-size), no coupons; and an aluminum kettle."

His wife will stand in queues at every shop, and take what she can get. Except in one or two shops, she will be unable to change anything she buys, much less get her money back. However much she hates the shopkeepers, she must be pleasant to be sure of getting one moderately fresh egg twice a month, and three oranges occasionally.

Nor can a family enjoy themselves by going out to dinner. After a few experiences with the Balkan bandits and refugees who seem to run most of London's restaurants, they'll prefer to go home and dine off bread and jam.

Not the West End of Yesteryear

One night out in the West End will convince them that the old, pleasant, rich urbanity and dignity of London have gone, perhaps forever. Today, the West End is the poor man's Broadway. It's in the West End that you find the only people in the country who are not taxed, cheated, or generally gypped. They are the black marketeers, burglars, gamblers and prostitutes. At least the wages of sin are untaxed!

The people in general have neither the incentive of capitalism, nor the convictions of Socialism. They live in a twilight zone between the two, getting something of the worst of both worlds.

One result is not so much a lowering of national morale as an absence of incentive which is reflected in low output in the mines, mills and factories, an increase in petty crime which is the inevitable and universal aftermath of war, and a lamentable tendency among young men to seek safe jobs in the growing bureaucracy.

Yet now that she is thrown back on her own resources, with no overseas tribute to help her out, Britain's future standard of living depends above all on her own production. That production is low. Because it's low it's expensive. Because it's expensive, Britain's competitive position will become critical when the present sellers' market comes to an end. The explanation of low productivity is, first, that basic British industries, until the war, complacently stagnated; and second, that British workers, with memories of years of unemployment, sought to keep output low and make the job last as long as possible.

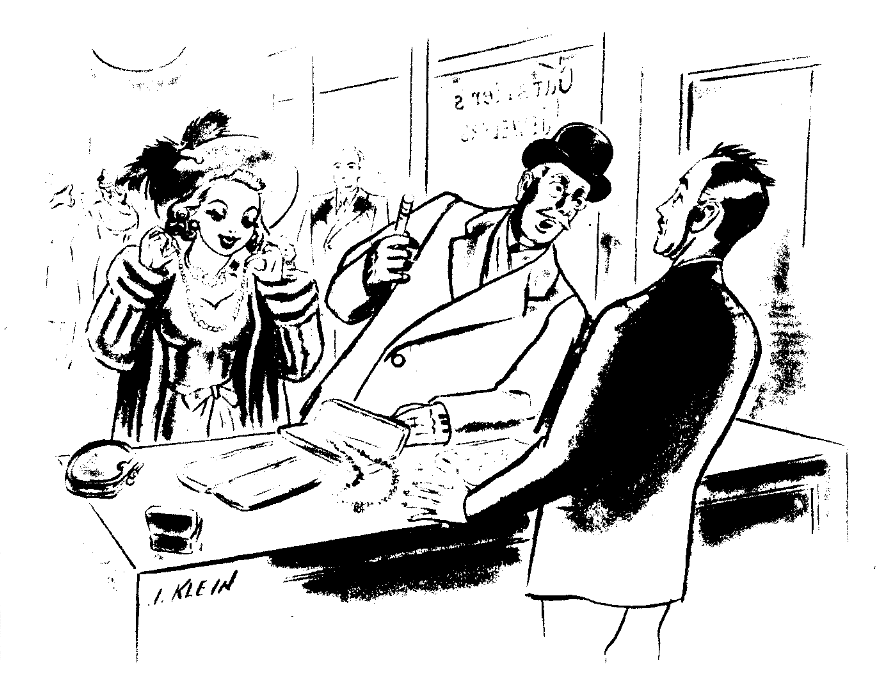
That's why the government and the big trade-unions are now having to carry out a production drive throughout the country. Posters proclaim that if you "Work harder now you'll have a better time sooner," or, "Fill the ships and we'll fill the shops." At meetings all over the country, trade-union leaders find themselves in the unaccustomed role of exhorting their members to work harder. Exhortation, however, has been rather overdone in England since Churchill first promised us only "blood, sweat and tears."

The government devotes its propaganda machine to persuading the workers that full employment is assured, so they've no need to be afraid of working themselves out of a job, and that the harder they work the better off they'll be. It's incontestably true, but so far, possibly due to understandable postwar weariness, the success of the campaign has been something less than spectacular.

Production per man in some industries is said to be as low as 60 per cent of prewar. The level of skill is not so high, since there is an annual loss of the older skilled workers, and in many industries, such as building, there has been a seven-year gap in which no young men were trained. There is also considerable absenteeism, notably in the mines, since there's no incentive to earn more than can be spent in any given week. So, although technically we have full employment, we are not getting anything like full production.

And that is our most critical domestic problem. Another aspect of the problem is that, with industries competing for labor, young men will not go into those dirty, hard, dangerous, or dreary trades which are the basis of Britain's industrial strength—mining, foundries and textiles. Instead, they flock to the modern engineering and motor factories. But they thereby create a serious lack of industrial balance, with the result that this winter our major motor and other factories producing consumers' goods face critical shortages of coal and castings.

Contributing, too, to the general lack of peacetime enthusiasm, is the indecent haste with which the victors have forgotten their promises of a brave new world and reverted to the discouraging practice of power politics. It destroys the hope of permanent peace. And it produces some glaring paradoxes. For example, the government tells the people that the country is short of man power, and also that after six years of war we must introduce peacetime conscription, and, for the time being, maintain an army of 1,300,000 men, whose function in any future atomic war is scarcely clear.



COLLIER'S "This is a stick-up. I mean, so to speak" I. KLEIN

The mines are desperately in need of new labor, yet in the Welsh coalfields I saw great posters saying: "Join the Palestine Police. It's a Man's Life."

We need workers in the textile industry almost as urgently as we need miners. Yet conditions in the textile towns are among the worst in the country, so the younger workers go elsewhere. We need every inducement to get women into the textile industry.

Taxes Discourage Working Wives

In the past they went because their earnings were needed to keep the family alive. But now if the husband has a job he earns all they can spend, since wages have doubled and there's nothing much to buy. If that doesn't discourage the women, income tax will. It has been fixed at such a level that when a wife's income is added to that of her husband, as it is for income-tax purposes, almost half her earnings go in direct taxation. So, as they say in Lancashire:

"We're not going to work for t' bloody government."

Almost all production is controlled by the State, either directly, or through the allocation of materials. Yet, although our power-generating capacity is insufficient to meet demand, the government allowed three quarters of a million electric stoves to be manufactured. Since coal is rationed, people use electricity. The result is that the load is too great and periodically current is abruptly cut off. The lights just go out, the cooker goes cold. And that's the way it stays until the peak load begins to drop and the domestic consumer can have his share.

That will continue until 1950. There's nothing to be done about it. Industry is consuming much more than before the war, and although we knew years ago that this would happen we were unable during the war to divert a single man or any material from immediate war purposes to any long-term plan for increasing our generating capacity. We are doing that now. It is part of the price of war.

Nearly everything of traditional England, except the climate, is gone. Good manners are going too, and now it's necessary to display posters in the subway, pointing out that "courtesy aids service." I have not yet seen a young man offer his seat in a bus or subway to a woman, no matter how old, feeble, or burdened. Occasionally a white-haired gentleman of the old school will rise, politely offer his seat, and at the same time offer a silent rebuke to the younger men. It cuts no ice.

The freedom of the Englishman to do as he likes in his own home, as long as he doesn't bother anybody else, has gone completely. A man who wanted to build a shed in his garden with his own labor applied for a permit and got this reply from his local council:

"An owner who wishes with his own or unpaid labor to erect a garage, coal shed, lean-to shed, greenhouse, boundary wall or fence must first obtain a license. Such licenses will not normally be granted."

Such bureaucratic restrictions, however necessary to insure that every foot of timber goes where it is most urgently needed, cause important irritations. The fact is, and most of us know it, rationing and most other controls are essential. We know we've no alternative; that's what makes it harder. We know that the government is doing largely what any British government would have to do. That is why, despite the general lack of enthusiasm, the government is perfectly safe. There is even less enthusiasm for any possible alternative.

Most of the people are just inarticulately fed up, but Ivor Brown, editor of the Observer, is far from inarticulate, and here is an example of his polished bitterness, in which he writes of the new government-regulated state for his middle and upper-class readers:

"This new kingdom, with its unchallengeable powers, the state which need not answer any question or summons, which can sue but not be sued, which can rob any man of home or property and give only such compensation as it chooses and when it chooses—here is a Kingdom Come indeed. It is a drab, deadening kingdom of innumerable and unintelligible documents, a kingdom wherein the new nabobs of mine and road and rail will soon effectively demonstrate that they are not very different from the old masters—and far less vulnerable. A tyrant can be evicted, but a department never departs."

That is the cry of the Englishman who sees his comfortable, complacent world crumbling into what he unquestionably regards as proletarian squalor.

No Longer a People to Envy

And the average man, who was never particularly comfortable but who nevertheless felt himself an important part of a mighty empire whom benighted foreigners might well envy, is getting accustomed to seeing French horses winning our big races, American boxers knocking out our heavyweights, Australians beating us at cricket, and everybody beating us at tennis. But he still finds it unnatural and un-English that we should owe money to the Indians, whose future couldn't interest him less, and odd that we should simultaneously lend it to the Greeks.

Since we cannot count our blessings, our domestic propaganda is designed to make us thank God we are not as other men, something which most English did without any prompting whatever before the war. We are encouraged to believe that when some of these other countries now having a good time are paying the price for having frittered away their heritage on luxurious living, we shall be reaping the rewards of rectitude, hard work, and self-denial.

News is used to give us encouragement. For example, one British correspondent, who drives an American car in New York, told us the other day that the demand for British cars in the United States was growing, owing to their better workmanship. Some of us who know why there is a demand for British cars, or for anything else on wheels, smiled wryly as we read it.

And all our newspapers tell us of delightful, but no doubt immoral, meals on the black market in Italy and in other countries that lost the war. So now we, the victors, in our shabby suits, clutching the $300, which is all the government allows us to take out of the country in any one year, make pilgrimages to those neutral or defeated lands to snatch briefly at some of the rewards of victory we cannot find at home.

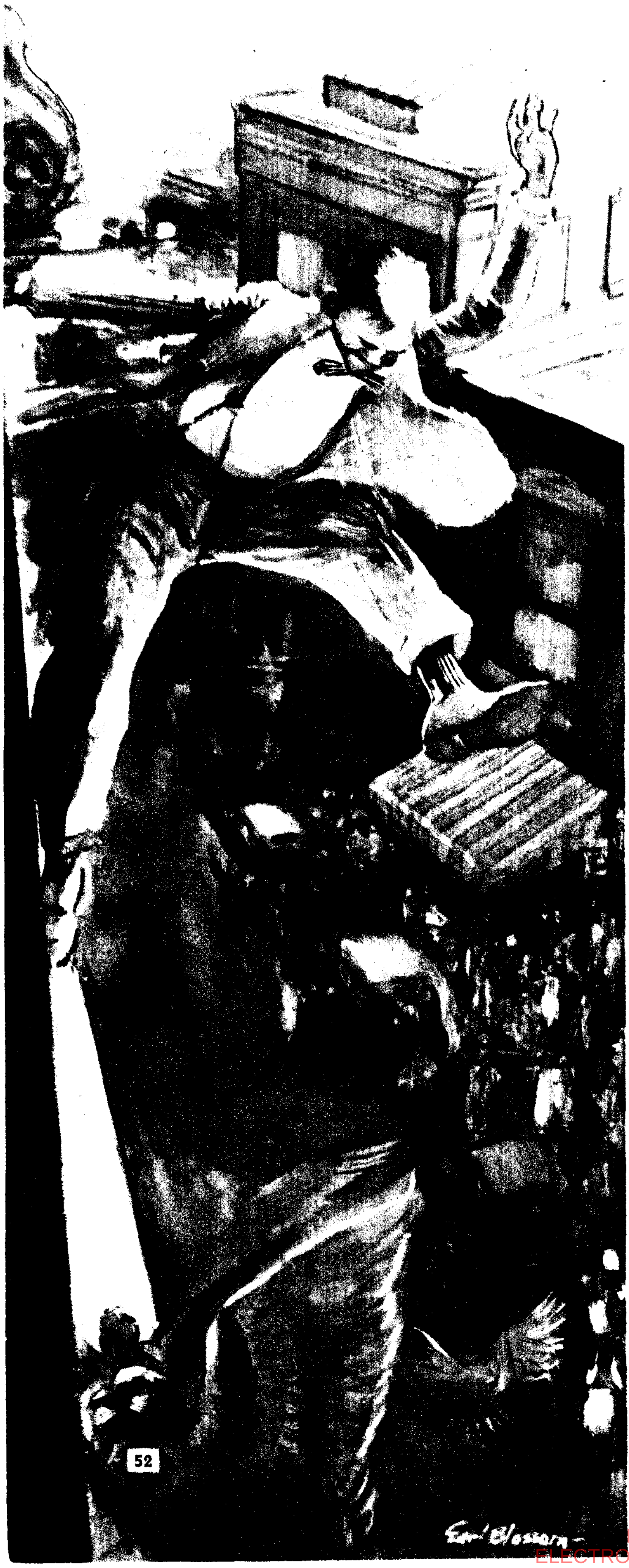
Never has foreign travel been so popular. Never have so many Englishmen been so unanimous in their preference for Brussels, Zurich, Rome, or even Dublin, over England, Home and Beauty.

THE END

THE RED SATIN TRUNKS

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Ernest pretended he had lost his balance. He teetered back and forth, and when the people in the street screamed and gasped, he laughed

AL CHRISTIANI and his fighter, Ernest K.O. Pursey, came into the hotel room. Al took off his coat and started fishing in his bag for his shaving kit. Ernest walked to the window and looked down four stories to the street.

"I hate coming way up here," Ernest said, "two hundred miles up and I don't know how far back, just for nothing. I ain't as old as you are. I want to get a little pleasure out of life."

"Get away from that window," Al said. "No rube promoter is cutting me fifty bucks. When he sees us heading for the bus station, he'll change his mind fast."

Ernest looked at his new red satin trunks, spread on the bed to get the wrinkles out. "Suppose he gets a substitute. Then where'll we be?"

Al said, "He promised me one-fifty, and I get one-fifty, or we don't fight. Get away from that window."

"I don't see any sense arguing about money," said Ernest. "I got so much now I have to keep most of it in the bank. I wouldn't come up here only I thought I'd get a little pleasure out of it, kicking this local guy around."

Al headed for the bathroom with his razor. "Stop chewing," he said. "You'll fight, and he'll pay what he promised. When he hears we checked out, he'll come across. Now stay away from that window."

Ernest came to the doorway and stood watching Al lather his face. "There ain't any use you trying to bluff him," Ernest grumbled. "He said he just couldn't pay one-fifty, and he sounded on the level to me."

"On the level," Al said, beginning to shave, "is just a *expression*. He ain't pulling the bull over my eyes."

Ernest said, "The trouble with you is, you ain't got any feelings. That poor promoter stood there with tears in his eyes. It broke his heart, he said, he couldn't only pay us a hundred bucks. And you just hollered at him. All he's trying to do is keep the game alive up here, he said. Ain't in it for the money."

Al said, "Now go pack your bag, Ernest."

Ernest didn't move. "All the way up here, that bus went so slow I felt like getting out and running. The only way I stood it, I kept thinking what a good time I was going to have, kicking this local guy around, wearing my new trunks. What's the good in living, you don't get a little pleasure out of life?"

Al cut his ear with his razor. "Stop chewing, stop chewing!"

Ernest left the doorway, and Al went on talking: "Sometimes I wished I was back handling some bum. Ought to of known, take a fighter *likes* to fight, they'd be something wrong with their head."

Ernest didn't say anything.

"Why can't you be contented? What makes you so restless? Always wanting to get up on some high place and look down. Want to fight for practically nothing . . . Hey! Are you by that window?"

There was no answer from Ernest. Al rushed out and looked about the room. It was empty, but the window was wide open. Al ran over and looked out, and then up. "Ernest, come back in here!"

"Everybody's looking up at me," Ernest said. He was standing on a narrow ledge above the fourth-story window. "See them pointing?"

"Come in, I said!" Al shouted.

"Go shave your face," Ernest said. "It's all dripping lather."

"Listen, you. You come back in here or I'll lock this here window on you, and I ain't kidding!"

"Oh, be still," Ernest said. "I ain't hurting anybody. I rode all the way up here on that slow bus, and now we ain't fighting. Ain't even going to wear my new trunks. I got a right to a little pleasure out of life."

Al began swearing. He ran to get his bag, and started throwing his clothes into it. He put Ernest's things, new trunks and all, into Ernest's bag, and then ran back to the window.

In the street below, hundreds of people were gaping at Ernest. Ernest pretended he had lost his balance. He teetered back and forth, and when all the people screamed and gasped, he laughed. Al closed his eyes.

"I bet half the people in this town are down there looking at me," Ernest said proudly. "Prob'ly think I'm one of those crazy guys jump out windows and kill theirselves."

"Ernest," Al said sternly, "you stay up there if you want to. But I got your bag and your new trunks, and I'm checking out."

Ernest's face fell. "Don't you take my trunks! That's going too far!"

Al heard a loud knocking, and ran to open the door. The hotel manager and the promoter and a dozen others were in the hall.

The promoter, with tears streaming down his cheeks, confronted Al. "Hear my side of the story!" he cried. "All I'm doing, I'm trying to keep the game alive up here—"

"You promised me one-fifty, and we ain't stepping in the ring till I get it!" Al shouted.

"Just listen to me!" the promoter said, his voice breaking. "Here I got this little club and a few loyal fans, and now you pull this dirty trick on me!"

"What trick?" Al said.

"You know what trick!" the promoter bawled. "Having him out there clowning, all my fans watching him, the box-office open, and nobody buying tickets!"

Al gaped. Then he said, "Wait! Wait!" He went back into the room, slammed the door, and hurried to the window.

ERNEST was just crawling inside saying, "If you went and got my new trunks all wrinkled, I'll—"

Al pushed Ernest back outside, yanked down the window and locked it tight. Ernest hollered and rapped on the glass, but Al went to the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Now," he said, panting, to the promoter, "you was saying?"

"Just leave me talk to you, man to man!" the promoter sobbed. "Here we are, the two of us, both love the fight game, do anything to keep it going—"

Al shouted, "Stop crying and pay me what you promised, or I'll keep Ernest out there all night! Him and your fans, too! You don't get any sympathy from me, you can cry till the tears run out of your ears!"

The promoter stopped crying. "What you are," he hollered, "you're the kind goes around killing the goose that ate the golden egg!" He was pulling bills out of all his pockets. "Fifty and fifty is a hundred," he said, counting the money into Al's hand. "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and ten makes one-fifty. It's skunks like you gives the game a bad name!"

"Thanks," Al said. "Go sell your tickets."

The promoter stood swearing at Al. Ernest was pounding on the window and yelling to be let in. Al counted the money carefully. Then he backed into the room, closed the door, went to the window and unlocked it.

Ernest climbed inside looking indignant. "What's the big idear locking me out there?"

"The idear," Al said, calmly stacking the bills, "was collecting my one-fifty. Which I did. In spite of the fact," he added, giving Ernest his stern look, "I got a crazy man climbing out of windows, trying to ruin my whole plan on me."

Ernest eyed the money sulkily. "I suppose you feel pretty smart, practically robbing that poor guy," he said. "You just ain't got any feelings, I guess."

Al got the trunks out of Ernest's bag and tossed them to him. "Put them on under your pants," he said. "We'll check out now and catch the first bus after the fight. Ten-thirty."

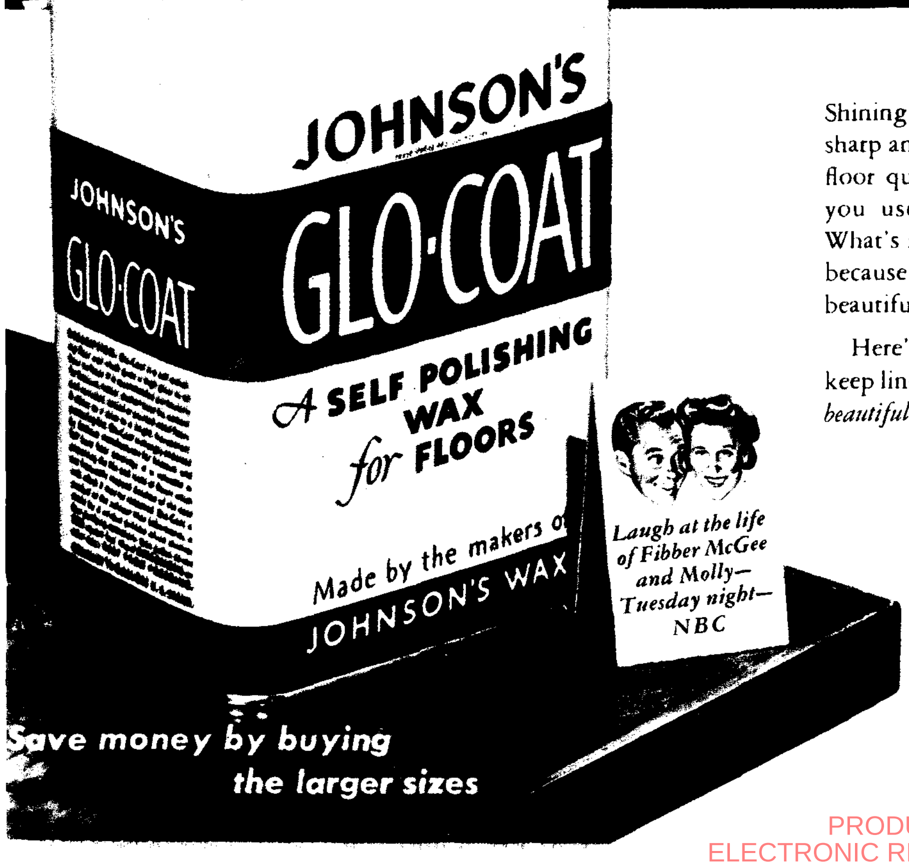
Ernest's face brightened, and he started taking off his pants. "Ten-thirty? I can kick this guy around fi', six rounds, can't I, before I knock him out? I got a right to a little pleasure out of life."

"Talk about having feelings," Al said. He put his hand to his face and found it half covered with lather. For a minute he stood popeyed, staring at the lather on his hand, and then he remembered and ran to the bathroom again, to finish shaving.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Look on the bright side!"

Half-and-half floor demonstration quickly shows you why more women use Johnson's Glo-Coat than any other floor polish!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Save money by buying the larger sizes

Shining with new beauty—its colors and pattern sharp and fresh—the *bright* side of this linoleum floor quickly shows you what to expect when you use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. What's more, you can expect the gloss to *last*—because this hard-wearing wax polish keeps its beautiful shine a long, long time!

Here's another thing: It's actually easier to keep linoleum or varnished wood floors looking *beautiful* with Glo-Coat... than it is to keep them merely *clean* with soap and water. Constant scrubbing *does* keep floors clean... but you're everlastingly at it. And too much soap and water hastens aging and cracking.

So by all means use Johnson's Glo-Coat. There's no rubbing or buffing — it really shines as it dries! Dirt and spilled things wipe up easily, and the tough wax-protection keeps your floors beautiful and young-looking *years* longer. Try it... and *see!*

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THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

Continued from page 20

office and prepared to produce a revue to be known as Corned Beef and Roses, starring Fannie Brice, with Georgie Jessel, Hal Skelly and songstress Hannah Williams.

Billy Rose had often been amused by his wife's habit of lisping remarks in baby talk, particularly when she was angry or upset. Rose suggested she be dressed in baby clothes and do a sketch entirely in baby talk. This sketch, Babykins, was the genesis of Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks character.

Rose saw he would have to talk hard to the labor unions, to the costumers, to the builders, to the theater owners, otherwise he would be fleeced.

$10,000 Worth of Overtime

There had been two dreary, infinitely drawn-out dress rehearsals. The bill for stagehands' overtime came to $10,000! During the rehearsals, Harris would interrupt a solo number or a comedy monologue and endlessly putter about with a subtle lighting effect.

There is only one way to light a comedy sketch—plenty of white light so the audience sees the grotesque miming of the comedians. Jed Harris lighted the sketches like the Moscow Art Theater doing Chekhov. Instead of brilliant whites, he employed lugubrious blues.

The show *premièred* in Philadelphia. One critic headlined his review with the words: THE ROSE THAT DOES NOT SMELL SO SWEET. Another critic went on the radio and urged Philadelphians to avoid this show like the plague.

Rose, Fannie Brice and Jed Harris read the grim notices in Rose's hotel suite. Nobody said anything. Then Rose went into the bathroom, ran a tub of hot water and immersed himself. While he was soaping his body, Jed Harris entered. He took off his coat and shirt, and began to shave himself. Rose says that right there in the bathtub a producer was born. He watched Jed Harris speculatively.

"You know, Jed," said Rose, "I wish you'd go back to New York. We've got too damned much genius around this show."

Jed, who had invested $25,000 in the production, said nothing. He finished shaving, dabbed cologne on his face, dressed himself carefully, walked out and took the next train to New York.

Rose immediately called in Alexander Leftwich, a competent play carpenter, and urged him to rush down to Philadelphia, prepared to perform an emergency operation. Leftwich arrived at ten that morning and went to work.

After changing the name of the show to Sweet and Low, and additional try-outs in Newark and Brooklyn, it opened in New York. The show had cost $110,000 to put together. During the tryouts, Rose had lost $36,000 in operations. He came into New York $146,000 in the red. During the first month on Broadway, the show lost another $15,000.

The critics, by and large, dismissed Sweet and Low, as a tasteless, offensive, inept show.

Leftwich again routined the show, cutting and tightening it. Rose got advances from music publishers, pawned all his jewelry and borrowed from every friend who would trust his credit. The operating expenses of the show had been cut to $13,000 weekly. Rose used some of the borrowed money to pay for a series of large, spectacular advertisements. The advertisements brought customers. Meanwhile, Million-Dollar Baby and Would You Like to Take a Walk? had become hits, and the success of the music was attracting some trade to the theater. The show was breaking even. Then it began to show a profit, a small profit. By the time the show had closed in April, Rose had recouped $75,000 of his investment.

A few weeks later he revised this show under the title of Crazy Quilt and it ran all summer.

In May, 1931, Rose also acquired the sarcastic services of Broadway's most inimitable press agent, Richard Sylvester Maney, who employed the device of the Puff Negative in publicizing his clients. He now commenced a seven-year campaign of ridicule, absurd alliterations and verbal buffoonery that created a raffish image of Billy Rose in the public mind.

Ben Hecht says that at this period of his life Billy Rose's biggest obsession was to get his name into the newspapers. He would do anything, no matter how extreme, and would stand for any insults at the hand of Maney, no matter how violent and shameless. Rose was determined to erase the phrase "Mr. Brice" from the mind of Broadway.

Maney coined a series of alliterative nicknames for Rose—the Basement Belasco, the Bantam Barnum, the Mighty Midget, the Egregious Effendi, the Mad Mahout, the Small Svengali, and when Rose rented offices atop the Wurlitzer Building, the Penthouse Cagliostro.

"Who's Cagliostro?" Rose inquired.

"He was an 18th-century charlatan," Maney answered.

"Really?" said Rose approvingly. "Keep it up."

A week after the closing of Crazy Quilt, a startling apparition named Ned Alvord, known to show business as The Dirty Deacon, walked into the office. Alvord during his youth had been a billposter with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey circus and he had learned the art of composing a florid lithograph poster from Alf T. Ringling himself.

Alvord's specialty was serving as advance man for inferior Broadway musicals with mediocre casts which toured the hinterlands. His resemblance to a man of the cloth was helpful. Three weeks before one of Alvord's innocuous entertainments was scheduled to play a town, he would visit the local clergymen and reveal to them that the coming show was running riot with naked women and obscenity. When the show opened, the ministers denounced it from their pulpits and the show did capacity business.

Alvord spoke with a mixture of profanity, devil's piety and circus slang. "Well, Rose," he began, affably, in a nasal monotone, "what you gonna do with that turkey you just closed?"

"Nothing," said Rose.

"My good man," said Alvord, "get your scenery out of Cain's Warehouse and send Crazy Quilt on the road. The peasants haven't seen a hot girlie show in years. If you will restage your turkey and get plenty of nudity with some numbers like The Birth of a Cucumber and The Wedding of the Adriatic, there's a fortune waiting for you in the West."

"But we do not have numbers like that in the show," Rose protested.

"What's in the show is not important. But it is important to get some good-looking paper."

Rose was enthused by Alvord and hired him. Alvord blocked out a tour of the Middle West, South and Far West to take in all the large cities and the smaller stops. He said that Crazy Quilt would be billed like a circus, within a 40-mile radius of every town they played, with Crazy Quilt paper on every fence, barn and empty warehouse wall.

A Come-On for the Yokels

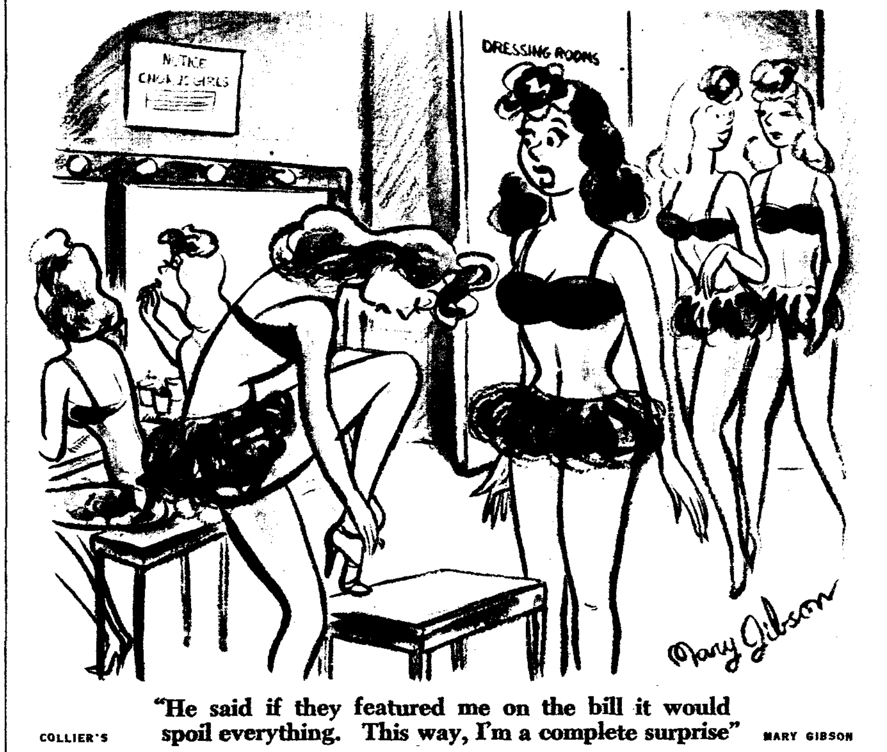
The posters had a single drawing of a lusciously nude wench. A cast of 200 was announced (actually the cast was only 45). In one corner of the poster was a large red rose, inside of whose petals was the face of Billy Rose, and underneath, the phrase: The People's Showman.

One poster for Crazy Quilt read:

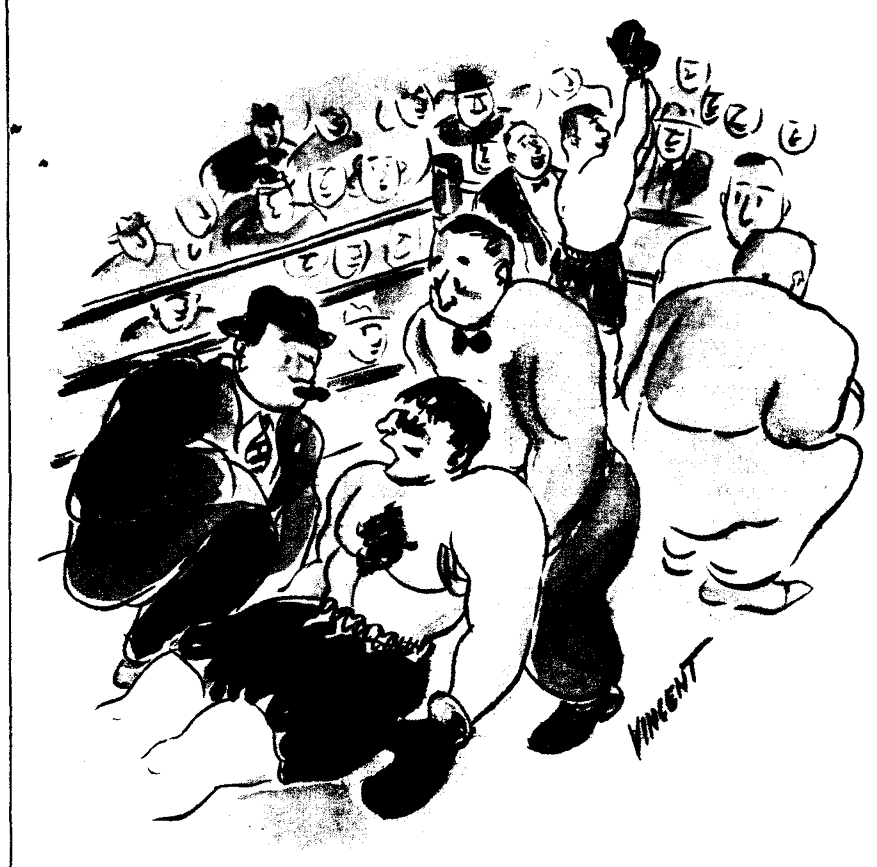
"A Saturnalia of Wanton Rhythm. The Wizardry of Modern Stagecraft at its Zenith. An Eye-Filling Spectacle of Superb Magnificence. A Prince's Ransom lavished with a Prodigality Befitting a Hindu Nabob at the Durbar of Delhi."

Rose borrowed $10,000 against his ASCAP royalties, and in September, 1931, the road company of Crazy Quilt sallied forth. The entire scenery and costumes of the show were contained in one boxcar. There were some backdrops and a few drapes, and not a single property. Most of the boxcar was taken up with the trunks of the actors. The stage was almost bare when they gave a show.

A year later, Rose returned to Broadway with $240,000 net profit, having recouped the $75,000 he had lost on the



COLLIER'S "He said if they featured me on the bill it would spoil everything. This way, I'm a complete surprise" MARY GIBSON



"Don't you think it's about time I stopped feeling him out?"

COLLIER'S VINCENT MORELAND

original Sweet and Low. He paid up all his debts and discovered that he was being pointed out by the *cognoscenti* and that Broadway was agog with the story of his triumph.

The year 1935 marked Billy's coming of age as a showman. His production of Jumbo was absolutely unprecedented in the history of Broadway and it has since had neither imitators nor competitors. No producer will ever have the nerve, the energy, the tenacity and the imagination to duplicate Rose's feat.

He had decided to do another show in 1935 but was still undecided about its nature. In France he had viewed the Cirque d'Hiver and the Cirque Medrano, the great one-ring circuses, and in Budapest he had been impressed by the circus with a dramatic story line. He wondered if a similar show would find a New York audience.

Rose wanted to discuss the wisdom of this idea. At this critical juncture he received a phone call from John Murray Anderson, the famous director, who had just returned from London. Rose asked him what he thought of a circus with music and a plot, and Anderson was enthusiastic. Rose hired Anderson as the director of the musical sequences.

Two Authors Contrive a Plot

He then told Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur of his vision. Hecht, who had traveled as an acrobat with a circus when he was a boy, caught fire with the idea. MacArthur suggested the title of Jumbo, a celebrated 11-foot-high pachyderm whom P. T. Barnum had imported from Siam in 1882. Right then, Hecht and MacArthur began to spin a tentative story line. There would be two rival circuses—the Considine show and the Mulligan show. Considine's daughter and Mulligan's son are in love. Considine is a drunk and he gives his elephant, the big attraction of the show, drinks which make the beast mean and hard to handle. The Considine show is going broke.

Hecht envisioned a sort of Ned Alvord character and, as he expanded it, they all agreed that Jimmy Durante was the perfect actor to play the brash and illiterate circus press agent, Brainy Bowers. Hecht immediately phoned Durante in Hollywood, and Jimmy was hired at $3,000 a week.

Billy already knew that there was only one theater large enough to hold a show like Jumbo—the old Hippodrome, which had been dark for many years. He commissioned Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers to write the music for the show. Albert Johnson was to design the scenery and redecorate the Hippodrome. Raoul Pène du Bois went to work on the costumes. Hecht and MacArthur went into retreat at Charleston, South Carolina, to write the script.

"While we were down in Charleston," MacArthur recalls, "we suddenly decided that the one man in the world to play the part of the drunken circus boss was Arthur Sinclair of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and we wired Rose, demanding that he engage him. Billy had never heard of him, so he wired back, 'Who's this Sinclair? Is he the guy that's running for governor of California?' "

Eventually Sinclair arrived from Dublin—he had been hired at $500 a week. George Abbott, Broadway's master of breakneck pace on the stage, was hired to direct the dramatic sequences. Rose also hired Paul Whiteman and his orchestra to play the show for $5,500 weekly. He signed up Broadway actors and circus people with reckless abandon. The news had quickly spread in tanbark circles that some crazy man named Billy Rose was hiring circus specialties, and all day long a continual parade of queer types flitted through his offices. Once, a chap about five feet, five inches high entered the office.

"Well," said Rose, "what do you do?"

"I'm a midget, Mr. Rose," said the visitor.

Rose leaped up from his desk and stood beside the actor. The latter towered over Rose.

"You're a WHAAAT?" cried the producer.

"I'm a midget," moaned the midget weakly.

"Get out of here, you insulting so-and-so," said Rose.

Once, Rose sat at one of three telephones in his office, sputtering vitriolically into the mouthpiece. He was talking to a manufacturer of machinery concerning an estimate for the building of a huge revolving stage. The manufacturer wanted $110,000 for the stage. Rose only wanted to spend $75,000.

"Listen, my robber-baron friend," screamed Rose, "I don't wanna buy out your whole factory. I just want one little revolving stage.... But, listen, my budget already looks like a target in a shooting gallery. Sure, you want to make a profit, but $75,000 is all this stinking contraption is worth."

Meanwhile, in another corner of the office, Will Morrisey, a vagarious old Broadway character who had been hired by Rose to assist in the selection of the lesser acts, was arguing with a little lady who owned an act known as Camellia's Birds. She felt the act was worth $50 a week.

With great Irish dignity, Morrisey kept bowing and saying, "Madam, were it in my power, I would reward you in commensuration with the talents of your little actors, but Mr. Rose has told me he cannot pay you more than $30 a week!"

"No," said the lady, "fifty dollars or nothing. The birds cannot afford to lower their standards. Fifty dollars."

"Thirty dollars."

"Fifty."

"Thirty."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," shouted Rose into the phone, "I'll cut a few corners and give you $80,000 for the damned stage."

"Thirty," Morrisey repeated.

"Fifty," the lady insisted.

"All right, $95,000," Rose cried. Then he turned to Morrisey and he covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "Morrisey," Rose said magnanimously, "give her $40 a week—but tell her she has to pay for the birdseed herself!"

Approaching an "Angel"

During the 1933-34 season, a young polo player, millionaire and man-about-town, John Hay (Jock) Whitney, had invested $75,000 in a musical comedy which had flopped. Rose telephoned John F. Wharton, Whitney's lawyer. He told Wharton: "I would like to submit Jumbo to Mr. Whitney."

Rose staged an impressive audition in his office, using a portable stage the size of a grand piano. Hecht and MacArthur recited the book—some 120 pages of typescript. Rodgers and Hart played and sang the score. Rose unwrapped portfolios containing water-color sketches of the costumes and scenic backgrounds. He displayed a miniature working model of the Hippodrome as it would look when redecorated.

Whitney mulled over these phenomena briefly—about ten minutes. "Okay," he said, "I'll buy it."

Whitney and his sister, Joan Payson Whitney, had inherited $175,000,000. They underwrote Jumbo for an initial $200,000. Of this sum, Bernard Baruch and Herbert Bayard Swope each took a $15,000 piece out of sentimental regard for their old stenographer.

Eventually, Jumbo cost $280,000. Under today's scale of labor and materials it would probably require $1,200,000 to duplicate its splendor. Over and above its operating costs, Jumbo earned back $160,000 of its capital outlay, leaving a net deficit of $120,000.

Says Rose: "With Jumbo I proved I could produce—but I also proved I couldn't add. I did that show with a total disregard of money."

As the rehearsals dragged themselves out over many months, and as Whitney poured more and more thousands into Jumbo's hungry maw, he asked Rose, one evening shortly before the *première:* "What do you think of Jumbo's chances, Rose?"

Rose smiled slyly: "It will either make me—or break you."

To play Jumbo—a male elephant—Big Rosie, the celebrated 54-year-old female pachyderm from Luna Park, Coney Island, was hired. Rose correctly theorized

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that nobody but another elephant would be able to tell the difference.

The cast assembled, rehearsals began, in various points. The horses and chorus girls began rehearsing in a riding academy in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The dramatic and comedy sequences were rehearsed in several Broadway theaters. The circus and production numbers were being drilled amid the tumult of carpentering and painting in the Hippodrome, itself.

The complicated nature of the Jumbo rehearsals is well expressed by John Murray Anderson: "Every scene, every piece of business, even the lowering of guy ropes and rigging, had to be done to rhythm, to the precise musical beat. For example, take the lion-cage act. It is brought in with the beasts on the count of four; the ropes are lowered on the count of two; the trainer enters the cage on the count of three.

Trapeze Artist Defies Death

During the lion-cage act Rose conceived the notion of having several acrobatic actors perform their stunts above the open cage of wild lions. Then he sought a trapeze artist to work above the open cage. Several trapeze artists were tried out, but their courage failed them. Finally, Vibanq, a great trapeze artist and a man of foolhardy courage, was imported from France. Vibanq did a series of breath-taking rolls and jumps on his trapeze, and then, as his climax, he dropped on a breakaway trapeze and fell halfway down toward the open cage of lions.

But Vibanq had a poor sense of timing. He broke away either too soon or too late. He simply could not follow the musical pattern. Anderson rehearsed him over and over and over again. Finally, one morning, he broke on the precise beat.

"Vibanq," cried Anderson, "we've got it. Now let's do it once more—to be sure we have it down."

Vibanq was pulled aloft to his perch again, and again he broke faultlessly.

"Just once more now," Anderson said, "and we can wash this up."

Vibanq smiled and balanced himself on his trapeze. He began to twist and turn, hang by his toes or twirl around on his hands. Then he reached for his breakaway trapeze. He came hurtling down and his hands slipped away from the ropes. He fell on the floor. His spine was broken and he was crippled for life.

Another acrobat—this time a German—was imported to perform his aerial act over the open cage of lions.

Rehearsals began in June. Rose intended to open in September. All Broadway shows are rehearsed in four, or at most, five weeks. Rose allowed twelve weeks for Jumbo, but that was not enough. The first dress rehearsal took place in July. From then on, the cast rehearsed in their costumes—sixteen weeks of dress rehearsals! Every extra week cost Jock Whitney a few more thousand dollars, which he cheerfully paid. "Don't open until you're ready," Whitney said.

Originally announced to open on Labor Day, September 2d, Jumbo was postponed to September 22d, and then to September 29th. Then it was postponed several times in October and finally it was postponed until November. In all, it was postponed six times.

A sketch in a musical revue showed a Rip van Winkle character waking up in 1975 and asking, "Has Jumbo opened yet?"

As more postponements occurred, more and more kibitzers came to the Hippodrome and sat around, with servants bringing them food and highballs. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone devoted most of their honeymoon to watching rehearsals of Jumbo. Elsa Maxwell bought tickets for the opening, canceled them after two postponements, made a trip to Europe and returned, not only in time for the *première*, but for another postponement as well!

In the first act, the sheriff forecloses on the bankrupt Considine show, but Durante steals the elephant to save it from the sheriff's clutches. In the second act, the sheriff apprehends Durante whom the elephant is following and cries, "Where did you get that elephant?"

Durante looks about in surprise. "What elephant?" he asks, incredulously.

Burton Rascoe, summing up a lifetime of theatergoing, remarked that this was the single funniest line he had ever heard in a theater.

In one hilarious scene Durante lies down, permits the elephant to walk over him, to place a huge hoof on his stomach, to lift him in its trunk and even to wave its front paw gingerly just over his schnozzola. Rose says he knows of no other actor who ever risked his life, as Durante did, to get laughs.

Durante had never had any experience with elephants. But he meekly allowed Rose to talk him into going through with this scene. After a week of rehearsing with the elephant, Durante was standing in the arena one day waiting for Big Rosie to clamber up a runway. As she was ascending, she slipped and one of her ponderous limbs went through a cement floor—two feet in.

Durante trembled. "What the hell do I have to do around here to get laughs anyway?" he cried. "Rose, I don't go through with that routine with the elfin no more. It's murder."

"Now, Jimmy," said Rose, "this elephant is a harmless and friendly animal. It wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I ain't no fly," Durante pointed out.

Persuaded that the script would be ruined if this scene were omitted, Durante gamely suffered the nightly torment of allowing Big Rosie to clamber over him. To insure Big Rosie's feelings of friendliness for Durante, he was the only one allowed to feed her. Before show time, her trainer gave Durante a large bag of bread and Durante gave her a dinner snack. If Big Rosie noticed Durante acting companionably to any of the other animals, she trumpeted furiously. She was a very jealous elephant.

After six postponements there finally took place a paid preview for the benefit of the Milk Fund. Rose sat in the last row and tried to view his production as impersonally as possible. For close to six months, he had been in the middle of rehearsals and conducting pitched battles on a score of fronts, arguing with everybody from scenic designers to circus freaks. He was tired, on edge, and ragged from lack of sleep. He was listless and weary. But he tried to summon up, in one clear, cold mood, a fresh pair of eyes to look at the show as he had never seen it up to now.

Then he realized he had no show. He realized it with a cool, remorseless logic. He had extravagant and overpowering production sequences. He had spectacle and the crash of music, the thunder of a herd of elephants and the thrill of a man swinging in a trapeze over a cage of lions. He had a love-story plot. He had Jimmy Durante giving the funniest and the most courageous performance of his lifetime.

He had, separately, many interesting and amusing parts. But he had no whole. He had no show.

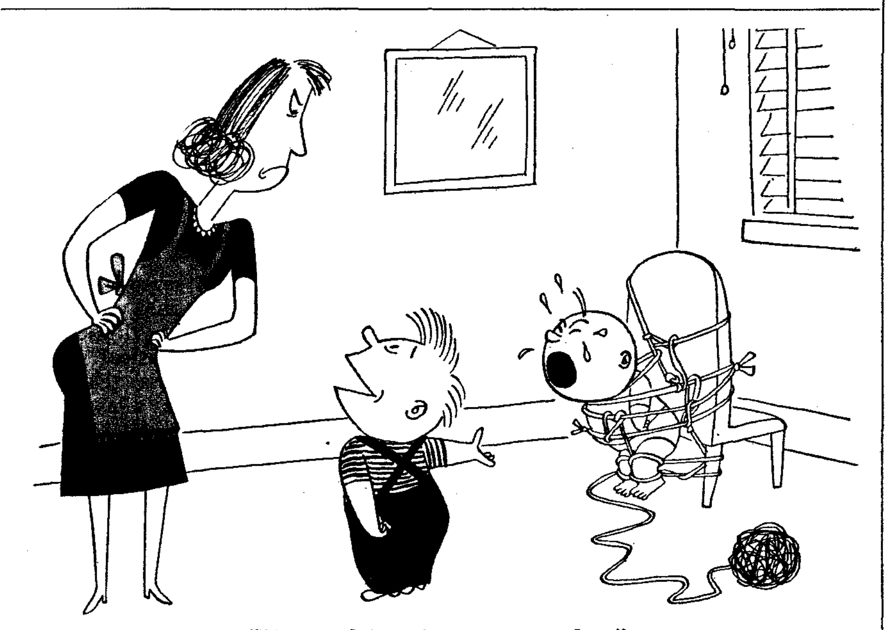
He also saw that the significance of the Hecht-MacArthur dialogue and the nuances of the pretty love scenes were lost. The vast cavernous Hippodrome, seating 5,200 people, was no place for the spoken word.

After the preview, he called a conference with Hecht and MacArthur.

"We've got no show," Rose said. "We've got confusion."

"That's your fault, Rose," Hecht said. "You overproduced this thing. You went crazy. You hired act upon act."

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



COLLIER'S "Honest, Mom, it was an accident"

"There's too much talk, talk, talk in this script."

"There's too much spectacle in it," Hecht said.

"The script has got to be cut, by at least half. I want you and Charlie to stay here at this theater and do it tonight," Rose said.

Hecht stormed out. Rose and MacArthur stayed up until nine the following morning, literally tearing the playscript to shreds, reducing its 120 pages to 40 pages, and necessitating the firing of two thirds of the cast and more exhausting rehearsals.

The next day, Rose began worrying about another phase of the *première*—his opening moment. He needed some electrifying gambit to break up the cold audience and win them from the start. Then he had an idea.

He went to Whiteman. "Can you ride a horse?" he asked.

"Very little, but I can manage."

"Okay, I've got a stunt in mind. There's a beautiful horse named Peanuts."

"Yeah, I've seen him."

"If you make that entrance on a horse, he's yours—a gift from me."

Whiteman agreed.

At the long-awaited opening night seats were priced at $18, but speculators were getting $50 and $75. Sixth Avenue had been roped off for blocks. Side streets near by were choked with traffic and many of the first-nighters alighted and walked the rest of the way to the Hipp, only to find it difficult to reach the entrance. Pavements were blocked by rubberneckers and the cops didn't seem able to handle the mob. All was confusion but perhaps the most composed person at the opening was Rose. He remained in the lobby after the curtain went up and smoked cigarettes all evening long.

Jumbo opened with a sharp fanfare as Rose does not believe in overtures on the theory that only the composer's mother is interested in an overture. Then the band, off stage, played The Circus is on Parade and made their entrance attired in smart blue and gold uniforms, playing as they marched. Behind them, and waving his baton, was the orbicular Whiteman, squatted on a prancing white horse. The audience stood up and cheered.

At this moment, Rose knew that the show was in. He remained in the lobby, puffing at cigarettes. The accumulated exhaustion of six long hard months was beginning to overcome him.

The closing scene of the first act was one of the most exquisite finales in musical-show history. The circus has just been auctioned off and the heroine is left alone in the vast ring. An overhead spotlight plays on her as she sobs out her heart. Then a small silver coach driven by a midget, and drawn by four ponies, stops before her and a small girl steps out. The little girl in blue represents the heroine as a child. "They can't take the circus away from you because it's not under any canvas," says the apparition. "The circus is in your heart." As she says this, out come clowns in rhinestones and silver, stilt-walkers, equestriennes, tumblers, acrobats, in a magnificent circus pageant.

At 11:15 the curtain was rung down. In the basement, John Murray Anderson was burning his old blue suit. For six months he had worn the same suit each day, as it is his superstition not to change clothes while rehearsing a show. "I got mighty tired of that pin-stripe blue worsted," he sighed.

Rose was overwhelmed by the congratulations of friends and foes. It had been an unforgettable evening.

The Passing of "Mr. Brice"

By means of sheer determination, ruthless self-discipline, and hard, relentless driving, Rose had, with one blow, accomplished his ambition to become America's premier showman, and had taken the curse off his name. He was no longer Mr. Brice. He was, indeed, Billy Rose, almost the People's Showman.

But not quite. His box-office scale was too high. The show's pay roll was so huge that it needed $40,000 "to break." The opening week Jumbo did $60,000, and during Christmas week it did $90,000. Then it tapered off to $35,000 a week.

"If I had had sense enough to have a large section of seats at 40 cents and one dollar, Jumbo would still be running today," Rose says. "The big secret of my success with the Aquacade was that I had 8,000 seats for sale at 40 cents."

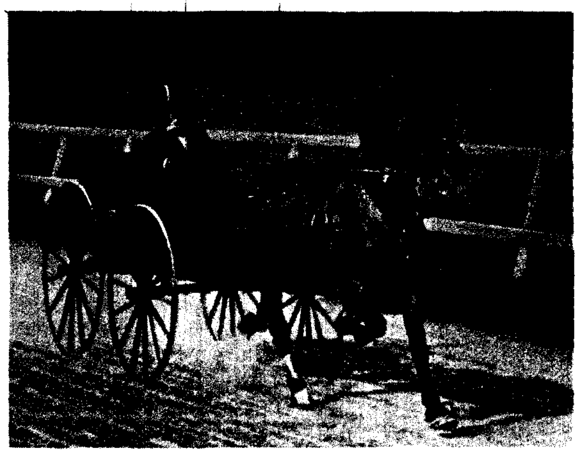
After playing to over 1,000,000 persons, Jumbo finally closed in May, 1936.

Billy Rose's first three Broadway productions—Sweet and Low, The Great Magoo and Jumbo—had lost a total of about $275,000. When Rose announced a new musical extravaganza for the 1936-37 season, George S. Kaufman observed, "Failure has gone to his head."

But Rose did not produce his fourth Broadway show until 1940. For the next three years, his appetite for the spectacular was to be satisfied by producing fairs and exposition shows. His digression into the outdoor phase of show business was accidental.

(The fourth installment of The Fabulous Billy Rose will appear next week)

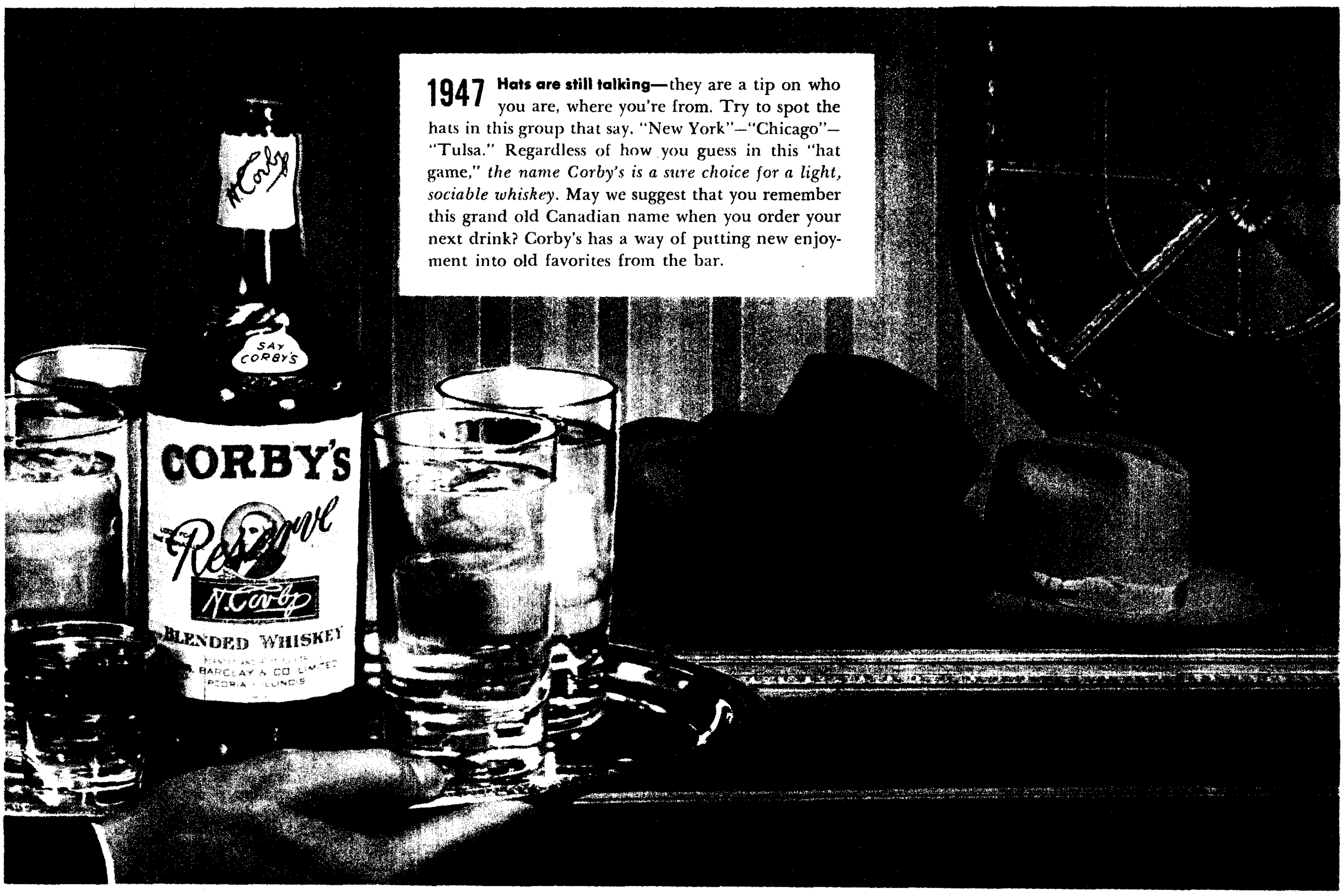
How you talk through your hat



1880 **A language of hats?** It goes like this. Imagine yourself driving in a silk topper. In 1880 that would have tagged you as "Mr. Big." In this 22nd year after the name Corby's came to Canada, hats were a tip on worldly position.

1923 **In the "Roaring Twenties"** hats recounted a new story. Headgear told the world where you were going, what you were going to do. Floppy white hats symbolized golf, when the name Corby's went into its 65th year of Canadian fame.

1935 **A careful observer** might well have guessed that the man sporting a suave Homburg was definitely "city"—a commuter, and probably an Easterner. Hats said much 77 years after the name Corby's first won acclaim in Canada.



1947 **Hats are still talking**—they are a tip on who you are, where you're from. Try to spot the hats in this group that say, "New York"—"Chicago"—"Tulsa." Regardless of how you guess in this "hat game," *the name Corby's is a sure choice for a light, sociable whiskey.* May we suggest that you remember this grand old Canadian name when you order your next drink? Corby's has a way of putting new enjoyment into old favorites from the bar.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

MILLION-ACRE BOOM

Continued from page 15

"You can talk to the owner of that corner lot over there if you've got $16,000. Sure, the prices are high. But if you want to buy, you'd better do it now. It's not a question of which way prices will go. It's how high they'll go."

We assured Simpson we were not interested in the lots but—"How about selling your newspaper?" (We were catching the Columbia Basin fever, too.)

Simpson chuckled. "You kidding? I've stuck with the sagebrushes for 25 years. The sledding has been tough. Now I want to coast a while. You could *really* buy the Brooklyn Bridge easier than you could this paper."

Bureau of Reclamation officials point out that the first irrigation water will pour over the thirsty soil of the Columbia Basin this year but only 6,000 acres down near Pasco, Washington, will be irrigated. It will be 1950 or 1951 before the next units, about 400,000 acres in the northern sector of the basin, come under water. The entire area will not know irrigation until 1956-60.

But just mention these facts to a prospective new businessman in one of the little basin towns, and listen to what he says. We did, while standing in the temporary building of the weekly Columbia Basin Journal at Moses Lake. Said the businessman:

"So what? Many millions will be spent in this area during the next ten years on canal and additional dam construction. A vast network of new roads will be built. There will be thousands of construction workers, with big money jingling in their jeans. The construction will tide businessmen over until the irrigation arrives. There may be some slim years, but the man who can hang on will reap the harvest."

That may be the answer—if the slim years do not become mere skeletons.

What Some Officials Think

Supervising Engineer Frank A. Banks of the Bureau of Reclamation headquarters at Coulee Dam, Washington, recently stated:

"The building of canals, additional dams and other irrigation structures will provide 240,000,000 man-hours of on-site and off-site employment."

Added Secretary of the Interior J. A. Krug on the matter of future prospects:

"The increase in farm income alone, made possible by irrigation, will average about $46,000,000 annually, based on prewar farm prices. Power from the world's largest generators at Coulee Dam will not only provide the energy needed for irrigation pumping and other farm uses, but will spark the establishment of new industries and stimulate development of mineral, timber and other resources."

But what about a market for the great mass of new production?

Sitting in the office of the chamber of commerce at Pasco, we put this question to Secretary Emerson Morgan, who thinks he has the best job in the nation. For answer, Morgan tossed us a daily newspaper and pointed to an AP dispatch. The story stated that, in one month this year, the 10 largest coast cities issued building permits totaling more than $74,000,000, almost doubling the former peak month of 1941. Los Angeles alone had $30,000,000 in new permits, setting an all-time record for that city.

"There's your market," Morgan said. "Take grapes, for instance. Someday soon there are going to be thousands of acres of them in the Columbia Basin. Right around here in the Pasco area we have plenty of the right kind of soil—sandy loam. And plenty of the right kind of climate—long days of sunshine that bring out the sweetness in grapes.

"Most people think of California when you talk about grape country, but Washington may eventually take the lead in vineyards, and the market is already here. Right across the river in Kennewick is a big grape-juice plant. They're begging for more farmers to grow more grapes."

Already plans are being pushed for carrying the great supplies of produce—everything from grapes to lettuce—to the big markets on the West Coast and in other areas. At Pasco, construction has started on new barges for the hauling of produce down the Columbia to Portland. Freight-carrying air lines are casting an appreciative eye over the basin. New major highways have been mapped: The basin is already well provided with railroad transportation. Three transcontinental main lines cross it.

All this boom did not come easy. Behind it is a stark history of dreams of riches from dry-land farming on grubbed-off sagebrush land, of failure, of loss of farm and home—and in some instances, loss of mind—of years and years of waiting for water.

The spark that inflamed the basin with real hope came on a drowsy, summer day in Wenatchee, Washington, in July, 1918. The presses of the Wenatchee Daily World were about to roll with their usual heavy load of World War I news, but there was little in the way of exciting local or state news except for some "dope stories" on apple crop prospects. Rufus Woods, colorful publisher of the World, was unrolling his shirt sleeves, preparatory to going home, when in walked Attorney William M. Clapp of Ephrata.

"Would you like a storm story, Rufus?" asked Clapp. "It's a brainstorm—how to bring water to the Columbia Basin. Build a dam at Grand Coulee high enough—and it'll have to be awful high—to make part of the Columbia flow through the Grand Coulee."

"Bill," said Rufus, "I think you've got something. We'll plug your idea in today's paper—and keep plugging it."

Woods was as good as his word. He pounded away at the Columbia Basin Project idea through his personal editorial column on the front page of the World, week after week, month after month, year after year. He also insisted that the project be played in as many news stories as possible, particularly in stories on the front page.

Once a cub reporter even wrote in the lead for a Wenatchee holdup story, "The robbers were last seen heading toward the site of the proposed Coulee Dam."

In 1928, hearings were held in Washington, D. C., before the Senate Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation regarding a bill for the adoption of the Columbia Basin Project. The committee heard hours of testimony from engineering experts, railroad presidents, agricultural college deans, congressmen.

But finally a perky farm woman, Mrs. D. E. Gallagher, president of the Grant County Fair Association, Stratford, Washington, was called to testify. In simple language, she told the story of the Columbia Basin, how thousands failed without water, how a few succeeded with irrigation from wells and potholes.

"My husband and I stayed," said Mrs. Gallagher. "We have irrigation from wells. And the stuff we grow! We have bearing plum trees like these (exhibiting a photograph), apple trees like these—beautiful Spitzenburgs (another photograph), and an acre of strawberries like this (another photograph). Make your mouths water? Well, gentlemen, that is just to show you what you can do if you get the water on the soil."

When she finished, the staid senators decided to pay a visit to the Columbia Basin, and have a look for themselves.

That was a big time for the Columbia Basin. Dignitaries wandered all over the place. There were 24 senators in all, including the late greats, William E. Borah and George Norris. If all those bigwigs can't swing the project, nobody can, thought the basin folk. But they waited—and waited.

They waited until 1933, when preliminary engineering work on the Grand Coulee Dam, financed by a grant of emergency relief funds, was begun under the direction of the Bureau of Reclamation. Then, in 1934, came the go-ahead signal for the start of construction.

The dam was the largest in volume ever attempted in the world—and you don't build such a dam overnight. Construction went on year after year. About 12,000,000 barrels of cement went into the dam. But, at long last, in 1941, it was virtually completed.

The Dam Goes Into War Work

The canal construction was to come next. But Pearl Harbor came first. The power generated by the dam was turned to war work, not irrigation. Then came the end of the war—and now the boom.

Mrs. Gallagher prophesied a stampede to the land if water were assured, but she had no idea just how big and how scrambling the stampede would be.

Equally as impatient as the prospective businessmen to get in on the ground floor are the prospective irrigation farmers, particularly veterans who want to settle on the land right now, sagebrush or no sagebrush, water or no water. About a thousand queries a month are received by the various offices of the Bureau of Reclamation from veterans who want to take up homesteads or buy land in the basin. Much land will be opened for homesteading, with priority given to veterans, but the Bureau is accepting no applications now.

The office of Henry d'Shepper, secretary of the South Columbia Basin, in Pasco, affords a typical scene. When we walked into his quarters in the back end of a real-estate office, we saw six eager young veterans—some with horny, toil-toughened hands, but others with soft, white hands—waiting to talk to d'Shepper about taking up a homestead. When they got through talking, many did not look quite so eager.

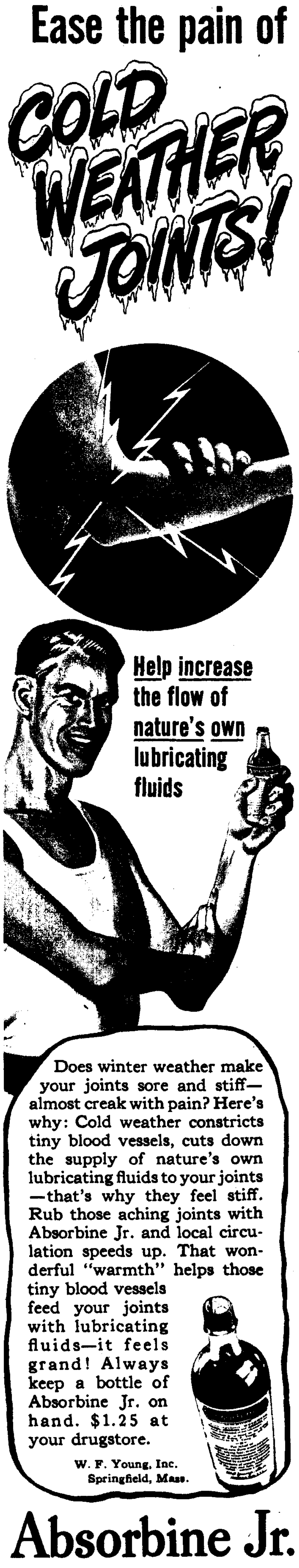
"I am not a pessimist, but I just talk cold turkey," d'Shepper told us.

He simply explains the facts of life in trying to homestead on semiarid land before the water arrives. Starting capital is usually used up before the land can be made to pay. The land is merely cleared—for somebody else. It used to be said that only the third generation of farmers made any money on a new project. The government hopes that most of the first generation will pay off on this one.

D'Shepper and other Bureau advisers tell the veterans that, if they will only wait, there will be plenty of land. There will be plenty of water, too. Water is already backed up for 151 miles behind the walls of Coulee Dam, and will bring irrigation to 17,000 new farm units.

Only time will tell whether the hard-riding Westerners (and some Easterners) are riding too fast into the valley of the Columbia. Under any circumstances, settling the basin is pioneering adventure. To many, this fact holds more appeal than all the comforts of home. People of their brand made the West, but forgot a little patch of a million acres, about the size of the state of Connecticut, up in the Northwest. Now twentieth-century pioneers are going out to finish the job.

THE END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THE BROTHERS

Continued from page 21

for a little drink, hon. I sorta done had a couple myself."

She smiled at him, and it was her tears that moonlight touched with glistening this time. "You're a curious one, Mannie. You ain't got a speck of deceivin' in you."

He laughed.

She said, "You're even a little proud of your devilment."

Mannie said, "I got a lot of brag and show-off in me."

Sumner said, "I got it, too. Sometimes I wisht I'd gone on and been a 'vangelist like Ma wanted."

Chelsy said, "We all got it. I had it to-night—like Sumner said." She looked away. "I testified all about what you said."

"What'd I say?"

"All about not wantin' Pa's kind of salvation."

"Well, you never testified no lie. I said it, and I meant it. Let's go set on the steps. Sumner knows what I mean. Don't you, bud?"

THEY were more like brothers than Sumner and his own, and always had been. Their hearts knew a kinship closer than a brotherhood of blood.

So the three went to the steps and sat down. Sumner had a touch of the bottle just to warm his bones, Chelsy said she was so low-spirited that she could stand just a taste, and Mannie joined them, just so they would not drink alone.

That was how it was with the three of them, no rancor by moonlight, only the understanding that they had known for a long time now.

Then a team of mules, big-boned and dark in the moonlight, came out of the road and into the yard at a racking trot, drawing a rumbling wagon after them. A deep voice roughly called a halt, and the mules' heads came high to jerking on the lines, their mouths wide with the cut of the bits in them.

Chelsy said, "That's Jethro. He'd kill a mule."

It was Jethro, her eldest brother, and with him were Daniel and Lee Roy, and Luther and Zed. And there was also Malachi, the father of them all. He did not climb down from the wagon. Only his sons got down and came in a gathered group toward the steps.

Mannie got up. The baby jumped at the sudden motion, and its tiny fingers felt grabbingly along his chest.

Mannie glanced at Chelsy. Her eyes were big with horror, and her mouth was half open.

Jethro said, "Give her the young'un, Mannie. You're goin' with us."

Mannie's heart beat heavily against the child he held. "That ain't my kind of talk, Jethro. You ain't asked me if I care to go."

Then Sumner said, "No. And you ain't asked if I'll stand and watch neither, while he goes."

From the wagon came the old voice of angry authority. "Hush, boy! Your brothers is at God's work."

Sumner laughed into his nose. "God's work? God's work, hell!"

Jethro said, "You want that there gold tooth in your guts, bud?"

Sumner laughed again, the taunting laugh of a younger brother who is more favored than the elder ones. Mannie handed the baby to Chelsy, dropped his hand into his pocket, pulled out the bottle and shrugged his jumper from his shoulders. He said, "I'll take all of you, Jethro—and more, I reckon."

The braggin'est man in Nettles' beat, and the man with the most to back up his braggin'. So someone had said once of Mannie Journeyman, and his two older boys had heard the saying and had brought it proudly home. Now the words ran in a tight circle in Mannie's mind, as the Golden brothers spread fanwise and came in on him and Sumner.

Into silence Chelsy screamed piercingly. A wordless, long rising scream. Lee Roy, the fat brother, jumped at her and slapped his fingers across her mouth. "Shut up!"

Mannie took one step and brought the bottle across in a level stroke, trying for Lee Roy's temple, but missing, smashing instead his round soft jaw. It was a mistake, even with Lee Roy staggering senselessly aside, for Jethro and Zed came in on Mannie from behind. They were all over him. He couldn't shake them loose. One kicked him in the bend of the knee, so that his leg jackknifed.

As he went down, he chopped with the bottle at the back of a man's head. The bottle broke, and the man's face went flat against the ground. Mannie stabbed with the jagged points of glass at the man's neck. But a hand caught his arm and twisted it, getting it in a lock behind his back. His fingers grew gripless. He loosed the piece of broken bottle. The pain in his shoulder was taking all effort and strength out of him. He felt the small rocks of the yard grind into his cheek. He saw that Daniel and Luther had Sumner down. Daniel was beating him in the face. Then Luther kicked him in the temple. Daniel got up. There was no movement in Sumner.

Then another thing happened. Looking on an upward slant, Mannie had a curious view of the porch. He saw his elder sons come dogtrotting out of the dark and stand in the moonlight of the porch. They were in their long-tailed blue shirts—no overalls—and he could tell by their faces that they did not comprehend what was this terrible thing happening to their own father, *the braggin'est man in Nettles' beat*. But they came down the steps fast, like two puppies, snarling and crying tears at the same time.

Daniel hit Mannie Junior in the chest, knocked him back against Goldy. The thing had Mannie himself crying in desperate and futile fierceness now. He called, "Git 'em away, Chelsy, git 'em away! These crazy bastards'll kill 'em!"

Someone kicked him in the face then for the name he put on them all. They brought a plowline from the wagon and tied his hands and feet. He could hear the baby whimpering and Chelsy trying to quiet it, even while crying herself. The boys stood beside their mother, the first desperate anger gone out of them. They were just skinny-legged shirttail boys now, defeated like their father into tears. It put a great sobbing into him, and he was a little glad when the Golden brothers lifted him and tumbled him like a sack of grain into the wagon, because the sideboards of the wagon hid the sight of his family from him, and the sight of him from them.

The moonlight made running shadows as the wagon passed beside a tree and rumbled on out of the yard into the quiet sand of the road.

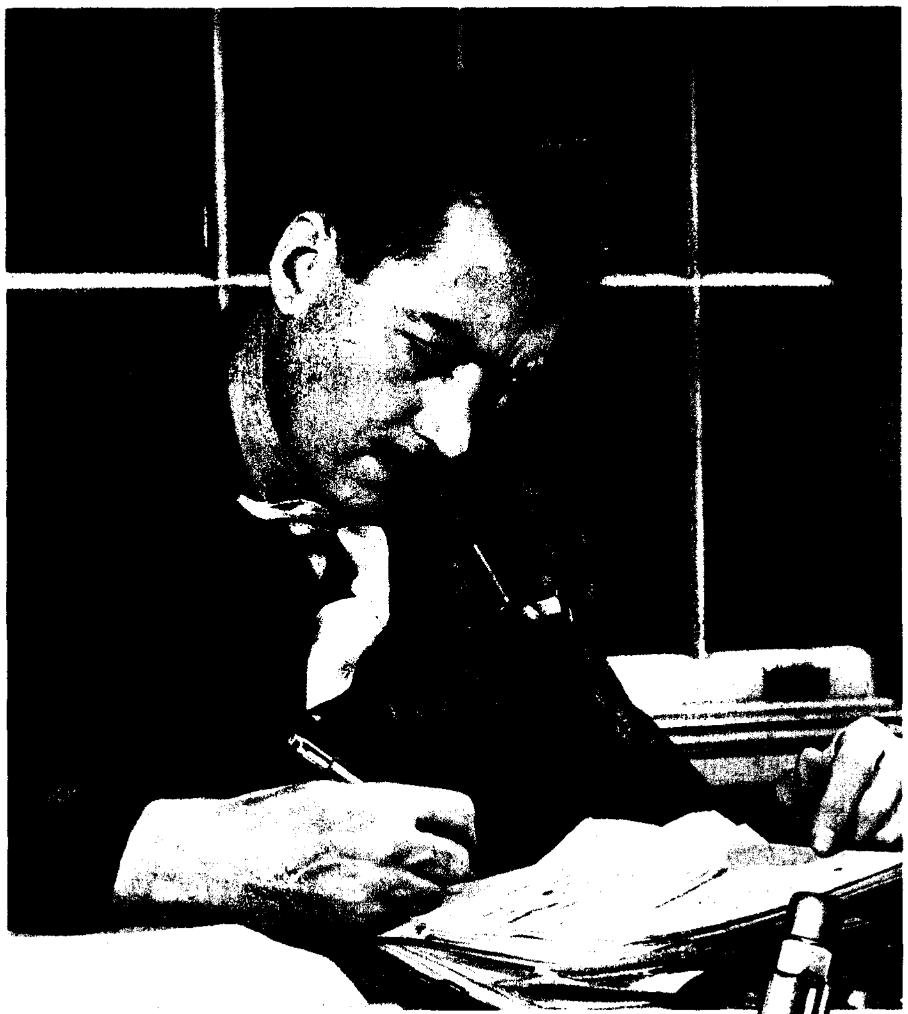
IN THE last of day, Sumner Golden sat with his mother and Chelsy on the steps of the house where he had lived all his life. Inside, there were the sounds of people moving about, for the meeting was soon to start. Chelsy's hands lay in her lap, twisted together, barely moving in themselves. When she spoke, her voice was flat with incomprehension.

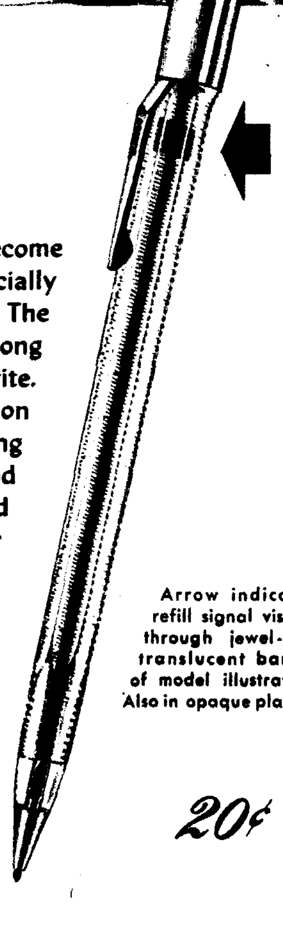
"It was a terrible thing they done to him, Ma. He won't never be the same man again."

"Oh, now, yes, he will." But the mother's voice had no real hope in it.

Chelsy said, "You go in and look at

MacKINLAY KANTOR—successful author whose novel, "Glory For Me," has been made into the stirring Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives"—says:





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him in there, jus' go in and look at him settin' before the God they made him come to. And I'm the one brought it to him, I'm the one. I'll hate them and I'll hate myself—forever and ever."

She put her head on her knees and began to cry. Her mother's hand came up and smoothed at Chelsy's dark hair, but there was no real touch of healing in the hand. The stroking had a gentleness in it, a great loving, but no power.

Sumner looked away from his mother's hand to the pale colors of sunset.

The mother said, "Sumner taken his share of beatin' that night and come through awright."

It made him cheap and false inside for even his mother to say the thing, even when she said it only to gain some strength of hope for herself and Chelsy.

Sumner said, "It weren't the same. I taken mine in a half-fair fight. It wasn't like that with Mannie. They taken him out in a field and laid his chest acrost a stump, and two of 'em helt his arms while Pa and Jethro beat him with a plowline." He laughed into his nose.

"They beat him until he confessed God for hisself and his boys. That's religion for you." He put his palms together and ground them against each other, as if to grind to dust a thing there between them.

Chelsy raised her head. Her fingers hooked into the flesh of Sumner's arm. He saw in her eyes—the violet-blue eyes that were like his mother's and like his own—too many shadows of backward-looking.

"I can still hear him," she said, "the way he cried to me like one of my own babies. And I can see his eyes and his mouth the way they was last meeting night when he got up and testified." Her voice grew low with the secrecy of almost unsayable things. "And in bed he ain't got no man left in him."

"Sh-sh, hon," the mother said. "Sh-sh."

"I can't listen to him testify again!"

"Sh-sh."

Sumner looked away again to sunset and could find no peace in the pale colors there. The evening star shone dustily and there was no peace in it either.

A step sounded at the hall door. "You all think to worship the Lord God out here? Git yourselves inside."

They got up wearily, the mother first, the daughter next, then the son. The father turned and went in ahead of them.

AS HE followed the other three in, Sumner felt that in his own heart a brightness was beginning to shape itself, dimly at first, as it was with the evening star. He knew by the beat of his heart and by the aching tightness in his throat that the end of a time was at hand.

He could remember out of his life twice before such a growth of spirit—first, when he had stood by his mother's bed and said over for her from the beginning to the end, the first chapter of Genesis; and again, when he had realized that Mannie and Chelsy were closer in the heart and in the flesh than Mannie and Sumner could ever be. There had been in those full feelings a goodness that came of his knowledge that something he could give was to be asked of him. That same goodness was glowing within him now, as he came to the door of the large bedroom where the meeting was to be held.

He stood at the doorway and looked on his brothers and their families and the families of three neighboring houses gathered there in the mixture of dusk and lamplight. Nobody faced Sumner except his father, who stood before the others, turning with the fingers of one hand the pages of a Bible that lay on the outspread fingers of the other hand. The leaves of the Book made a whispering as they were turned.

Then Sumner heard another sound—a grown man's tight sobbing. He looked to the right, into the back corner. Mannie Journeyman knelt there, the fingers of one hand grasping the top rung of a ladder-backed chair. The other hand held the baby to his shoulder, the fingers of the hand spread wide on the baby's back. Mannie's broad and muscled back moved convulsively as he tried to keep back the sound of his crying. Beside him stood his two older boys, their faces blank and deep-eyed with nervous wondering fear. They looked at their father and then away, not able to grant that this strange thing should have come to pass upon the braggin'est man. Their boy-faces were pale, and their tongues were never still upon their lips.

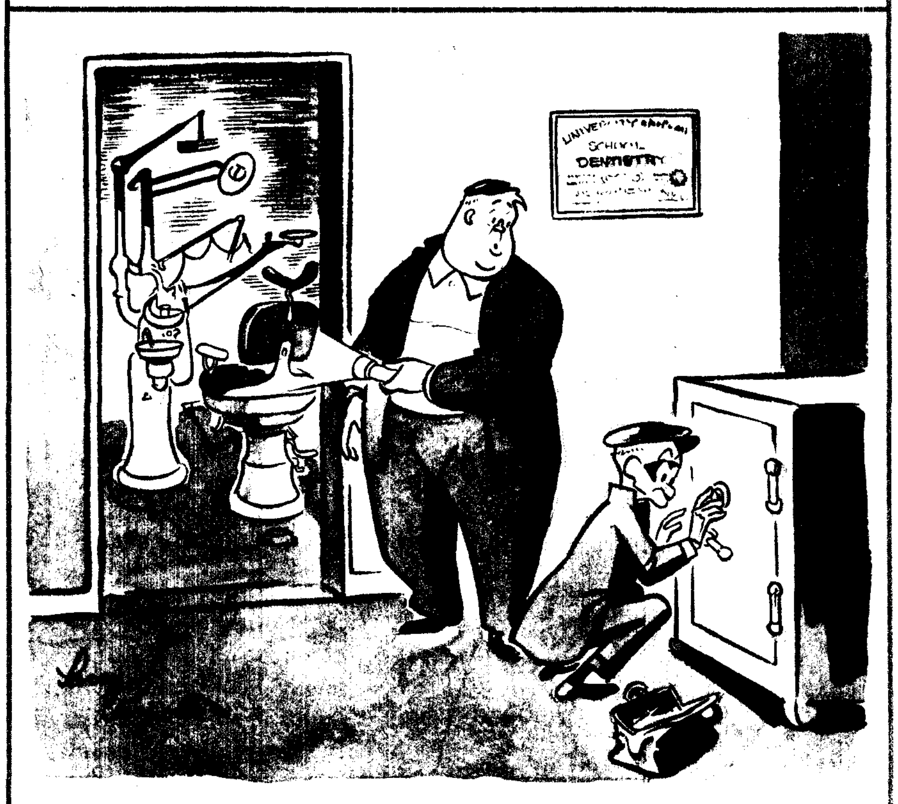
And all this was no thing to happen to a man's sons and to a man before those sons. Even Sumner Golden, who had neither sons nor daughters, knew that.

"The Seventeenth Psalm of David, King of All Israel." The words of the father of all the Goldens were large and real in the room.

Sumner watched the shadows from lamplight move on his father's face.

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"You got to come wit' me. I ain't gonna ransack that room alone"

COLLIER'S

"Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear—" No sternness was gone out of the face, no warmth of human kindness was come into the voice. Sumner felt the brightness and the goodness being cut from him, as though they had been fine raiment despised in his father's sight.

"Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress."

Then Mannie Journeyman got to his feet in the slow stumbling way of a cow. His voice was whining like a sickly woman's. "I got a tes—"

"No, you ain't, Mannie! No, you ain't!"

And Sumner went toward the front of the room, saying, "But I got a thing to say before God. I got a thing in my heart that needs sayin'."

He came to the front of the room and turned to look into Mannie's face. He smiled, facing all the people, feeling the lamplight pick out for them the brightness of his one gold tooth, by which he was known through the countryside—a mild and loving man among fierce ones. But while he smiled he felt a vigor of strength in himself. He lifted his head a little.

"I want to say this to the ones that taken Mannie Journeyman out and tried to beat their own meanness into his heart, I want to say this: *I'm next.*"

He paused and let them listen to the sound his voice had made in the room. He saw his mother's face, kindly, full of the withered quality of dried-up harvest. Though his words were a portion of her dream that he should one day have stood before congregations with a gospel in his heart, he saw her lift her hand, as if she would touch him and hush his speech. But the thing was to be said now.

"I'm next. And after you come for me, *there'll be Chelsy, and after her,* Ma—and after them, Mannie's boys. And on and on. 'Cause whenever you take leather or plowline to your fellaman, somewheres or other the good'uns of God will rise up with whatever strength they got. And they'll walk with a mighty power in 'em. And they'll prevail. 'Cause you can't cut deep enough to git to the heart of a man. Can they, Mannie? Can they!"

He made a jubilant shout of it, because that was how he felt inside. It was like waking a man up.

Mannie stood there, blinking, wondering but drawing his mouth into shape from looseness.

Sumner laughed with the exaltation that bubbled deep inside him. He said, "Think on them things before you lay any more of us over a stump and use a plowline."

They listened and seemed to think, for a little while. Something in his voice made them still and afraid in the lamplight, as if a fear and a stillness had come out of the night to touch the orange flame of the lamp, to breathe softly in their ears, to stir up shadows for their seeing.

So, having defeated them simply, all the angry preachments in him were useless, and he turned to his father to say quietly, "I used to say that me and Mannie Journeyman was more like brothers than me and my own. It's turned out to be a true thing I said, and a sad thing, but a good'un, too. 'Cause it leaves me a place to go when I can't call out to any brother I ever had. I'm goin' there now. And whenever you feel righteous enough to beat me into a love of God, come to my brother's house."

The old man raised the Bible as if to strike his son across the face. Then he lowered the Book and said with a scornful mouth, "You been a heathen since you drawed breath. Git out afore God strikes you down in front of us all." The old man shuddered as though he had lost a portion of himself into a deep place. "Git out!" he said again.

Sumner went smiling down the room. "Mannie! Let's go, bud."

Mannie looked down at his sons and said, "Let's go with Sumner. Come on, let's go." There was urgency, but no whining in his voice. The boys looked up proudly and smiled at their father.

CHELSY stood at the door of the room and touched each of the two boys with an anxious tenderness as they went out. Then she was face to face with Mannie. She held out her hands for the baby. He shook his head, smiled, and said words almost without sound, "I'll tote him. He ain't much load."

They went out together, and Mannie walked like a man who gains his strength after illness. But as he walked, strength seemed to grow in him and hold him up, a proud man.

Sumner turned at the doorway and looked again at his father. The old man made an effort to gather anger and grimness out of the confusion that showed across his face.

Then, as his father's mouth moved to lash old words of authority, Sumner spoke:

"When you come for me, come like a walkin' ghost, 'cause you're dead for me, and all the ones like you, dead as dust." Then he smiled again and turned away from them to go up the hall and out of his father's house.

There came a sudden sound of voices, and then, louder than any other voice, his father's shout.

"Git quiet and worship the Lord God! He'll take care of heathens!"

But the babbling took a long time to cease. . . .

The Journeymans were gone on to the road when Sumner came out into the yard, and they were good to see—five people no longer lonely in their world and time. And he guessed he cared more for them than for any other people in all his own world.

He was halfway to the road when his mother called from the steps, "Sumner, Sumner boy."

He stopped, turned, went back toward her. She hurried across the yard in the anxious fashion of old people, and when she came to him, she touched him, as if by so touching she could secure a part of him forever. "You was a good evangelist tonight, Sumner."

He said nothing, only smiled to hear his mother say a good but foolish loving thing of him.

She said, "To lift up a brother's spirit again—that's all the preachin' a man can do."

"Come and go with us, Ma."

She shook her head.

"Pa don't deserve you to stay—even if this breaks him."

"Maybe not, maybe not. But I wouldn't feel easy with the God I raised you up in if I run off now. 'Cause this here *will* break your pa. He'll need somebody. It's all the way of livin' I've learnt in seven whole readin's of the Scriptures."

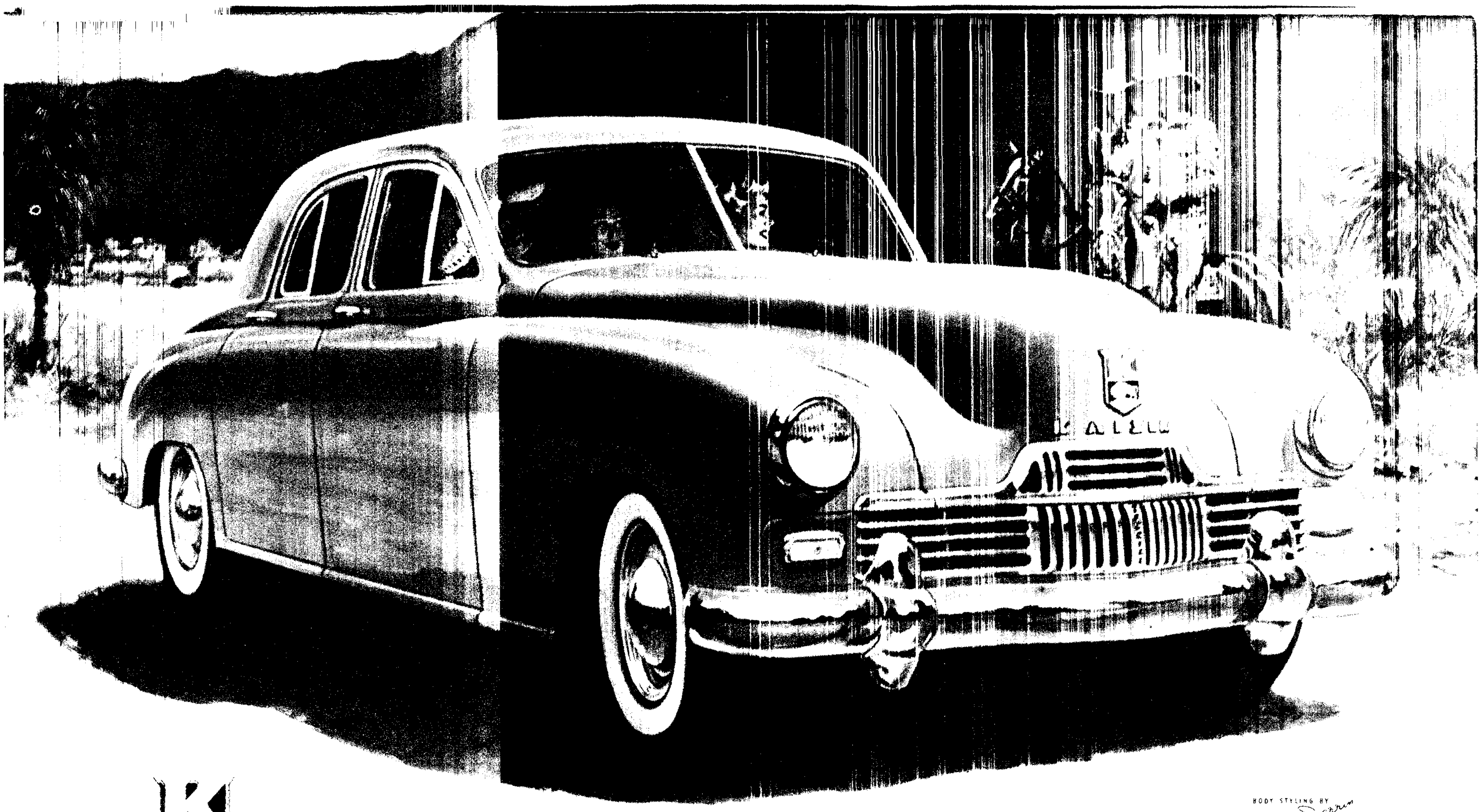
A quietness had come into all the night about them now, the quietness of completion of the thing that had been done.

Sumner said, "You a good'un, Ma. That's all I can say. You a good'un."

"It's all you need to say."

He turned and started across the yard. The tears in him made him hurry. There was bright hurt within him but also a gladness that sent him walking swiftly down the road, scuffling the soft sand of the way.

THE END



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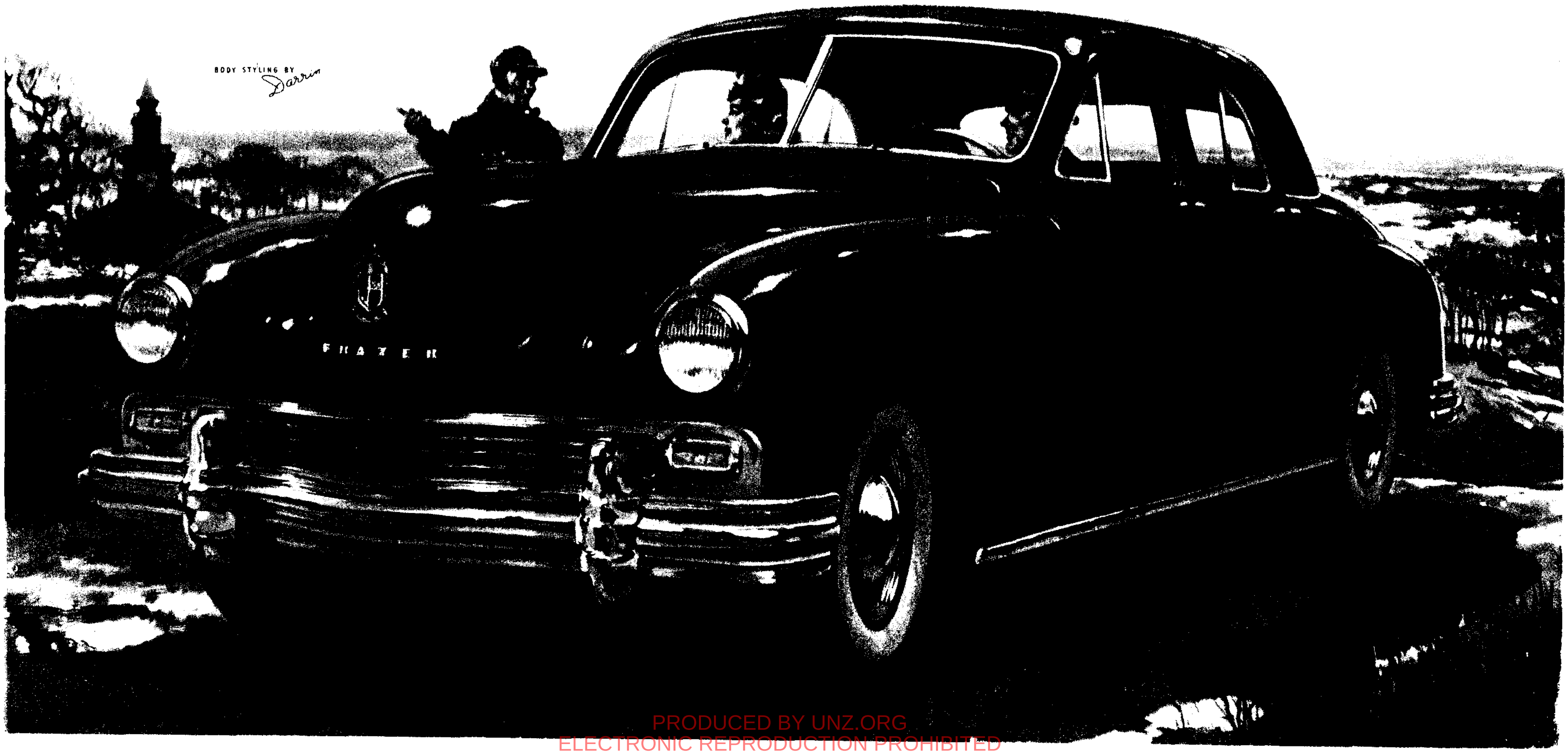

CONCLUDING THE ABSORBING ROMANCE OF A WOMAN IN PERIL

THE DARK DEVICE

BY HANNAH LEES

The Story:

Christina Linger, beautiful Norwegian skating star, barely avoids killing her widowed father, **Berg**, when she leaps over his prostrate figure during their sensational ice number, The Flight. After the "accident," Tina consults a psychiatrist, **Dr. Simon Sword**, who tells her that, in spite of her protests of filial love, she subconsciously wants to kill Berg and must not skate The Flight until she is cured. Tina defies her father, and insists she be allowed to skate solo. She falls during her solo, and Sword discovers that Berg has sabotaged the ice. Now realizing that Berg is a dangerous sadist who will stop at nothing to dominate his family, Sword believes the reports of Berg's violence he has heard from **Dill Dooner**, a reporter who knew Tina's older brother, **Larsen**, in the Army. Sword attempts to warn Tina, but she is revulsed by his accusations.

Although Tina previously had declared she loved Sword, she transfers her hidden hate for Berg to Sword. Sword encourages her enmity until it grows so strong she tries to push him from a window. Tina now recognizes her justifiable hate for Berg, but refuses to believe that Berg, not she, was responsible for her mother's violent death. In a desperate plan to spur Berg into action so Tina can see the truth, Sword tells Berg that Tina will soon be free and able to remember exactly how her mother died. Sword enlists the aid of Tina's younger brother and sister, **Thor** and **Alma**, to watch her. Dill, who has long been in love with Tina, stands guard on the balcony of the Lingers' 21st-floor apartment.

Unable to sleep one night, Tina refuses to accept some sleeping capsules Berg offers her and tells him she is close to remembering her mother's death. Berg follows her out on the balcony and, as she stands by the railing, he begins to lift her powerfully, steadily. Tina screams, but even as she resists, she is swaying out into emptiness. . . .

Conclusion

THIS was the moment Dill's muscles had been gathering for. Now! The flying tackle he made was just as effective in bringing down two bodies as one. All three were rolling on the cement at the foot of the railing, for a moment, then Dill was on his feet again, the Army revolver gleaming darkly in the light from the French doors.

"Nope," he said quietly, "it won't be that way your little Sea Gull leaves you, Linger. Stay where you are," he said, as Berg, his chiseled features ugly with hate, lunged toward him.

"Come on, Sea Gull." Dill held out his hand to Tina, who was sitting dazedly on the cement where she had fallen. "Let's all go inside and talk this over. Sorry I had to throw you, but this isn't as hard as the pavement twenty-one stories down."

He motioned Berg through the door with the gun and, still holding Tina by the hand, followed after. "Unh-unh," he said, as Berg edged toward the bathroom door. "Just stay there by the wall, Linger, if you've got the box those capsules came from, you might let me have it. I'm kind of curious about those capsules."

"This is a strange intrusion, Dooner." Standing against the wall, Berg's back had straightened and some of his old arrogance had returned. "Shall I call the manager or will you leave immediately?"

"Neither, right away. I'll be needing the phone myself," said Dill, holding the gun directly on him. "Those capsules?"

With the bored smile of one humoring someone demented, Berg fished in his pocket and produced a small cardboard box. "They're quite harmless," he said.

"Glad to hear it." Dill pocketed the box and dropped on Tina's mussed bed as he reached for the phone. His eyes located the capsules and the water she had put aside.

Tina had sunk down in the armchair by the window. Her eyes, moving from Berg to him and back to Berg again, were bright with horror. It was hardly the look he had been dreaming of evoking, Dill thought, and if this was being a hero, the hell with it.

There was only time for one ring before he heard Sword's voice: "Hello."

"Hi, Si. Things have been happening, kind of. If you want to get in on them make it snappy. Guns make me nervous. Yeah, twenty-first floor."

After he had hung up, Dill's gun was still trained on Berg, but his eyes were on Tina.

"Was I wrong, Sea Gull," he said softly, "or wasn't darling Papa trying to help you off that balcony?"

She was staring at Berg as if she had never seen him before. "I—I don't know," she said.

Dill sat in silence after that. Quite soon someone would have to get Alma and Thor up. They had to be in on this, too. He felt no triumph, only a sort of aching disgust. What a lousy business, tearing a gal's father to pieces before her eyes, no matter how much it needed to be done.

Once Berg said, "You realize, Tina, this reporter must be out of his mind, don't you?"

Still staring at him, she said again, "I—I don't know."

The doorbell rang sharply and Alma stuck her head in the door, her round face flushed with sleep.

"Oh, Tina, what's wrong? I heard voices and thought I must be dreaming and then the doorbell rang. Dill, what's that gun for? Oh, dear, I thought everything was all right." She began to cry.

"That's Tina's Dr. Sword at the door, dumpling." Dill tried to smile reassuringly. "Let him in like an angel and then wake Thor. He'd better be here."

WHEN Sword appeared in the doorway, Tina's eyes flew to him; her face suddenly alive.

It was no fun, Dill thought, to watch her look at Sword like that. Not that you could blame her, or Sword either. Sword had brought this thing off somehow. Dill was very clear about that. He'd brought it off and without anybody getting hurt. The guy was worth quite a look in almost anybody's eyes. But it didn't seem possible to Dill, sitting there aching with envy, that Sword couldn't, as he had implied the morning before, use that look from Tina.

Sword glanced at Tina with a small smile of reassurance, then at Berg, and finally at Dill. "What happened?" he said, almost casually.

"Take these before they get lost, Doc." Dill picked up the two blue capsules lying by the bed and handed them to Sword. "Can you tell what they are?"

Sword opened one and sniffed, before he cautiously tasted it.

"It's not sodium amytal anyway. Morphine is my guess. It'd take a chemist to be sure, but I think morphine and quite a lot of it. Where'd they come from?"

"Linger was giving them to Tina to help her sleep," Dill said ironically.

"And you stopped him?"

"I was going to, but she decided not to take them and . . ."

"You decided not to take them, Tina?" Sword looked at her curiously. "Why?"

"I was afraid," she whispered.

"Good," Sword said. He turned to Dill. "Then what?"

"She went out on the balcony for some air. Berg went with her. He tried to push her over. I tackled them both just as he got her feet off the ground."

"Fantastic," muttered Berg, "fantastic lies."

"Where'd you get the morphine, Linger?" Sword said.

"I've had some morphine for an emergency for a long time." Berg shrugged. "I had removed Tina's sedative for fear she might do herself harm. They must have got mixed. It was a narrow escape."

"It was that," Sword said. "I've never seen morphine in capsules, especially blue ones."

"Here's the box they came from," Dill said, and he took it out of his pocket.

"But I hid Tina's sedative myself," Alma said.

Sword studied the box and said, "Berg must have persuaded the druggist downstairs to refill the prescription then. They aren't supposed to, but they do sometimes. This has the February date of the original prescription but the box looks too new. It'll be easy to check."

"He kept giving her coffee all evening, so she would need something to make her sleep," Dill said, fitting things together. "And when that didn't work . . ."

"Did you realize Berg was trying to push you off the balcony, Tina?" Sword asked. "Do you realize it now?"

SHE didn't answer, just kept staring at Berg. Thor and Alma were staring at him in the same way, as if they had never seen him before.

"Are you going to call the police?" Simon turned back to Dill. "We can't exactly ignore this."

"I don't think it would do much good," Dill said, frowning. "Nobody's been hurt so far, not what the police would call hurt. Trying to convict him of anything, maybe unsuccessfully, would be a lousy press for you and tough on these kids. All we want, isn't it, is for Berg Linger to leave what he calls his loved ones alone? If we can persuade him to clear up a few little questions, won't the rest take care of itself?"

Sword looked at him consideringly for a moment, then nodded. Dill grinned unexpectedly. "Your witness, Doc."

"Your wife's death is the first thing," Sword said to Berg, as if he and Dill had planned it that way. "I know Tina wasn't responsible for that, but she doesn't. Tell her so; tell her it wasn't even carelessness on her part."

"It was an accident," Berg said, "but Tina was responsible for the accident."

"I think you were responsible for the accident, Linger, and pinned it on Tina. Your son Larsen thinks it was more than an accident. He thinks you planned it carefully and cleverly so Tina would carry the guilt of it all

her life. That adds up, Linger. Isn't that the way it was?"

"Fantastic lies," Berg said. "Tina was holding the rope that secured the trap door. She let it fall, no doubt by accident but . . ."

Tina, who had been staring at her father with the same horrified fascination, suddenly turned to Sword.

"The rope," she whispered. "That's what I've been trying to remember. I was still holding it in my hand after Mama fell. I didn't let it slip. I know I didn't.

"And the next day," Tina said, rushing on as if she were telling something that had happened yesterday, "Larsen and I saw some rope on the trash pile. There were frayed shiny ends that looked cut with a knife. And it was Papa who put the plow underneath. And days later I picked up a bent twisted piece of train ticket from Milwaukee to Chicago where the plow had been. It had rust and grease marks as if it might have been used to wedge the spring catch. Only from the moment Mama fell, Papa kept saying, 'Poor Tina, don't blame yourself for this, you couldn't help it,' and I was so frightened and miserable I forgot all the rest.

"Oh, Papa!" Her eyes flickered past Berg and hid from the sight of him against Alma's plump shoulder. Thor turned and awkwardly tried to put his arms around them both.

There was a long bitter silence. Then Berg spoke, but ramblingly as if talking to himself: "A man has to fight for his family. Mama was going to go away from me and take the children with her. A woman who tries to leave her husband must be punished. A child who will not mind her father must be punished. A man must fight for his family."

"Even to killing them if necessary, one by one?" Sword asked.

"Tina tried to kill me that time she jumped close," Berg said savagely. "You admitted that yourself, Doctor," he added. "One can't sit and wait to be killed."

"Tina never tried to kill you," Sword said. "Tina wanted to kill you, which is very different. But she was incapable of trying. That is why she spread her feet instead of landing on you. That is why the horror of the impulse drove her nearly to killing herself, instead. But you could kill your wife and pin the guilt for ten bitter years on your daughter. You could have killed Tina to keep the truth about your wife from coming out, to keep all three children from turning against you. You planned it

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

rather well. With all that morphine Tina would have slept and slept until it was too late to discover when she had taken it. Suicide, you would have called it, unless you could have somehow fastened the guilt on Alma or Thor."

"Lies," Berg said, a smile of patient martyrdom on his lips, his eyes narrow and overbright. "All my life I have had to fight against lies. Tina, Alma, Thor, can't you see this is a plot to take you away from me? Can you look at Berg who has loved you so well and guarded you so carefully and believe these evil things of him?"

Tina lifted her head and looked at him almost without recognition. Alma looked at him, and Thor. But none of them answered.

"You've nothing left to fight with, Linger," Sword said pityingly. "Go on back to your room now and leave these three alone.

"A terrific job, Dill," he said, smiling crookedly when Berg had gone. "You're quite a guy for my money, not only brave, but what's rarer, bright. These kids are going to be grateful to you when they can feel any emotion that comfortable."

"To me?" Dill said mockingly.

"Who else? You were here, weren't you?"

"I don't understand that," Tina said in weary bewilderment. "What were you doing here, Dill?"

"He's been lurking for a week, Tina," Alma said. "You were so upset, he and I thought you might try to do something awful to yourself again."

Sword and Dill exchanged a faint smile. "I'm going home to bed," Sword said. "Why don't you bunk down with Thor, Dill? We can all decide better after a little sleep what's the next thing to do. Good night." His parting smile was no more for Tina than for any of the others.

WHEN Covers got to his office at the Fire and Ice Room the next afternoon he found a message summoning him to the Linger apartment. Odd, he thought as he got in the elevator. Berg Linger had never before let business invade the privacy of his home. Odder still, Tina greeted him at the door.

"You were good to come up, Mr. Covers. There are some things we must discuss with you."

When she led him into the living room, "we" seemed to be Tina and Alma and Thor. Berg was nowhere to be seen.

"Mr. Linger?" Covers asked politely.

"My father is not well," Tina said. "That is what we must talk about. I will call him in a minute but we want to disturb him as little as possible. The doctor says it would be dangerous for him to skate any longer, Mr. Covers. It is a great blow to all of us and it means, of course, that we must break our contract."

"Don't say it, Tina." Covers wrung his hands. "Don't even think it. It would ruin the Fire and Ice Room."

"There are other skaters," Tina said soothingly, "and we'll do what we can till you can arrange another show because"—she smiled oddly—"we've all learned a great deal working here. Now I'll call my father and we'll tell you what we have decided we could manage."

She went to one of the bedroom doors. "Berg," she said.

Covers was shocked when Berg came out. His face was as chiseled and controlled as ever, but there was no life in it and no spring to his slender, usually so vital, body.

"I have been telling Mr. Covers our sad news," Tina said to Berg, with what Covers found rather quaint formality. "We'll all have to skate tonight, but we'll arrange the program to spare you as much as possible, to avoid any danger. After tonight Alma and Thor and I will carry on until we can build a new show."

Covers looked at her. Her voice had a curious note and she seemed to be telling Berg. He'd never heard anyone tell Berg Linger anything before.

"I'll do the Flower Garden alone." Tina turned back to Covers. "That will spare my father one whole act. And don't worry about my stumbling again. I was down practicing it before lunch. It went perfectly. There was something wrong with the ice that other time.

"And then," she said to Berg, "I thought at the midnight show you and I would do The Flight, as a sort of farewell to each other."

"No, Tina," Berg said sharply. "Not The Flight. That is too much."

"I think we could do that safely," she said, "just once, you know as a swan song, Berg. It demands very little of you, and I feel quite up to it. I want to, if Mr. Covers would like it."

"Like it," Covers said, rubbing his hands. "Even once is something, Tina. I'll make a special announcement. But this talk of quitting is all crazy. If your father can't skate, you three kids carry on. You can do it with him as manager. The Young Lingers. It would go fine."

COLLIER'S
GERALD GREEN

"Now that I have your permission, will you put in a good word for me with your daughter?"

Tina shook her head. "You must understand, Mr. Covers. We can't do it. We've been letting our father do too much, much too much, for a long time. He has to stop completely."

Covers shrugged in unhappy resignation and rose to go.

"One more thing," Tina said. "Mr. Dooner and a Dr. Sword will be my guests at the midnight show. See that they have a good table. Dr. Sword will have a lady with him."

Covers wondered where he had got the idea that this poised, beautiful young woman was an immature schoolgirl. Was responsibility bringing her out? "Yes, indeed, Miss Linger," he said.

SIMON and Mammy had the most prominent iceside table for the midnight show. Dill hadn't appeared, although the show had been on for some time.

Simon hadn't seen either him or the Lingers since last night. When he'd phoned Tina at noon, she had said, "We're all right. I can't come in today and I know you're busy and tired. No, I'm all right, Simon. I'll come to the office tomorrow, but please be at the show tonight. You'll see. Bring Mammy. Goodby. I don't have to tell you how I feel about you."

Her voice, controlled and faintly preoccupied, had stabbed his defenses by its unexpected lack of demand. He wondered what he might have said if she hadn't hung up so promptly.

Now from the moment she had come on the ice he had been unable to think of the past night or the past weeks or anything but the simple all-absorbing sight of her. She was white and there were deep purple shadows under her eyes but every cell in her body was alive. She was like a fine streak of neon light.

She was fairly floating through the Flower Garden. Tonight there was clearly nothing wrong with either the ice or Tina. When the first series of leaps brought her directly in front of their table she threw a rose in Mammy's lap, and her eyes glowed into Simon's.

"She doesn't look like a recent refugee from murder," Mammy said dryly. "Is this what you call transference, Simon?"

"No," he said. "It's called freeing the personality from its psychic bonds."

When Tina had finished, Alma and Thor came on to do a skating version of a Norwegian peasant dance. It was fast and intricate and their footwork was as sure as if they had been on the soles of their feet instead of four thin blades. Probably, a detached corner of Sword's mind thought, if you could survive a childhood with Berg Linger you'd have to be made of steel.

But then he was lost in his thoughts of Tina until he heard the band leader saying: "And now Tina and Berg Linger will do The Flight, that sensational dance that has not been seen since early in the season!"

The Flight. She was going to do The Flight, was she? Probably he should have known when she was so insistent that he come tonight. It was logical, inevitable maybe, but he had been too busy feeling romantic about her to think of this.

"If it's supposed to be a test of whether you've cured her or not, I just hope you've done a good job of it," Mammy said.

Simon didn't answer. The music had started and Tina and Berg were on the ice in a small shifting pool of light. It was the familiar pattern that had printed itself so vividly on his mind the first time he had seen them, but with a subtle shift of emphasis. Tina was no longer following her partner; Berg was simply a stooge, highlighting her art. It was he, this time, who had the withdrawn look and it was not a pleasant thing to see. So she had to have this symbol of freedom, Sword thought.

Now Tina was spinning and twirling in her cage of light, her skates never using more than a few square feet of ice. She had never skated with more grace and precision, nor seemed less conscious of it. Her face wore a curious secret smile.

"Simon." Mammy poked him. "I don't like this. Look at his face."

Simon followed her eyes to the lighted space on the side where Berg Linger lay outstretched, his arms spread stiffly. He looked like a man certain of his death.

Now Simon understood the smile on Tina's face. Tomorrow, he thought, she will tell me she had to do this to prove herself free. But it's simpler than that. It's revenge. She's entitled to it—I don't blame her—but I don't like looking on, either.

TINA broke through the cage of light and was circling around and around and around, each time a little faster. Suddenly, as before, her eyes seemed to fasten on someone in the audience and her face changed, her smile looked more like joy than triumph. Simon was able to wonder who had evoked that look and even had time for a brief pang that it could be someone besides himself, but he couldn't look to see. His eyes were on Berg.

Berg was using everything his forty years of self-discipline had taught him but it wasn't enough. Tina was coming around for the last time and gathering speed for her jump. Then she was soaring into the air above him. As she began to curve down, down, he shut his eyes. His face was contorted with fear.

A man might die of terror that way, Sword thought; not Berg Linger, but any softer man.

Down Tina curved, down, and landed three feet beyond Berg's head, her eyes and that brilliant smile still fixed on a spot in the audience. Leaning forward, her arms spread, she soared off away from the supine figure of her father and out of sight.

The spotlight faded, leaving Berg's body in darkness, and Sword's eyes swept over the audience.

There was Dill Dooner. Was it he Tina had been looking at? No, with him was a tall, very thin, sunburned soldier who was looking after Tina's vanished figure with a smile on his lips.

"Larsen Linger," Sword said. "The long-lost brother. It must be. This is close to ham melodrama, Mammy. Only way it could have been closer is if he'd showed up last night."

Berg was on his feet now. The spotlight was back and Tina with it. She and Berg were bowing. They were both smiling, but Berg's smile was mechanical and there was sweat pouring down his face.

"She looks glad to see her brother," Mammy said.

Simon agreed absently. Glad to see Larsen, sure, he was thinking, but where did that leave off and triumph over Berg begin? And that triumph shading into revenge came pretty close to straight sadism. Well, you couldn't blame her. She'd learned it from an expert.

"Let's go, Mammy. I'm tired. But I'm glad I saw this show," he added, softly. "I needed it."

"Professionally, Simon?"

"No, Mammy, dear," he said, "personally."

While the waiter was explaining that Miss Linger had arranged about the check, Tina, still in her skates, came up.

"Simon, it's Larsen. Did you see him? He just got in, over there with Dill. Come meet him, Simon; and—look, won't you and Mammy wait till after the next show? Then we can all go somewhere and celebrate together. Please, Simon."

He looked down at her. She had never seemed more beautiful or more desirable or more terrifying. "I'm tired, Tina," he said with a smile. "I was up late last night with a sick patient. Remember? You'll have enough excitement without us, I guess. See you tomorrow. Incidentally, you were wonderful."

"Was I?" she asked, with unexpected

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humility. "All right, tomorrow at three." Suddenly she grinned. "Covers just told me it was a pity I couldn't have landed closer, the way I did last time. So much better theater, he says." . . .

"Larsen."

"Tina."

"Larsen."

"Thor, you old clown, you had me in stitches even tonight. Tina, you were magnificent. Alma, baby, you've got the family edges. You're good."

"Larsen, it's been over a year," Tina said. "It's been awful."

"I know. I could've got out when Dilly did, but, Tina, I was scared if I came back I'd never get away again. I told Dilly, but he didn't believe me then."

"I do now, chum; have for some time."

"I guess. Tina, it began to haunt me after Dilly left. Every day I'd remember something different and be more scared than ever. Then I saw if I stayed away I'd always be scared. I tried to get back then, but it takes time. Then Dilly's letters began to come and I nearly went nuts waiting, Tina. Look, are you all right, really all right?"

"I feel marvelous. It's crazy and I'm ashamed but I do."

"I don't see how you can, after last night. Dilly's been telling me. Funny, you think a thing may happen but when it does you can't believe it. Tina, how'd you make him do The Flight tonight?"

"I told him he had to."

"You told him, did you? My sister. I think he thought you were going to kill him."

"Maybe he did. I knew I wouldn't."

"Where's he now?"

"We're not doing The Flight at two. I don't know where he is," Tina said.

"Nor care, Sea Gull?"

"Nor care?" she repeated. "No, nor care, nor care."

TINA suddenly sat down and began to laugh hysterically. Larsen looked at her and began to laugh, too, then Alma, then Thor.

"The h-hell with him. Let's all g-g-get drunk."

"Thor, you're too young."

"No, he's not. You should see some of the kids in the Army, shouldn't she, Dilly?"

"Might do him good, this once. Remind me to tell you, Thor. You don't have to sleepwalk any more. That was one of Papa's ideas."

"The power of suggestion. I figured that out in Germany. It was nothing but power of suggestion all the way through. He'd beat us, then cover us with kisses and say, 'You know how much I love you, little ones.' We'd cling to him, scared to death, and say, 'We love you, too, Papa,' and wonder why we wanted to cry."

"R-remember that no family ever l-loved each other s-s-so much routine?"

"Why did we fall for it, Larsen?"

"We were raised on it. You know that saying, 'Give us a child till it's seven.' "

"Well, it isn't going to be true of this convert. Larsen, you're thin."

"I'm fine. Tina, you never knew about me and the bus on the way to the induction center. I darn' near got run over. I was leaving him, see. But he didn't push quite hard enough."

"Larsen, don't! But I believe it. Did Dilly tell you about the sticky ice?"

"Papa has genius of a sort."

"I hope we haven't inherited it."

"Larsen, remember that rope we found?"

"Yeah, I began to remember about that in Europe. I guess I didn't dare remember while I was close to home."

"Poor Mama."

"Yes. But at least she missed these ten happy, happy years."

"I don't remember Mama much."

"No wonder, baby, she was always running errands for the master like the rest of us. She could hardly wipe our noses or change our diapers."

"He was just plain jealous."

"Jealous, why Tina, you don't understand. That was love."

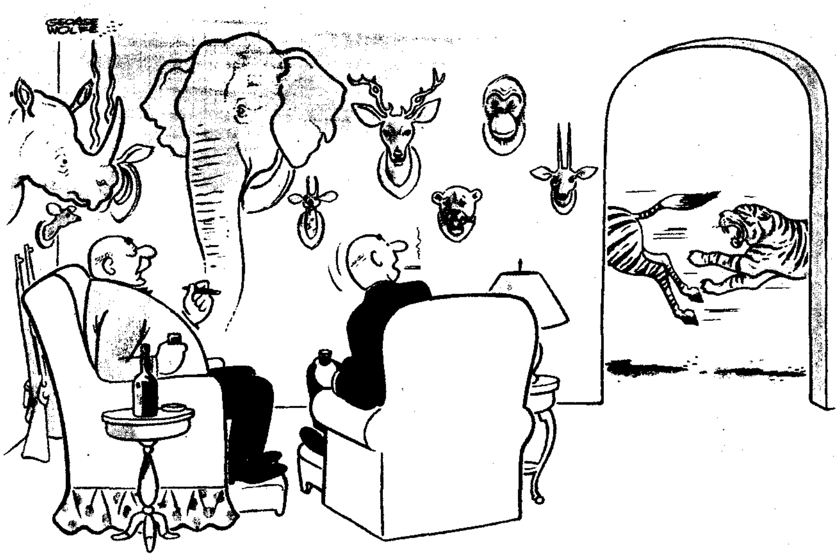
"Love!"

"That rope, the balcony, sugar on the ice. Nobody'd believe it. Nobody. I thing I may get a little drunk myself, Dill, after the last show."

"Go ahead, I'll take care of you. I'll look out for lurking Bergs."

They were wildly, brutally, cruelly gay. They probably felt safe and happy all together for the first time in their lives.

SIMON dreaded the next hour with Tina more than any he had ever spent with her. The working out of her death wish, for all its pain and danger, had provided a certain clinical interest. He had done whatever he did with professional detachment. Even at that moment on the window sill when, with her hands on his shoulders, he had wondered if he was wrong, he had felt both honest and altruistic. But as this hour approached he had to admit that now he was more preoccupied with his own salvation than with hers.



"I haven't had time to have those two stuffed and mounted"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

When she came in he was struck by the conquering glow on her face. Here was the old Vermont feed-store calendar girl come to life, and what's more, he had brought it to life. Here was the living embodiment of everything that painting above his desk stood for, of the dream behind the turquoise jar, the soft rough expensive coverings on his couch, the deep, thick rugs. He loved it, he wanted it, he needed it. But unlike the painting and the turquoise jar and the expensive stuffs, this bit of glamor wouldn't just surround him and let him be himself. He would have to change, or change her. He wasn't willing to do the first and if he tried to do the second he'd either fail or lose what he was looking for. He knew too much to be able to love with innocence and hated himself for the knowledge and hated the knowledge for what it was doing to him.

She had deliberately dressed to be attractive. There had been flashes of it before, but this was the first time, off the ice, she had been completely conscious of being beautiful. It hurt, because she had succeeded all too well.

He met her eyes for a bare second before he lowered his thick eyelashes. "You don't look like a girl who has been through one of the more frightful experiences in life," he said.

"I don't feel like it." She smiled and moved toward him. "That worries me. Why am I not absolutely crushed and shattered at finally finding out that you were right about Berg?"

Simon retreated to his armchair and sat down. "You never loved your old man, Tina, as I seem to remember having told you before. You've spent your life confusing hate and fear with love. It must be a great relief to be able to think love may be something better than that. No wonder you feel good, Tina."

"Love is something much better than that. I know. I think part of my happiness is at finding I can trust you all the way, even though I did have to lose my father to find it."

"Sounds as if you were just putting me in the place he's left empty," he said, and reached in his pocket for a stick of gum.

"No," she said, "no, I'm not."

"Why did you have to do The Flight last night?" he said deliberately.

She was silent for a long time before she said simply, "Revenge, I suppose."

He had underestimated her, apparently. "I'm glad you realize that. You're going to want a lot of revenge on a lot of people for what's been done to you. Everything looks simple now, Tina, but this is just a lull. You don't wipe out twenty years in one week. There'll be plenty of storms ahead."

"I suppose so," she said, "but they don't frighten me now." She laughed. "I guess what we did last night was some of that revenge. I'm almost glad now you weren't there. We all went to some place down in Greenwich Village, even Alma. We all said the most dreadful things we could think of about Berg. I think we tried to see who could remember the worst things, and the worse they were, the funnier it seemed—last night. It makes me a little sick thinking of it now, but at the time we loved it."

"Where was Berg?"

"We didn't know. We didn't care. We felt so bitter against him and so happy at all being together and being able to be bitter. Thor and Larsen got quite drunk. I did even, a little."

"I couldn't have written the Linger children a better prescription," Sword said dryly. "Was Dill with you?"

"Oh, of course. It was really Dill that brought Larsen home, writing him how things were going." She paused. "You know I'm glad Larsen didn't get home the night before. I think he'd have interfered rather than helped, as things turned out. It all seems so strange still, that Berg should have tried—what he did, just when he did. Of course, the things I had said made him feel I was near to remembering the truth but I don't think I ever would have really remembered if he hadn't tried what he did. But it seems funny it should have all come to a head right then and that Dill should have been right there. It almost seems like second sight. If it had been you, I could understand, but Dill . . ."

"Maybe Dooner has second sight." Sword's voice was more nasal than usual. "He's a pretty wonderful person, Simon—almost as wise as you."

"I hope he's wiser." Sword snorted. "Do you want to lie down or just sit and talk? We've a lot of things to discuss today."

"I'd rather look at you."

"Okay," he said, without looking at her. "The first thing, I guess, is Berg. What are you going to do about him?"

"What is there to do? I suppose he'll go away. He may have already."

"I think he's insane, Tina, but I don't know what you can do about it. It would be difficult to send him to jail on the evidence we have. As for legal commitment to an asylum, I doubt if any court would approve it. No matter what evidence we gave, he still seems sane. That, of course, makes him all the more dangerous."

"Not now that we know. All any of us wants to do is forget him. We've taken away his power. He has no one in the world left to dominate, no one. He's licked, Simon. Isn't that enough?"

SWORD frowned. "I suppose so. This shock may snap him out of the lust for power, but he won't be the only dangerous lunatic walking the street. I have four or five people under treatment right now who have murder in them, not just a death wish like yours, real murder. Yet as long as it's only potential all I can do is warn their families and hold my breath. I suppose I'd feel the same way if I were you and actually there is nothing we can do. Handle him your own way. But what are the rest of you going to do? Will Larsen take Berg's place?"

"Never! Dill suggested that last night, and it gave us the horrors. We're quitting the Fire and Ice Room. Alma wants to go to school for a couple of years and be a bobby-soxer. Larsen and Thor are going to open a skate shop. They never want to skate again, either of them."

"And how about you? Our work's done, I should say. A few more days to untangle the last threads, my prize patient, and you're free." To his relief he was able to say it lightly.

"Simon," she said, her voice high, "I'm just starting to be what you call free. Don't drop me now. I want to keep on working with you for at least another year. I want to give up skating and learn to be just an ordinary happy woman. I want—I want to try to make you love me the way I love you."

He could hear her breathing as she waited for him to speak. And what could he say when he was breathing as hard, when he wanted to have her in his arms and at the same time totally out of his life?

"In the first place," he said finally, "you don't love me the way you think you do. I'm just all mixed up with your new freedom and your new happiness. This often happens, Tina, as I've told you before, but it doesn't last. In the second place, I doubt very much if you are ever likely to be what you call just an ordinary happy woman. I'm supposed to be something of an expert on the creative temperament and if I had to pick someone who was the essence of it, I'd pick you. I can never tell you how magnificently I think you've faced this thing in your life, how wonderful I think you are, but you're still the product of it. You'll never be an ordinary woman."

"And so," she said, her voice trembling, "you could never love me."

"Not enough to build my life and my future around yours. You're a prima donna, Tina. You were made to give the world beauty and glamor and excitement. One need only see the look on your face when you're doing a difficult dance well to know better than try to possess that look. Face it, Tina. Would you give up the spotlight, the sense of power, to raise my children, to mother me and them, to revolve for the rest of your life around me and what I wanted? Because that's what I need just as much as the spotlight, and the power is what you need."

"Oh, yes," she said earnestly. "I'd do it tomorrow. I don't want anything else. I've seen what power does to people. All I want is the marvelous way I feel when I'm with you, when I remember the moments your arms have been around me."

She sounded very young now. Sword felt safer. "How old are you, Tina?"

"You know how old I am—twenty."

"I know how old you are. I wanted you to remember. At twenty for the first time you have discovered there is a marvelous way people can feel. By ordinary standards, Tina, you have another twenty years to discover how many different people can give you that same marvelous feeling. Being an artist you probably have an extra ten. Don't settle for me now, because I'm a damaged personality, too, not as damaged as your father but in the same way. I want power even more than I want love."

"You can have all the power you want, if you'll take me, too. Why not, why not, if you love me?"

"What would it give you even at the start? I'm too busy to give you the devotion you need. You've a twenty-year deficit to pay off, Tina; that's going to take a lot of devotion. It isn't in me."

"It's in me."

"Is it?" The hurt of wanting her made him suddenly brutal. "We found out what all that devotion you felt for Berg was really made of. You'd want to love, you'd try, but the first moment you didn't feel totally cherished you'd be fighting me inside for the balance of power. Before you knew it you'd spiritually be doing The Flight over my outstretched body. You're beautiful and warm and you look soft, but you're not soft or you wouldn't still be sane today. You could hurt me, Tina Linger, a lot. I can't love anybody enough to let them hurt me."

HER shoulders slumped at his words; her head bowed. He was ashamed when she said humbly, "I could learn to give devotion, I think, if you would help me." But after a moment she looked up. "You can't take this away from me so easily, Simon. I won't let you."

Her mouth was trembling and her eyes were full, but behind the tears they were blazing, and the words were an echo of Berg Linger. Sword knew again he was afraid and in his fear struck out.

"Another thing," he said impassively, "Thor and Larsen aren't going to make a fortune right away running any shop. Who is going to send Alma to school, who is going to support you while you are learning to love me my way, while you're learning to be an ordinary domestic woman? Living is expensive, learning—and especially psychiatric learning—is expensive. Prima donnas make money; ordinary women don't. You have to be a prima donna whether you want to or not. You'll need the money."

The blaze went out of her eyes as she looked at him. Her shoulders began to shake with slow sobs. She started blindly for the door. He got up and followed her and put his arms around her.

"Tina," he said, "I don't want to hurt you like this. It's all foolishness when we've given each other so much. You're beautiful and lovable and I love you. But I know we wouldn't be good for each other, not as people in love. You'll see. We'll talk about it tomorrow and the next day. We'll spin it all out into nothing. Forget it now. Just try to believe that in a month you'll all but have forgotten me."

She stood limp and passive in his arms. He gently kissed her cheek and knew that he felt comfortable for the first time since she came in.

He sat staring at his barroom nude, at every man's dream, for long minutes after she had left. The voluptuous curves looked flat and lifeless; the warm skin tones were nothing but paint. Glamor? Not here. Warmth and beauty and tenderness and ecstasy? Not in that frame. Where, then? Somewhere there must be a woman—what if she had just walked out of his office? What if he had just let his biggest chance go out and close the door behind her? Whose fault then? His mother's, her eternal man of God's? It didn't really matter. It was he who had done it, deliberately, dispassionately, and helplessly, because being he, he couldn't do anything else.

BERG looked at his watch. Three o'clock. Tina had gone out fifteen minutes ago, and Thor and Larsen a little earlier. He had seen them. Now was the time to get his things without trying to say goodby.

The plane for Miami left at ten. He had plenty of time, but now was the moment to get his clothes and, if he could find it, that other box of capsules. It would be good to have on hand.

If he couldn't find it, well, someone who shouldn't have interfered must take his chances, or hers. They deserved no better, any of them. He would get his clothes and disappear. Let them wonder, let them worry and have regrets. Let anything happen. He would be gone.

Curious being a creature of destiny. Change was the essence of your life, change at intervals planned by some unseen power. You never knew when it was to be nor how it was to come, only that it always came disguised as misfortune, misfortune that drove you to act swiftly and decisively. The thing was to follow your instinct. The unseen power knew better than you what was to be. Perhaps it knew even now what South America had in store for Berg Linger, what new opportunities for power. Perhaps nothing to do with skating this time, perhaps politics or diplomacy or financial expansion. He would take his skates, of course. They might prove useful. An entertainer had wide opportunities for confidences, an entertainer with the right personality. Who knew?

Fate had cut him loose for a purpose and the purpose would reveal itself. He would not be alone long. Alone? Why need he be alone at all? Alma was a docile little thing. A pretty daughter could be very useful to a man starting life in South America. She would be a comfort to him, what's more. She was better schooled in obedience than the others. And she must be alone in the apartment now.

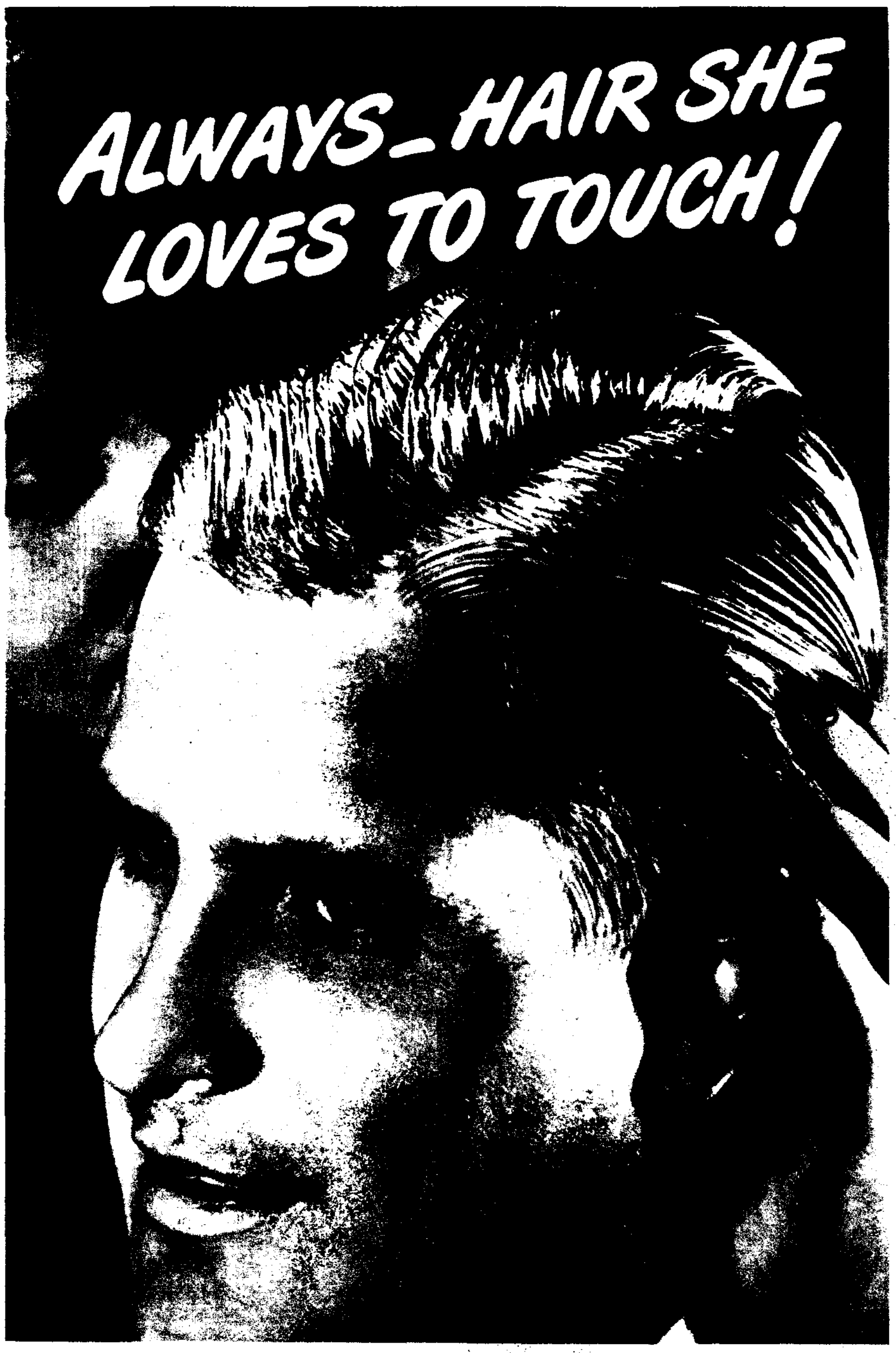
He could hear her singing as he put his key softly into the lock. When he peered into the living room he saw Alma alone by the window listening to a phonograph. Where had she got that obscene instrument?

"Little Alma." At the sound of his voice she shrank back close to the wall. She was afraid of him, which was a pity.

"When did you get the music box?" he said, smiling.

"Larsen, this morning. Dill Dooner picked out the records. What—what do you want, Papa?"

"Don't be afraid of me, Alma," he said, softly. "I just came to get my things. I am going to South America tonight by plane. But I am glad I found you here alone because I have been thinking about you, Alma. I think you are different from the others and I know I can quickly make you understand what is really behind all their heartless behavior. They are jealous, Alma. Jealousy makes people do dreadful things. I have always had a special feeling for you, you have always been my baby and we will be so happy together in South America. Think, Alma, how wonderful it will be—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"Pack? But I don't want to go to South America, Papa. I want to stop skating and go to school. Larsen says I can, Tina says I can, and I want to."

"You think that's what you want now because of all the trouble there has been, but when you get to South America it will be different, I promise you. Perhaps you need not skate. You could sing. Or perhaps I will go into politics and you need only be my hostess. I need you, Alma," he said—his voice was soft and persuasive—"and, though you don't know it, you need your father."

"Papa, I can't. Wait till the others come home and we'll all discuss it . . ."

"Don't make me order you, Alma. You are under age. Any court would require you to obey your father. But let's not have it like that. Go quickly and get your things. Go, Alma. There is not much time." He spoke crisply. She'd come. He could see the terror in her eyes. She'd come with no nonsense now. "You'll soon find that Berg knows best," he added gently.

STANDING stiff with fear beside the stilled record, Alma watched him with terrified fascination. Tina had said Dr. Sword thought he was insane. He sounded it now and what could she do? Tina wouldn't be home for an hour or more, and Larsen and Thor might be gone all afternoon. It was dangerous to argue with him. He might—he might do anything. But to go with him. Inside she gave a bitter laugh. To go with Berg, anywhere. If only she could delay, keep him quiet somehow till Tina got back. Quiet? Quiet with those capsules of Tina's she had hidden. It might work.

"You have always known best, Papa," she said, suddenly docile. "South America must be wonderful. I'll pack at once. But first, wouldn't you like me to fix you a good hot cup of coffee? You can drink it while we pack. It won't take a second and you must be tired."

She breathed with relief as Berg came near and patted her cheek. "That's my Alma. A cup of coffee is just what I need. Make it strong, little one. It has been a trying time, but in a few hours it will all be over."

Her fingers shook as she started the electric plate. Berg had gone into his room. She could hear him pulling a suitcase down from the top of his closet. When the water began to simmer she slipped into her room and opened the drawer where she had put the capsules under her stockings. Two ought to make him so sleepy he'd doze off until the others got back. Berg liked lots of sugar and cream in his coffee; he'd never taste the medicine.

Her hand groped under the soft slippery rolls of nylon. Funny how she kept thinking she had hidden that box twice. Maybe she was getting crazy, too. Her hand closed over it. Hurry . . .

Berg's voice came quietly, but with the impact of a shout, from Tina's bathroom: "We might need some sedative on that plane if it's rough, Alma. Tina had another box besides the one all the fuss was about. It was right in here. Have you seen it, little one?"

Had she seen it? Her mind went back to Monday, to the morning when she said to Thor, "I've hidden Tina's capsules," and then went in and looked around Tina's room and the bathroom. They hadn't been around then. She had put them away. She knew it now. But in the early afternoon the box appeared again. And Tina hadn't had another box because when she looked in this drawer the box was gone. *It was right in here.* Why was Berg so sure?

Her hand clutching the little box under her rolled stockings, Alma stood frozen with sudden fresh horror. Convulsively she jerked her hand away and slammed the drawer. Berg must have found these capsules first and poisoned them. When they had disappeared he must have gone and got others. He had been so restless that afternoon, in and out of rooms, up and down the stairs—looking. Why did he want them now? Did he want to poison her, too? She stood trembling beside the bureau. But if they weren't poisoned, if she was wrong, she could still put them in his coffee. How could she know? Put them in and find out? An impulse to giggle shook up through her trembling throat. It wouldn't be her fault.

"Alma." Berg came into the room. "You're wasting time. If you delay us, I'll make you pay for it."

"I'm hurrying, Papa." She rushed to the closet and pulled down a suitcase. "You have more to pack than I have. You go finish and I'll look for the capsules." Her voice was shaking, but it often did when he used that tone. He went back to his room.

She had to know about the capsules. She opened the drawer again and gingerly took one small blue cylinder out of the box. It seemed to burn her fingers but she held it while she got a glass of water and took both to Berg's room.

"I found them, Papa," she said as softly as he had on occasion and as falsely. "Do you want one now?" She held it out to him.

"No." He all but snatched the capsule. "I need my wits about me still." As he talked he went into the bathroom and flushed the capsule away. When he came out his face was rigid. "Get me the box."

"They're Tina's, Papa. She might need them. Can't you get some others?"

"Get me the box, Alma, you hear me."

"First your coffee, Papa, then I'll get them." Without looking at him again she went to the living room and put powdered coffee in a cup, poured in the boiling water, and stirred. She wondered: How can I be doing all this? She put in two lumps of sugar and some cream and carried it in to him.

"There," she said. "Drink that while I get the capsules and finish packing. Is it sweet enough?"

"Quite sweet enough," he said after he had gulped the steaming drink. "But I want those capsules, Alma, at once."

"You're nervous, Papa, but you'll feel better soon. I put two of Tina's capsules in the coffee to help your nerves." Her wide blue eyes were on his face as she spoke. She wasn't afraid of him, she realized suddenly.

"What's the matter, Papa?" The cup had dropped from his hands, spilling the remaining coffee. His face was contorted.

"What's the matter, Papa?" she repeated. "Were those poisoned, too?"

BERG didn't answer. He was in the bathroom retching helplessly. How could they ever have been afraid of him, she thought, standing in the doorway, watching, when he could scare this easy. "I thought they were," she said in the same soft voice, "but I wanted to be sure.

"We must have been awful sheep, if you really thought I'd hand you back your poison and then go with you and wait for you to use it on me the first time you were annoyed. We must have been awful dumb sheep if you thought that now I'd do anything you told me to, ever."

"Alma," he gasped, "you may have killed me. Let me see those capsules!"

"Some more coffee first, Papa?" she said, turning away. "You have to pack and get that plane. It might give you strength."

Her feet carried her quite steadily back to her room. She opened the drawer and put the box in her sweater pocket. It was queer how calm she felt.

Berg was still leaning over the washstand when she went back to him. He turned a sweating, sagging face toward her. "Alma," he said, "call a doctor."

"You don't need one, Papa," she said scornfully. "You can stop being sick, too, if you want. There was nothing in the coffee. I only said it to find out. I'm going downstairs, and I'm taking the capsules with me. I'm going to keep them. You'd better be gone by the time I get back. You wouldn't want to stick around and have to wonder if every drink of water, every cup of coffee you swallowed might show we were your children. You'd better hurry. The others will be back soon. If they come while you're still here tell them—tell them I've gone down to have a sundae."

ALMA almost swaggered out of the apartment, and got jauntily into the elevator, her hand clutching the box in her sweater pocket.

She slipped into one of the booths in the hotel drugstore, and the starched clerk said, "Hello, Alma, chocolate marshmallow?" Sweat suddenly stood out on her smooth forehead and soft upper lip. She pulled her hand away from the box in her pocket and wiped it on a paper napkin.

NEXT WEEK COLLIER'S

presents with enthusiasm the opening of

THE RAT RACE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

The extraordinary story of a lost soul—the fascinating adventures in love and intrigue of a personality pursued by the evil consequences of another man's corruption.

"No," she said faintly, "not today. Just—just black coffee, I guess." When the coffee came she couldn't touch even that. She sat for a long time just looking at it, wiping her hand over and over again, and wanting to cry. She didn't know exactly what she had lost, but she felt it was something precious. . . .

Berg fumblingly closed the last catch of his suitcase. He still felt ill and shaken, and felt a new and terrifying uncertainty which he did not recognize as the product of defeat.

Alma, the docile one, had tried to kill him. Holding out that capsule in her soft plump little hand, standing watching him after he had drunk the coffee, when he began— She must be out of her mind to play such a nasty trick, to talk in that wild, vicious way.

He must go quickly before the others came back. Alma would have told them and . . . His assurance shrank to nothing at the thought of their cruel laughter. His coat? Here in the closet. But his hat, where was his hat? Panic seized him briefly. He had to have his hat, and they might come back before he found it. His eyes swept the bureau, the bed, then all the chairs in the living room. Where, where? Of course, in the hall on the chair. Almost sick with relief he seized his coat and bag and hurried out there.

He automatically looked in the mirror as he put his hat on and then quickly turned his eyes away. After a moment he made himself look into the mirror again, straightened his shoulders, and forced his features into some semblance of their usual gay arrogance. Then, listening at the door before he opened it, he went out quickly and rang for the elevator.

The elevator was empty when it arrived. When he got off he forced a smile and tipped the boy a dollar. The others must hear, if they asked, that he had left gaily.

Holding his head up, he walked easily out through the lobby. Some people were getting into the only cab in front, and he shook with impatience. He glanced apprehensively down the street and saw a slim figure approaching. Tina—and that reporter. Sudden sweat stood on his brow and he instinctively stepped behind the standing cab for concealment. But just then another cab came speeding up in answer to the doorman's whistle.

It was going to run him down; it was going to kill him. In panic he jumped wildly back toward the curb, only to slip and fall heavily in the gutter.

The taxi swerved to a stop just beside him. A gust of wind blew a dirty, muddy newspaper over his face, and the first taxi drew away, leaving him humiliatingly exposed. For a minute he could do nothing but lie there, shaking with fresh fear. The taxi had almost killed him. Then the doorman was helping him to his feet, brushing him off.

"Are you hurt, sir? What happened?"

He didn't answer, and crept hurriedly into the cab, without looking to see if Tina was watching. He sat there shaking.

"Where to?" The driver turned and grinned. "Sorry I scared you like that. You must scare easy. Where'd you say you were going?"

"La Guardia Field," Berg managed to say, "and hurry." But he didn't know what he was hurrying toward. The plane didn't leave for several hours. It was something he was hurrying from. Alma, and now this taxi. Was it to go on and on?

Berg didn't know; he couldn't even think. He didn't realize it now, but the foundations of his arrogance had begun to crumble when Larsen went away, when Tina first began to struggle against him. The other night they had all turned against him, and the erosion of his confidence was nearly complete. Today brought real terror to him for the first time. Berg, who had so capably used fear to control others, was now experiencing it for himself. He was filled with a new, terrifying uncertainty which would never completely leave him and which, in time, he would come to recognize as being firmly instilled on this day. An uncertainty which would frustrate him till the end of his life.

THE elevator boy said to Tina, "Miss Alma went down about twenty minutes ago."

"Oh, thank you," said Tina.

"You just missed Mr. Linger. He went down about five minutes ago, with a suitcase."

"Oh, thank you," Tina repeated.

"He isn't looking very well, Miss Linger."

"I know. He's been ill," she said.

Dill watched her. She had been like this all the way from Sword's office. He'd met her there because he wanted to talk but he hadn't had a chance so far. She probably wouldn't have heard him. Maybe she was just feeling beaten up inside, which was no wonder, or maybe . . . He didn't know—but she'd been so bouncy last night.

At her door he said, "Mind if I come in?"

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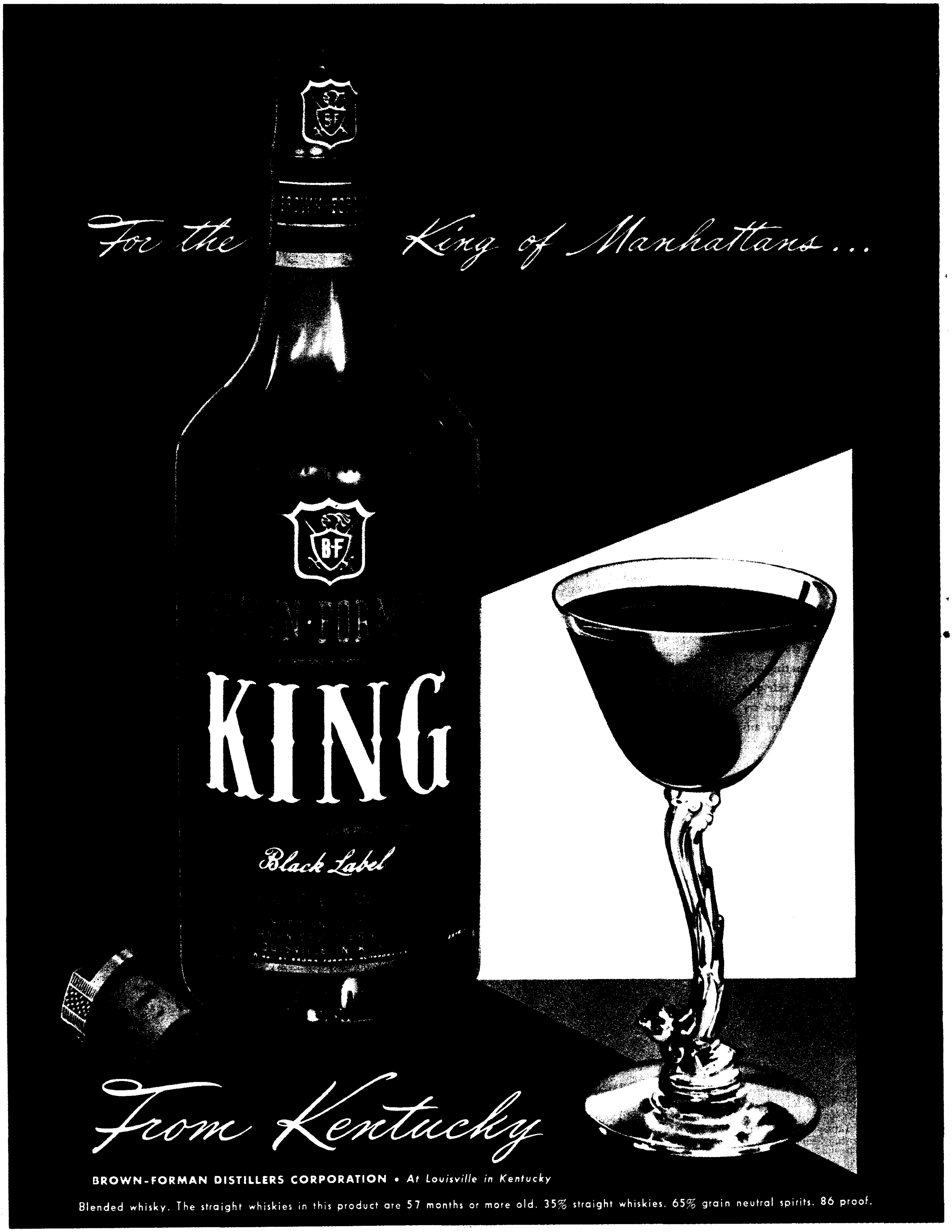
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"Of course not." She tried to smile.

He followed her to the living room. "What's the matter, Sea Gull?" he said softly. "You look kind of sunk. Just hung over, or delayed reaction?"

"Delayed reaction, I guess."

He walked to the French windows and looked out. He lighted a cigarillo. "There's a lot I'd sort of like to talk to you about," he said, finally, still facing the window. "I don't know if today's the time, but it can't wait. You made any plans yet, Tina? Any idea, for instance, when you'll be through with our fine witch-doctor friend?"

"He says I'm through now. He says he'll only need to see me once or twice more." She had started to speak quietly, but the last sentence ended in a sob. "I'm all mixed up, Dill. I thought psychiatrists were supposed to help you understand life. I thought people sometimes kept on going to them for years and years. But all Simon's done is show me the awful life we've always led and just when I'm beginning to see how life ought to be, he says, 'Now you're all fixed up. You can take it from here.' He's wrong, Dill. I never needed help more than I do right now, right this minute."

HE LEANED against the back of her chair and looked down at the top of her head. He could see her fighting for control. His chest hurt with wanting to comfort her, but she wouldn't want to be comforted right now.

"Maybe," he said, "Sword thinks the way to learn about life is to go out and live it, not to lie on a couch and talk about it. Maybe he's right, too. As for help, well, in one way that's what I want to talk about. I wondered if you'd like a manager." He spoke the last sentence diffidently.

"I need some sort of manager, all right," she said bitterly, "but what kind? I don't know what you mean, Dill."

"Well, most stars have someone to book and promote them, to steer them in the right direction and handle their business. You're going to be a big success, Tina, now that you're loose from Berg. The paper fired me today, said I didn't get around enough, and, well—Tina Linger, the Fire on Ice Girl, looks like a good thing to me. So I'm asking for a job."

"But I'm not going to be a success, I don't even want to be. I've got to skate for a while, till Thor and Larsen get started in business, but after that—I don't want to be a star, Dill."

She had stopped crying. It seemed safe to move around to where he could see her face. She looked sorry for herself—poor little Sea Gull. Maybe Sword really couldn't use that look she had for him and had told her so, which was tough, but okay, too.

"That's too bad," he said casually. "Because then you won't be interested in the hot news I was rushing to hand you. Remember the Hollywood columnist, Kate Boom? You saw her at the Flamingo, and she's seen you skate twice. I had lunch with her today and she was full of you. Seems she saw you last night and, boy, were you terrific! Well, you were, at that. But Katie says that Filmco has a big story for a skating star. Katie thinks you could be it and she's all set to promote you. In her column and by the grapevine. She's the girl to do it, Tina, and you've got the stuff."

Tina looked at Dill, then away and out the window.

"It's there on a silver platter if you want it, my pretty," he said lightly. "The world at your feet and the sky the limit."

For a minute her face carried the look which Sword had said—and Dill knew by instinct—no man, whatever he gave her, would ever quite evoke, the look of a star ecstatically absorbed in shining. Then it faded.

"No, Dill. It sounds wonderful but I won't leave New York now."

He carefully ground out his cigarillo in an ash tray. "You think you're in love with that guy, don't you?"

"Think," she said with scorn.

"Call it think." He shrugged. "He's a good guy—better, I've got to admit, than I thought they came in that line of work. But he's no man for you. How do you think he got to be an expert on neurotic artists? Observation? Nuts. He's living it all the time. He's just as much a prima donna in his own psychiatric way as any Linger. And I'd say offhand you've had enough creative neuroses in your life for a while."

She was watching him, listening intently, but when he paused she didn't speak. He began to walk restlessly around the room.

"Funny thing, I've seen a lot of prima donnas in my life. I was kind of raised with them. They all go for the dominant he-men who want them to be good ladies—magazine wives and mothers. They'd love it—they think. Maybe it's because the world keeps telling them it's what every woman ought to want. Maybe it's guilt because they know the urge that makes a prima donna isn't such a noble urge. But what is? Maybe they think loving a guy who wants to dominate them proves they can't be dominated, which it doesn't." He grinned.

"Maybe I should have been a psychiatrist. I sure think I know the answers. Well, I do, some of them. I'm the kind of guy prima donnas ought to marry and practically never do. I don't want a beautiful woman to get my slippers and wash my socks. Just having her love me would be enough. Not that I'd let any lady push me around. But I don't want to push any lady around either, and that's what makes me different." He stopped and looked down at her. She was still slumped wearily in the chair, but her eyes were watching him intently and curiously. He smiled suddenly.

"Any similarity between this fiction and any persons or parties living or dead," he said, "is purely coincidental. But what about that job as manager? What about Hollywood for the Lingers? A swell school and two dozen bobby sox for Alma, a shop on Hollywood Boulevard for Larsen and Thor, and for you, a chance to be as good as you know inside you are, a chance to soar and shine."

As he talked, her face lighted with that rapt shining look again. It faded very slowly this time.

"And for you, Dill?"

"I'll make you rich, and you'll have to pay me for that, so I'll be rich, too, but mostly I'll be the guy who makes it happen. There's more than one kind of power, Sea Gull."

"Don't call me that," she said. "I want to scream every time you say it. I've dreamed and dreamed of being a sea gull and in every dream I was destroying something or someone. Don't call me Sea Gull, Dill, ever again."

He stopped his pacing directly in front of her. "There aren't going to be any ghosts lurking around that lovely messed-up mind of yours that I can help you get rid of, Sea Gull. I'll call you Sea Gull and like it. I'll call you Sea Gull as long as I'm around you, till you begin to like it, too." He bent over and kissed her on the mouth, holding her face between his hands. "A sea gull, Sea Gull, is a damn' beautiful bird."

"You didn't mind that," he remarked, straightening up and looking down at her. "You didn't mind it at all."

"No." She brushed her hand across her face. "Maybe I'm going to find I like being kissed by almost any attractive man. I've a big deficit of love that's got to be paid off, Simon says. Maybe he's right, but I can't just start using you for that."

"You can use me for that and welcome, lady." Dill wasn't smiling now. "What you'll more likely want to use me for is whipping boy. Whether I manage you or marry you or both, you'll try to take out on me what Berg took out on you. You won't be able to help it. That's one of the things that's ahead of us. But you won't succeed, because I won't let you, and that's another of the things that's ahead of us. Both uncomfortable, but both interesting. Want to be a star, lady?"

SHE met his eyes for a minute before she looked away, and he knew her looking away was an admission of impact.

"I'm all in pieces, Dill," she said. "If you think you can put those pieces together in the shape of a star, you're good."

"What've I been telling you?" he said, and waited for her to look back at him. When she did, he just stood there smiling at her quietly, his eyes warm.

They both looked up at the sound of a key in the lock. Alma stood in the doorway holding onto the woodwork, one hand in her pocket. "He came in while you were out, Tina. He wanted me to go to South America with him."

"And you didn't want to go." Dill grinned. "You unnatural daughter."

"He threatened me, Tina. I was petrified."

"Did he hurt you, baby?"

"No." Alma was almost crying. "I threatened him back and drove him away."

"What with, dumpling?" Dill asked.

"With these, Tina's other capsules." Alma pulled the box out of her pocket. "He had poisoned them, too. I thought he had, so I made him some coffee and told him I'd put two in the coffee. He got so sick," she said, trying to giggle, but it came out as a sob. "Then I told him he didn't have to be sick but to get out or we'd really poison him. Then I went downstairs."

"For a sundae, dumpling?"

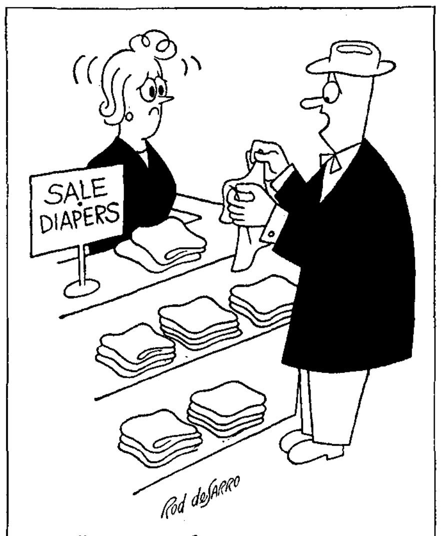
"Yes, but I couldn't eat it. Oh, Dill!" She hurled the small box at him. "Take them away; get rid of them. I never want to see them again. They terrify me." She ran to Tina and dropped to the floor and buried her head in her lap.

Dill stooped to pick up the box. They were Berg's children all right, every one of them. He could hear Tina saying gently, "It's all right, baby. He's gone, gone for good. Stop crying, Alma, and let me tell you. We're going to Hollywood, I think, all of us." He shivered a little as he straightened up but only a little before he grinned. Sure they were going to Hollywood.

Probably Sword had been scared and probably he was right to be scared.

But Dill wasn't.

THE END



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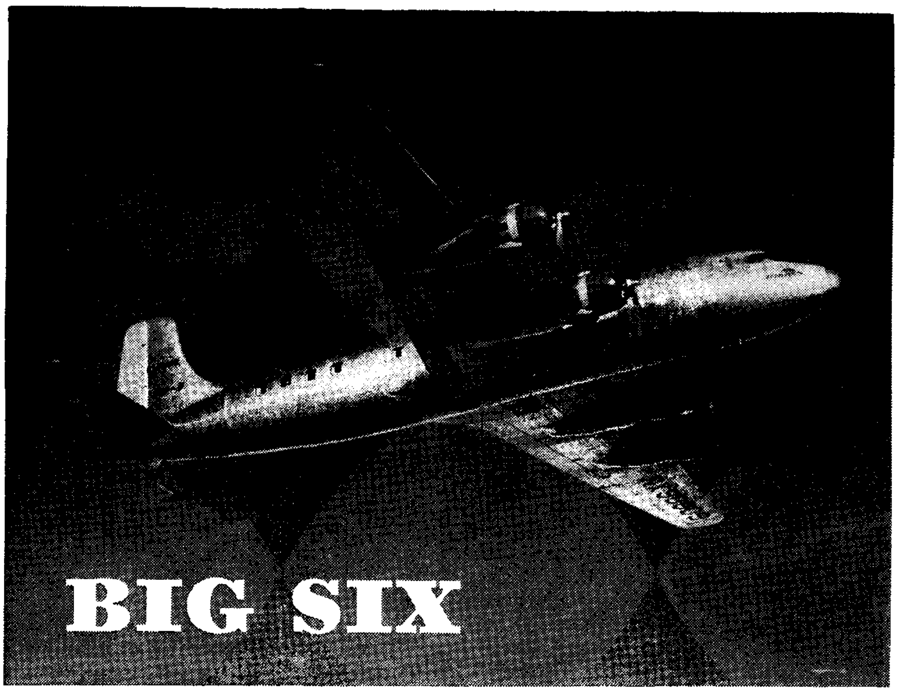

BIG SIX

More visibility for passengers is one welcome feature of the DC-6, due to go into service about April 1st. Note large windows well back of wings

AN INTENSIVE, precedent-smashing four-month program of preparation for the introduction of a new plane in scheduled air passenger service is drawing to a close and American Airlines and United Air Lines are at the dress-rehearsal point prior to placing our first postwar air liner, the 300-mile-an-hour, $650,000 Douglas DC-6, into service for the ticket-buying public about April 1st.

These two are the first of seven American and six foreign air transport companies, with orders calling for 151 of the new planes, to receive delivery. Each has three at the moment. Strikingly decorated in red, white and blue with blue predominating, United's DC-6s will go into service on its New York-Chicago-San Francisco transcontinental route and will be designated Mainliner 300s. American's Flagships, dressed in bonnet blue and international orange, the latter predominating, will fly the New York-Washington-Los Angeles transcontinental airway.

As fast as DC-6s are turned out from the Douglas Santa Monica plant, they will go onto United's Seattle-Los Angeles and San Francisco-Honolulu routes, and American's New York-Chicago and other heavily traveled sections of its domestic system

American Airlines has ordered 50 of the new planes. Thirty-five will be day planes, each carrying 58 passengers. Fifteen sleepers will accommodate 26 passengers in berths or 52 sitting up. United has bought 35, of which 10 will be sleepers and 25 day planes.

Urgent as the need has been for larger and faster four-engined planes on these two lines, headmen C. R. Smith of American and W. A. Patterson of United, and Donald W. Douglas, the builder, entered upon and stuck to the most rigorous and unusual flight-proving program to which any air liner has ever been subjected before carrying passengers. In addition to the flights by the Civil Aeronautics Administration of the first DC-6 for conformance to the federal air transport airworthiness regulations, the six planes have been tested over the routes they'll fly commercially, under all operating conditions to give them a backlog of operating experience.

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Before being wrung out on the airways, the DC-6s served as training planes for American and United four-engined pilots. Those with the greatest experience in flying transcontinental routes and with the most hours logged as captains of four-engined aircraft in scheduled service, were put through two weeks of flight instruction, familiarization and ground school before going out on their respective systems to apply the new planes to the varying airport and airway conditions. Trained, also, were mechanics, stewardesses, passenger agents and ground-service employees.

Air travelers will thank Mr. Douglas for building into the DC-6 what American and United and other air line purchasers have learned is what the public wants. You can take the sleeper and lie down in an upper berth a yard wide and 6½ feet long that's made ready in 10 seconds. A lower, 3½ feet wide and six feet four inches long, is converted from your chair in 30 seconds for the overnight cross-continent trip. If the day plane will serve your needs, you'll find a roomy chair of soft sponge rubber with a back that can be adjusted to any angle, hydraulically, by a push button. Your dinner tray will be served on a table quick-fitted to the seat.

In cold weather or at high altitudes the cabin will be uniformly warmed by "radiant-heated" floors and walls; it will be fully and automatically pressurized and fully air conditioned for both temperature and humidity. The cabin is kept at sea-level pressure when the airplane is flying at 9,000 feet. Even when it has to go as high as 20,000 the altitude in the cabin rises to only 8,000 feet, well below that at which present unpressurized transports often fly.

Other passenger fatigue eliminators in the DC-6 include cabin ventilation with fresh, clean outside air-conditioning units sufficient to serve a 20-room house. On the ground, particularly in hot climates when you have been all but suffocated during the brief stopover, ground ventilating blowers operate from a plugged-in outside power line.

There's a substantial reduction in the noise level and vibration, which contribute to airplane hang-over. The rectangular windows, 18 inches by 16 inches, are frostproof and fogproof and are so located that if you are on the aisle seat—the seats are two together, separated by a wide passageway—you can still see out. Ten times the electricity is used for lighting in the DC-6 as was employed in the

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TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy. Follow directions. C. S. Dent & Co., Cincinnati.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4321, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

DC-3 and the lights are of sufficient intensity for comfortable and untiring reading.

The single, telephone-booth-type rest room is gone. The for-men-only forward of the passenger cabin has three wash-basins, a dental bowl, three large mirrors, a shoeshine stand, two lounge seats and a toilet compartment.

The ladies' room at the extreme rear of the cabin accommodates four women at a time, has a full-length mirror, a full-length, built-in sofa, a dressing table with self-lighted mirror and—like the one at the other end of the cabin—a flush toilet.

This is a "first" for the DC-6 and among men and women who know flying best, this is regarded as the greatest contribution to the advancement of air travel since the development of the cabin airplane.

With all these luxuries and comforts to enjoy, you probably won't give a thought to the technical advancements in the DC-6 which are of equal magnitude such as: a thermal de-icing system to prevent ice forming on the wings and tail or to melt it off by shooting 400-degree hot air through their vital leading edges; an electrical system that keeps ice clear from the propellers; the routing of the engines' exhausts to give a jet-propulsion thrust of 25-miles-per-hour speed increase for free; a gadget that separates water from the incoming air for the carburetors, thus keeping out rain and snow and possible engine "drowning"; the four Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp war-proved engines (used victoriously in our Corsair, Hellcat and Thunderbolt fighters) which can generate a total of 9,600 horsepower for take-off, if necessary; the miracle metal known in the trade as Alcoa Alloy 75S which has a higher strength and lighter weight than conventional aluminum alloys and makes the DC-6 stronger and 800 pounds lighter; and the fully reversible pitch propellers to reduce landing roll by acting as brakes.

But you will be glad to know that pre-loaded cargo-containers and mechanical loading devices eliminate the interminable delays in handling baggage and air express at stopovers.

The wing spread (117½ feet) and wing shape of the DC-6 are the same as the DC-4 and the fuselage is 100 feet 7 inches long or 6½ feet longer than its predecessor.

You'll have to look twice to tell the DC-6s from the DC-4s. The quickest key to the DC-6's identity are the square windows, as against porthole style for the DC-4s, and particularly look for the four square ones continuing along toward the tail aft the entrance door. This section holds sixteen passengers and the ladies' room.

However, the DC-6 does not fulfill the 1947 promises of some dreamers a few years back and which we would not report at the time.

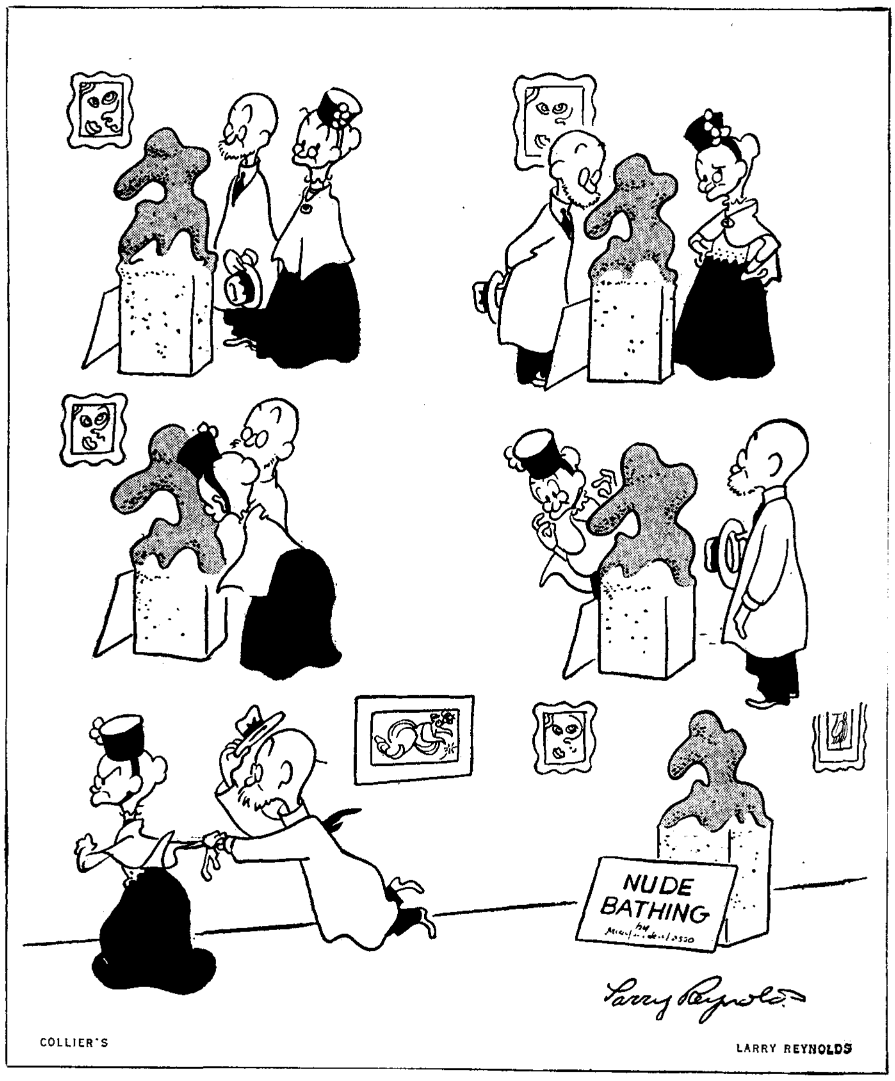
It will not cruise at 600 miles an hour (but 300 is pretty fast); it doesn't have rocket engines; there are no dance floors, cocktail bars, Ping-pong tables or shower baths aboard.

The DC-6 as a type was one year old on February 15th, for on that date in 1946 the Army transport version, identical in all respects except for the luxurious interior, made its maiden flight. DC-6s were to be ready for delivery to American and United within a few months after that but the you-know-what that went on in the country last year delayed their production until it was late in November before both air lines got them for the prescheduled service program of thorough testing. ★★★

VITAMIN COMPLEX

I think that I shall never see
A pill that's small enough
for me;
Though I never hope to see one,
C goes easier than B_1.

—Charles McCormack



COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Chairside Charm

Radio-Phonograph with Pull-out Automatic Record Changer

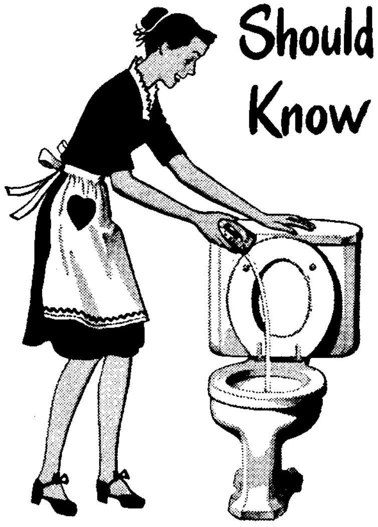
HOWARD RADIO
Noted for tone

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS
America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer

NEXT TIME YOU FEEL A HEADACHE COMING YOUR WAY

TAKE A "BC" HEADACHE POWDER WITHOUT A DELAY

"BC" FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES, NEURALGIC PAINS AND MUSCULAR ACHES—10¢ and 25¢.
Caution: use only as directed.


What every woman Should Know

Appearance often deceives. Toilet bowls that seem clean are not necessarily so—Sani-Flush ensures fresh, odorless toilet bowls because it cleans and disinfects them by chemical action . . . removes both the obvious stains and the invisible film that cause odors. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl.

Cleans in hard or soft water. Won't hurt septic tank systems. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein

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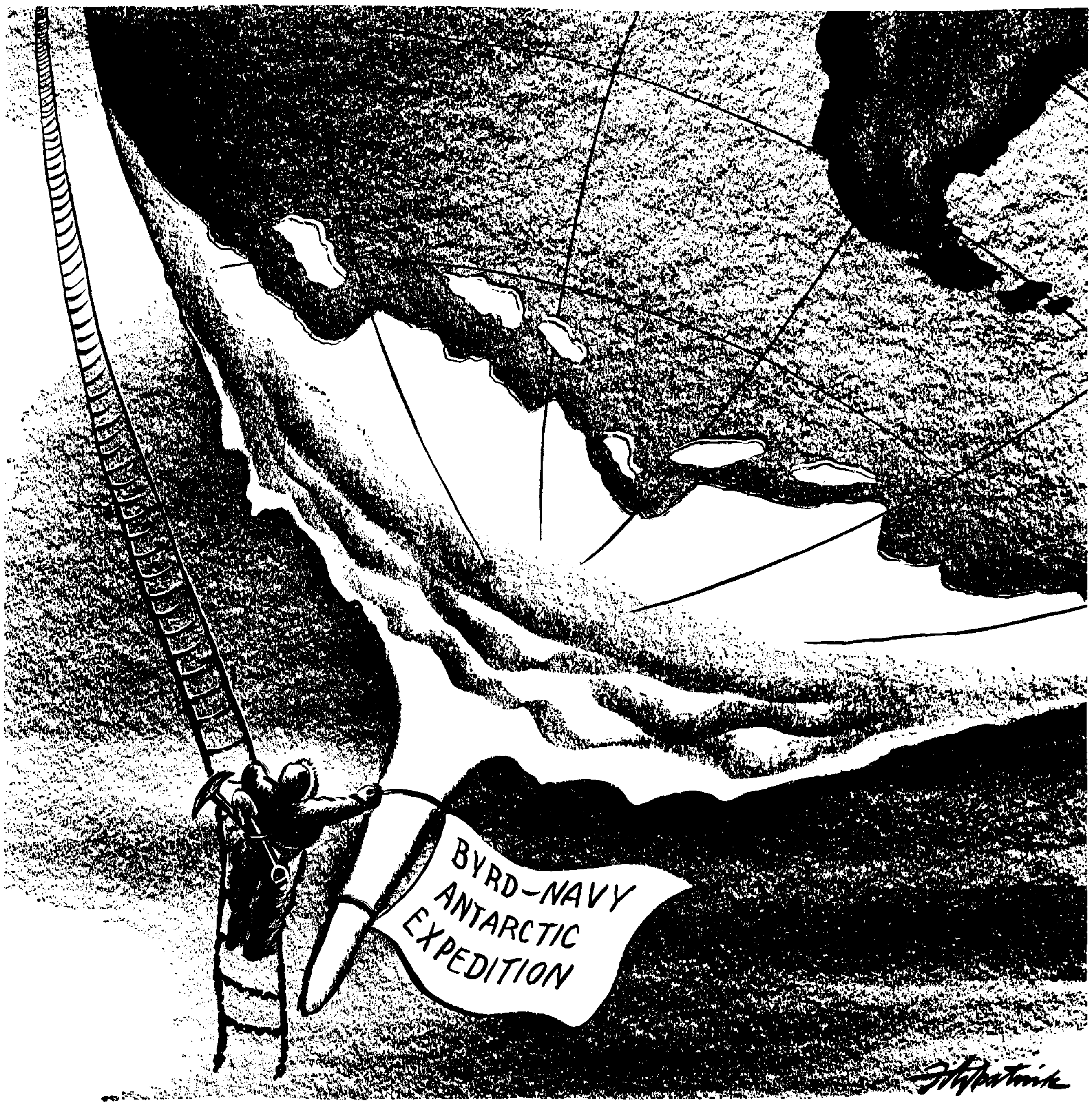


HERE'S LUCK, ADMIRAL

WE GROW more and more excited about Admiral Richard E. Byrd's latest expedition to the antarctic. This is not only his latest voyage to the bottom of the world but by far his greatest. The previous ones were privately financed, so that Byrd had to pump up publicity by methods which had unfortunate net effects, including having to name assorted tracts of eternal snow and frozen peaks after some of his more fatuous angels.

The present expedition is a first-class U.S. Navy project, with 4,000 men, plenty of ships, ample equipment of all kinds, and plans for a large-scale scientific attack on the mysteries of Antarctica.

Is that forbidding area one continent the size of the United States plus Europe, or two enormous islands? Just where is the south magnetic pole? What are the prevailing winds of Antarctica? What ocean currents have their origin in those icy seas, and what is their precise effect on the weather of the Southern Hemisphere?

There may be oil in Antarctica. Certainly there is coal in at least one spot, about 180 miles from the South Pole. That means that all or part of the region in some remote past was warm enough to support heavy vegetation.

Why, then, did it become as cold as it is now? Can its history conceivably have formed a basis in fact for what most scientists regard as a mere myth—the story of the lost continent of Atlantis? Is it possible, as one seemingly wild guess runs, that somewhere at the bottom of the world there is a large area so hemmed in by high mountain ranges as to be warm and hospitable to vegetable and animal life—a true Lost World such as used to be dreamed up by novelists like H. G. Wells and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? How about uranium and thorium deposits down there, and their possible effect on the development of atomic energy for peace or war?

These are only a few of the questions—the tremendous and fascinating questions—to which Byrd and his men are seeking the definitive answers. Here's luck, happy landings and a wealth of achievement to them. They are on a mighty mission.

IRRESPONSIBLE LIBERALS

WE FIND ourselves increasingly impressed and depressed by the irresponsibility of some leaders of that school of American thought which is known as the "liberals."

The hearts of most of these people, we have no doubt, are in the right places. They want to see this country progress and its living standards rise steadily, and now and then they come up with a valid idea. But some of them do the darnedest things.

Henry A. Wallace, for example, taking over as editor of one of the liberal magazines, lets the sheet publish a completely baseless charge that the honest and forthright Bernard M. Baruch had some sinister part in President Truman's handling of John L. Lewis' latest coal strike. Mr. Baruch had no remotest connection with that affair.

Philip Murray, of the C.I.O., bases a campaign for more wage increases on a 90 per cent cockeyed report by Robert R. Nathan, the self-styled economist whose most notable achievement to date was his prediction that five to eight million workers would be out of jobs a few weeks after V-J Day.

When some radio network drops some dull and knuckle-headed commentator whom the liberals happen to like, a great pother is kicked up to the effect that the fellow was let out for deep and devilish political reasons, and that poor old freedom of speech has taken another jolt to the chin. These charges have yet to be proved in any case that we have followed—and we follow them all, closely.

Why our liberals so often act in these irresponsible and self-stultifying ways, we don't know. Maybe they are still punch-drunk from the war, or hysterical because the Republicans won the recent Congressional elections, or addled by the present unsettled state of the world in general.

Whatever the reasons, we'd suggest that the boys and girls get a grip on themselves, but soon. They have their place in American life, and they have made valuable contributions from time to time. But they aren't making such contributions now, and they are rapidly throwing away what respect the general public still has for them.

"BULL BUTTER" GETS A BREAK

A COUNTY court at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the other day declared unconstitutional the big license fees which Pennsylvania has been levying on oleomargarine dealers for 45 years. These fees are $500 a year for wholesalers and $100 for retailers.

They are, said President Judge William M. Hargest of the Harrisburg tribunal, "unreasonable, confiscatory and discriminatory, and constitute an illegal restraint of trade."

We'll concur with His Honor, and express the hope that this decision may survive any and all appeals.

For decades, various dairy interests have procured legislation in numerous states giving the inside track to butter. Heavy taxes, direct and indirect, have been imposed on trade in oleo. Crazy regulations designed to keep oleo makers from dressing up their product as attractively as possible have been rammed through state legislatures.

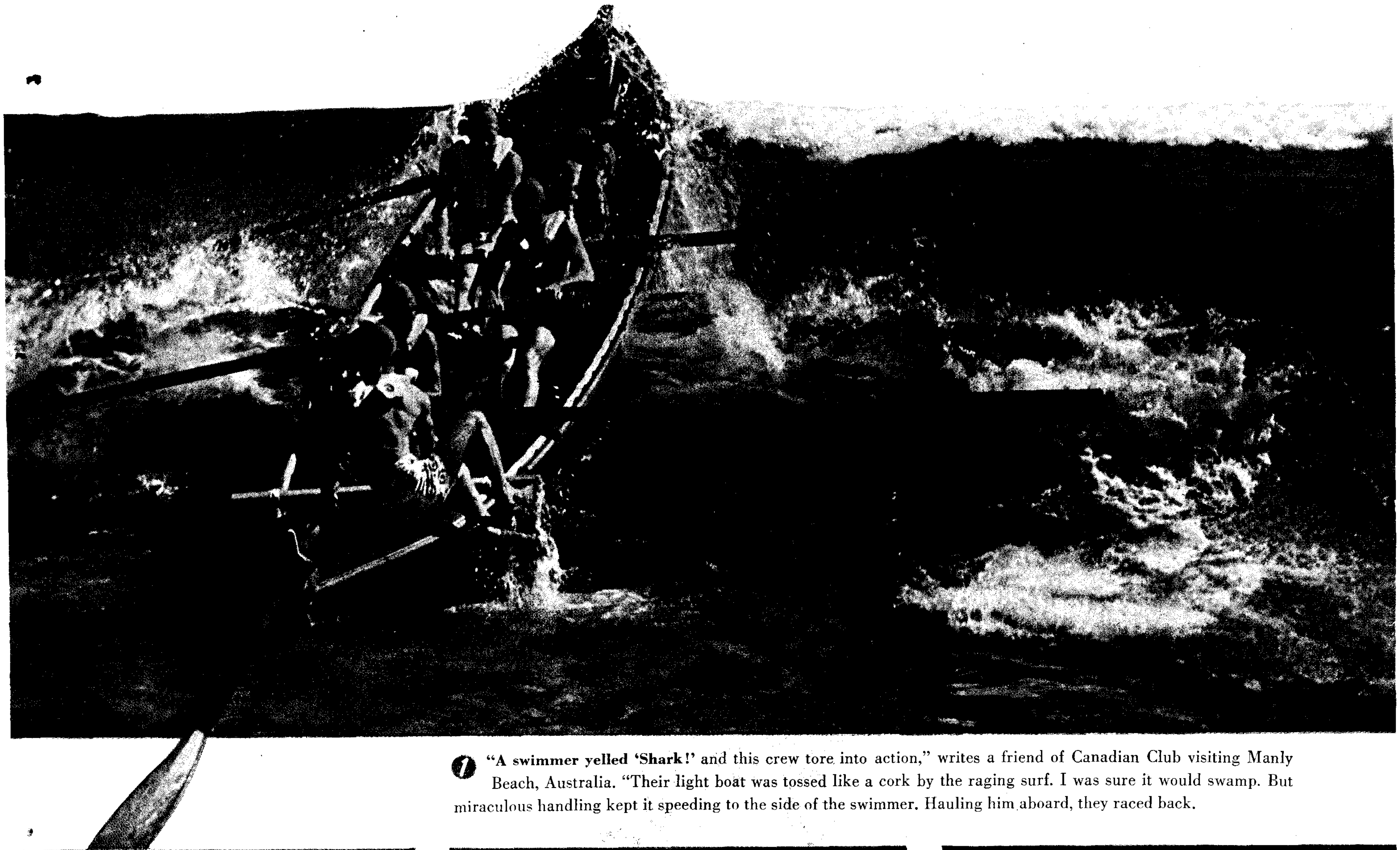
The propaganda campaign against "bull butter" has gone on with the utmost ferocity, and still does.

All this operates to curtail the market for a fat product which, when properly manufactured, is as efficacious as butter and normally a good deal cheaper.

Plenty of people who can't afford butter can afford oleo, when they can get it. They ought to be as free to buy it as anybody is to buy butter. These discriminations are unfair and we think unwise.

We're for free competition, in this field as in others, as a means of keeping table-fat prices reasonable and both the dairy and the oleo interests on their toes—and we'd be charmed to see a general and early relaxation of oleo restrictions all over the United States.

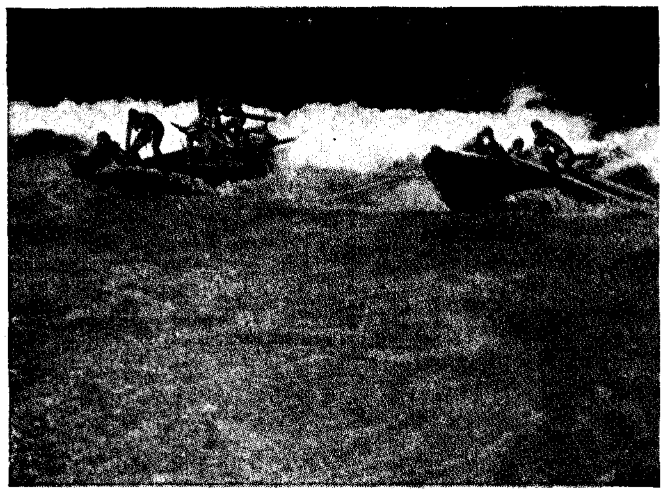
SHARK-FIGHTING AUSSIE CREWS HAVE SAVED 56,000 LIVES



① **"A swimmer yelled 'Shark!'** and this crew tore into action," writes a friend of Canadian Club visiting Manly Beach, Australia. "Their light boat was tossed like a cork by the raging surf. I was sure it would swamp. But miraculous handling kept it speeding to the side of the swimmer. Hauling him aboard, they raced back.

② **"Must be a champion crew,** I thought, so I investigated. They told me *all* Australian crews are that fast. I watched them launch the boat again—5 men acting as a superbly coached team. And these volunteer crews *pay* for the privilege of battling sharks!

③ **"The steersman** balanced himself in the stern as the boat came roaring in. He controlled its wild tossing with a 20-foot sweep. A tough job, for this Australian surf is rugged. No wonder these crews are proud of their skill, *and* of their record—56,000 lives saved in 40 years.



④ **"To train for racing against** sharks, the surf-boat crews race each other...600 yards out to sea and back. The surf was so rough that in one race both boats were swamped. The winning boat was *pushed* across the finish line!

⑤ **"They were silent** on the subject of their own daring when I asked them to join me later. But they all spoke right up for Canadian Club when I ordered drinks. Beats me the way men in out-of-the-way places know Canadian Club as well as it's known in the best bars back home."

⑥ **Why this worldwide popularity?** Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening...in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads
...Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
—any brand they can get.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in Cigarette Quality

...and now the demand for Camels—always great—is greater than ever in history.

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes . . . that's when your "T-Zone" was really working overtime.

That's when your Taste said, "I like this brand"... or... "That brand doesn't suit me." That's when your Throat said, "This cigarette agrees with me"... or..."That one doesn't."

That's when millions of people found that their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We do not tamper with Camel quality. We use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

- Doctors too smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full, rich flavor and cool mildness just as yours does. And when three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*

Your 'T-ZONE' will tell you... T FOR TASTE... T FOR THROAT... That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-ZONE' to a 'T'